POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 28 • 1963 20c

The crisis in Vietnam:

HOW WE DRIFTED INTO A MESS

NEW

A weekly column from Washington by STEWART ALSOP

Vietnam's Madame Nhu
THE RUTHLESS BEAUTY
who helped provoke the violence

Cancer: A new way to spot it / **Supermarkets:** The war of wits

3b3 GROVAGOP100DEC 65
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
3b3 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEL MONTE

LIMIT: ONE WAGON LOAD PER CUSTOMER

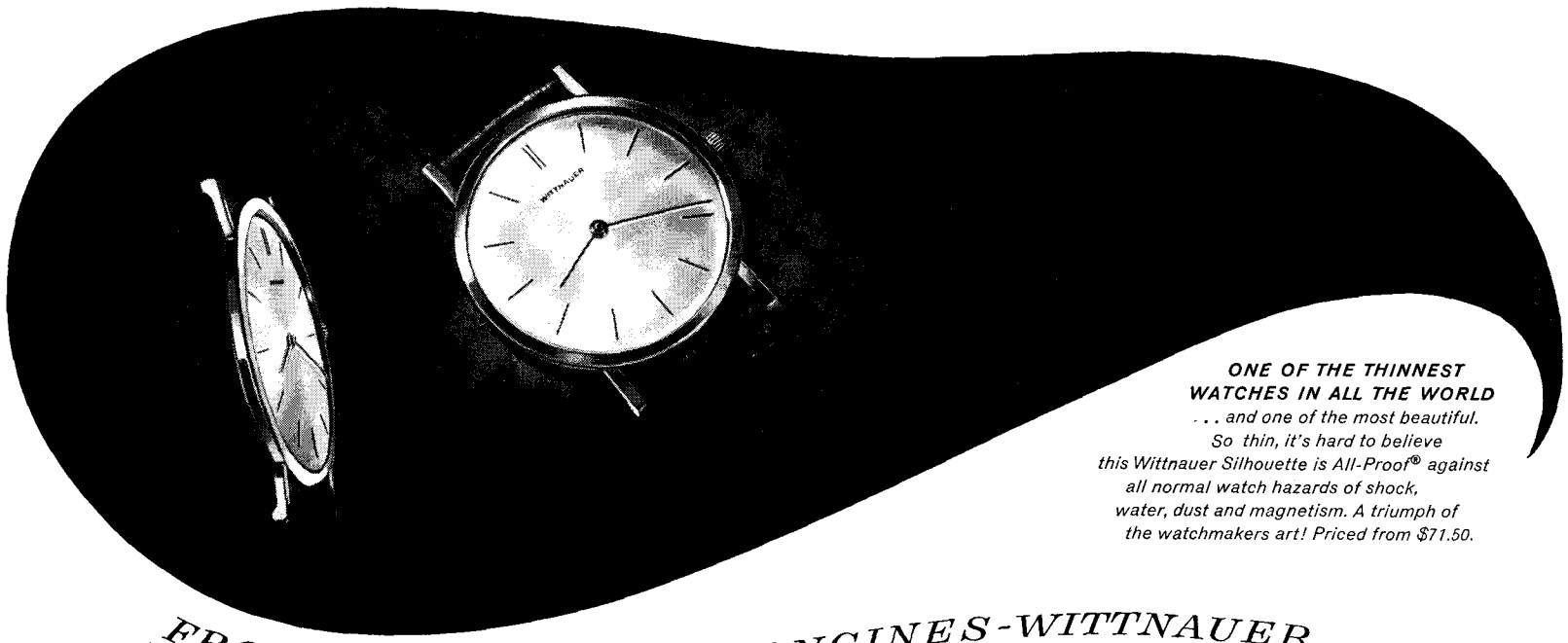
So bring the roomiest wagon you can find! Round-Up time is value time—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROUND-UP AT YOUR GROCERS
Sept. 26-Nov. 2

time to stock up on DEL MONTE® specials galore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

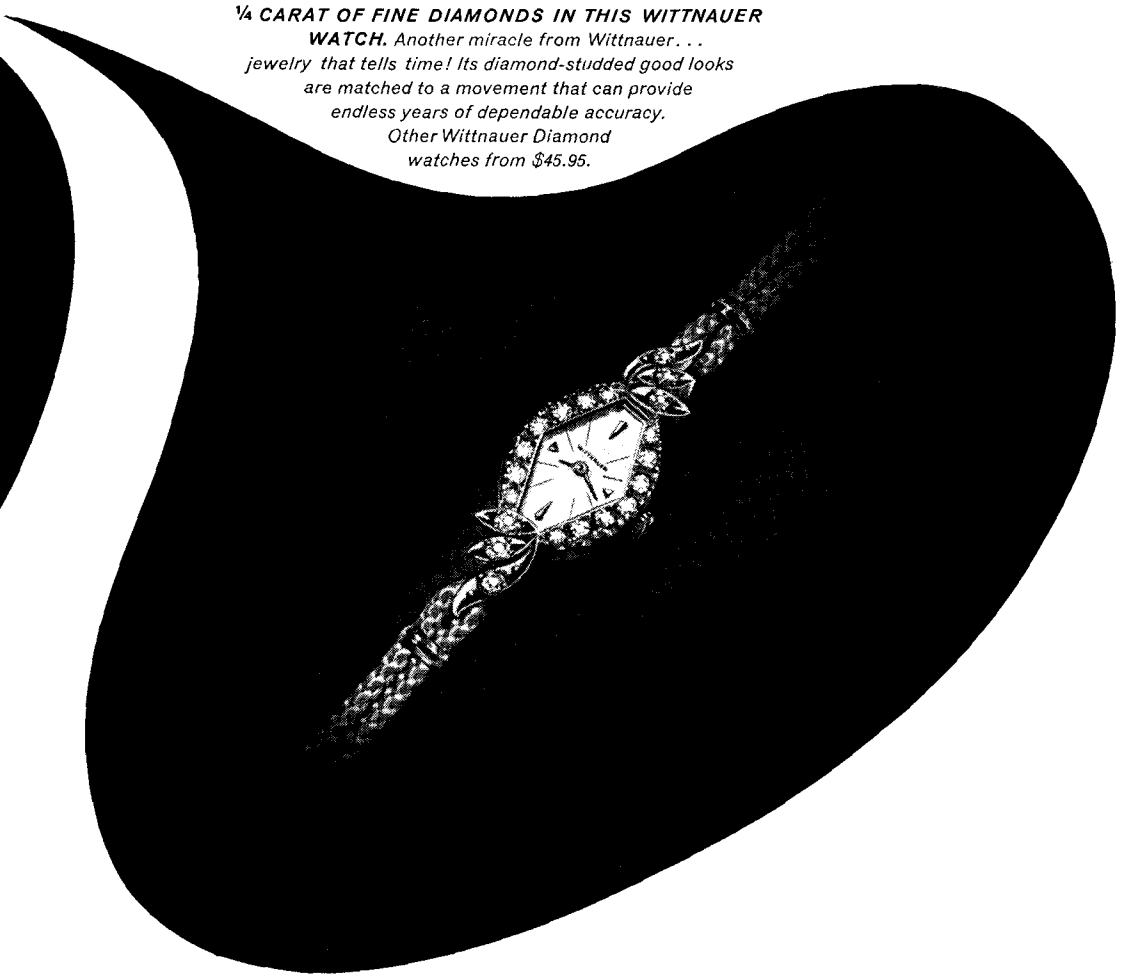


ONE OF THE THINNEST WATCHES IN ALL THE WORLD *. . . and one of the most beautiful. So thin, it's hard to believe this Wittnauer Silhouette is All-Proof® against all normal watch hazards of shock, water, dust and magnetism. A triumph of the watchmakers art! Priced from $71.50.*

FROM WORLD-FAMED LONGINES-WITTNAUER

these elegant WITTNAUER watches— three of the world's most unusual....

THE WITTNAUER ELECTRO-CHRON® *with a fascinating "Skeleton" dial so that you can see the famed Wittnauer Electric Watch movement in action. One tiny battery powers the ELECTRO-CHRON's accurate and dependable movement for about two years! Just $99.50. Other ELECTRO-CHRONS from $75.*



¼ CARAT OF FINE DIAMONDS IN THIS WITTNAUER WATCH. *Another miracle from Wittnauer. . . jewelry that tells time! Its diamond-studded good looks are matched to a movement that can provide endless years of dependable accuracy. Other Wittnauer Diamond watches from $45.95.*

WITTNAUER . . . companion timepiece to world-honored Longines. A product of Longines-Wittnauer, leading maker of watches of the highest character for almost a century. Wittnauer watches are priced from just $25. Dollar for dollar, the best and most beautiful watch you can buy in the medium price range. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Quality Jeweler soon

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
JOHN J. VERONIS, *Director, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*

DON A. SCHANCHE *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. *Executive Editor*

Assistant Managing Editors:
OTTO FRIEDRICH *(Articles)*
HANK WALKER *(Photography)*

ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*

ROBERT SHERROD *Editor-at-Large*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES

Senior Editors: SANDFORD BROWN *(Business)*; THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. *(Speaking Out)*; WILLIAM EWALD *(Entertainment)*; WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK *(National Affairs)*; ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. *(National Affairs)*; ROGER KAHN *(Sports)*; DON McKINNEY *(General)*; JEANETTE SARKISIAN *(Women)*; STEVEN M. SPENCER *(Science)*.
Associate Editors: FREDRIC C. APPEL, HILLEL BLACK, SALLY A. REUKAUF.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MULLER, KENNETH B. PLATNICK, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, JOHN BIRD, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, BILL DAVIDSON, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, FRANK GRAHAM JR., C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, JOHN KOBLER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, PETER MAAS, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, ROBERT RUARK, WILLIAM SAROYAN, WILLIAM R. SHELTON, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY, ROUL TUNLEY.

FICTION and BOOKS

JOHN MONG, *Chief*
Senior Editors: JEFF BROWN, DON GOLD, WESLEY PRICE.
Associate Editors: MacLENNAN FARRELL, NANCY MURRAY.
Assistants: GAYE IZZARD, SUSAN STANWOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Senior Editors: GERALD ASTOR, MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, ROBERT MOORE, ROGER VAUGHAN.
Assistants: JUDY GUROVITZ, DAVID MOLLER, HELEN NATHAN.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN.
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY

JOHN HUNT, *Chief*
Senior Copy Editors: LESLIE R. FORESTER, RICHARD L. LEHMAN, DAVID A. LYLE.
Associate Editors: JACK HARING, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Assistants: HELEN DeBERRY, LINDA GRANT, DOROTHY HUMANITZKI, RENEE PROWITT.

LAYOUT

ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Associate: RON MEYERSON. *Assistants:* PENNEY FARRELL, THOMAS W. VON DER LINN.

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION

THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associate: FERD D'ESPOSITO. *Assistants:* DAVID BASCH, LISA FENTRESS.

RESEARCH

LIA SMITS, *Chief*
JOANN CATTONAR, JODY O'ROURKE, JEAN TAYLOR.

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD

Managing Editorial Directors:
HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, TED PATRICK, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS.

ASGER JERRILD *Managing Director, Art*
HANK WALKER *Managing Director, Photography*
JOHN MONG *Managing Director, Fiction and Books*

C. L. MacNELLY *Publisher*

POST

SEPTEMBER 28, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 33

Articles

The myth of the "pesticide menace" (Speaking Out) . *by Edwin Diamond* **16**
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **20**

Vietnam: The edge of chaos . . . . . *by Stanley Karnow* **27**

In a tiny corner of the world, where the United States is deeply committed in its struggle against Red aggression, the ruling family of South Vietnam refuses even the friendliest of criticism and seems bent on alienating its nation's population. Contributing writer Stanley Karnow, a Southeast Asia correspondent since 1959 who has traveled throughout every country in that area, explores the atmosphere of neurotic intrigue that surrounds the current Vietnamese conflict. And he discovers in it the very real possibility of a ruinous, triangular civil war: the army fighting within itself, with the Communists idly watching and smugly winning.

New challenger to the Kennedy clan . . . . . *by William Trombley* **38**
Why she really goes to market . . . . . *by Harold H. Martin* **40**
New machine spots hidden diseases . . . . . *by Robert P. Goldman* **44**
Princess at Radcliffe . . . . . *by Edward Behr* **78**
Explosion in the movie underground . . . . . *by Pete Hamill* **82**
The man in the pin-striped suit . . . . . *by Ed Linn* **89**

Fiction

Midnight turning gray . . . . . *by Peter Matthiessen* **56**
Sucker . . . . . *by Carson McCullers* **68**
The night watchman's occurrence book . . . . . *by V.S. Naipaul* **72**

Departments

Letters **4**
Post Scripts **81**
Hazel **84**
Editorials **94**

The authors. *Post* Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** begins his new weekly column with a hard look at the recent test-ban treaty and Red China's drive to become a nuclear power. . . . **William Trombley,** who examines the political prospects of Chuck Percy, unannounced candidate for President in 1968, is a contributing writer. . . . Supermarkets observer **Harold H. Martin** collected 10,436 trading stamps in the course of his research. . . . *Post* medical writer **Robert P. Goldman** was convinced of the infrared camera's value when it exposed the inflammation of his own knee. . . . **Edward Behr,** who has covered political stories for the *Post* from Cuba to North Africa, took a strictly nonpolitical trip to Scandinavia for his visit with Princess Christina. . . . Free-lancer **Pete Hamill,** who writes on the growing production of low-budget motion pictures, is himself a dabbler in the making of films. . . . Sportswriter **Ed Linn** found war hero Ralph Houk eager to discuss his new role as organization man with the Yankees. . . . Novelist and naturalist **Peter Matthiessen** was a founding editor of *The Paris Review*. . . . **Carson McCullers,** who published her first novel at 22, will be represented on Broadway next month with the dramatization of her *The Ballad of the Sad Café*. . . . Trinidad-born **V. S. Naipaul** will have his fourth novel published in the U.S. early next year.

The cover picture was taken by contributing photographer **Burt Glinn** shortly before the Vietnamese government had him arrested during Buddhist demonstrations to stop his probing camera.

© 1963 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; John J. Veronis, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Roger Lederer, Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Changing your address?

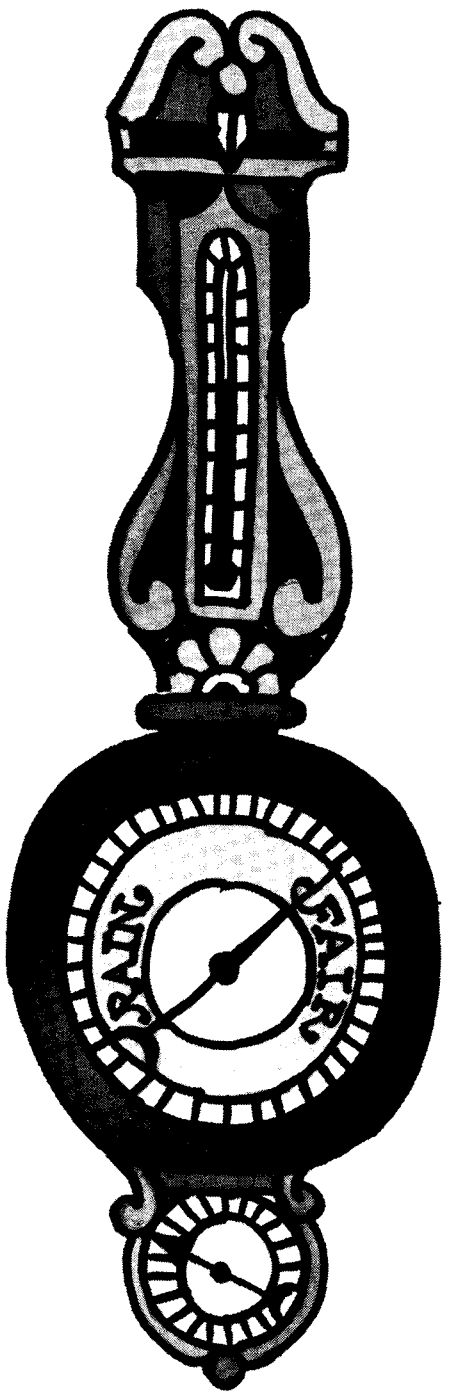
Don't forget your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

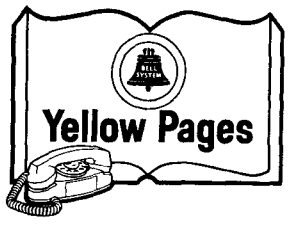
POST Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.

Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



it's always fair shopping ...when your fingers do the walking



LETTERS

Slow, sharp right ahead?

It may be true that Senator Goldwater [CAN GOLDWATER WIN IN '64? by Stewart Alsop, Aug. 24–31] has alienated himself from selfish minority pressure groups, but the senator has the support of millions of hard-working, self-sustaining, self-respecting Americans. And it is high time that this underrepresented group gained some influence in the White House.

DONALD G. MACDONALD
Baird, Tex.

● Although a personally charming and likable man, the Arizona senator has unfortunately allowed himself to be influenced (and apparently captured) by the irresponsible right wing of the Republican Party. It is the same old arrogant crowd: the former McCarthyites, the 1940 isolationists, the segregationists, and the hate-Eisenhower group who consistently tried to sabotage the former President's work. The Eisenhower Republicans must unite now and prevent the "political dinosaurs" of the party from gaining control.

CLIFFORD B. REEVES JR.
Pelham, N.Y.

● The philosophy upon which our country has become great is freedom. And that means freedom from unnecessary Government, which is the basis of Senator Goldwater's philosophy, as I understand it.

MRS. MICHAEL A. BRYAN
Etna, Calif.

● Mr. Alsop states that "Goldwater, if elected, would have to back away from his candid prescription for 'total victory over Communism' or accept a grave risk of nuclear war." Does he suggest that our present policy represents no threat of war? I say with Mr. Goldwater that victory is worth the risk!

T. J. WOOD
La Marque, Tex.

● Senator Goldwater is indeed charming and handsome and as American as blueberry pie. So is President Kennedy, but as a Republican I'd like to give the people something else besides another glamorous personality.

As for his politics, in a campaign with the liberal Kennedy, he would indeed give the people a "real choice"—between 1884 and 1984—but who wants to make such a choice? Surely the Republicans have a more reasonable conservative to run.

ALICE KEPLER
Big Springs, Nebr.

● Mr. Alsop implies that Goldwater will lose the farm vote because he favors the termination of farm subsidies. However, the farmers themselves know it is foolish to be paid money for crops they do not grow simply to keep up prices which are already far above the world market. (And don't tell me that this will create an unemployment problem. Anyone can get a good job in the West and South if he wants to.)

JAMES H. BEARD JR.
Bryan, Tex.

● The Goldwater candidacy is not dangerous because the senator might win, for he cannot. The reason thinking Eisenhower Republicans anywhere oppose his nomination is that, after letting the segregationists and the radical right aboard in 1964, reversing course would be difficult indeed.

MRS. C. J. BERGE
Morrison, Ill.

Reckless driving

Thank you for a very good article on the growing menace of unskilled boatmen in our waters [MOTORBOAT MADNESS, by Roger Vaughan, Aug. 24–31]. We do not have automobile drivers all over the country running wild, because every state in the Union has laws controlling who may drive and how. If New Jersey licenses boatmen, why can't other states?

TOM BOWERS
Columbia, S.C.

● Most boaters are safe, courteous and keep their boats in tip-top shape. You owe us safe boaters an apology. Don't let the few "water rodders" blacken the name of the majority.

MRS. ROBERT BALLARD JR.
Carlisle, Ind.

● You might send Mr. Vaughan to take a look at this phenomenon from a rental-boat operator's view. It is not surprising that the boater behaves as he does, for when he gets in that boat he is free—at least as far as the law down here is concerned. And the bigger the motor the freer he is.

S. B. CROWE
Sanford, Fla.

Hope for sale

The professional men do a great deal to stamp out such ugly practices, as described by Ralph Lee Smith [HUCKSTERS OF HOPE FOR ARTHRITICS, Aug. 24–31], but cannot do it alone. When the "cure-alls" are exposed and the public realizes that real medicine is making tremendous strides, these "hucksters" will be put out of business.

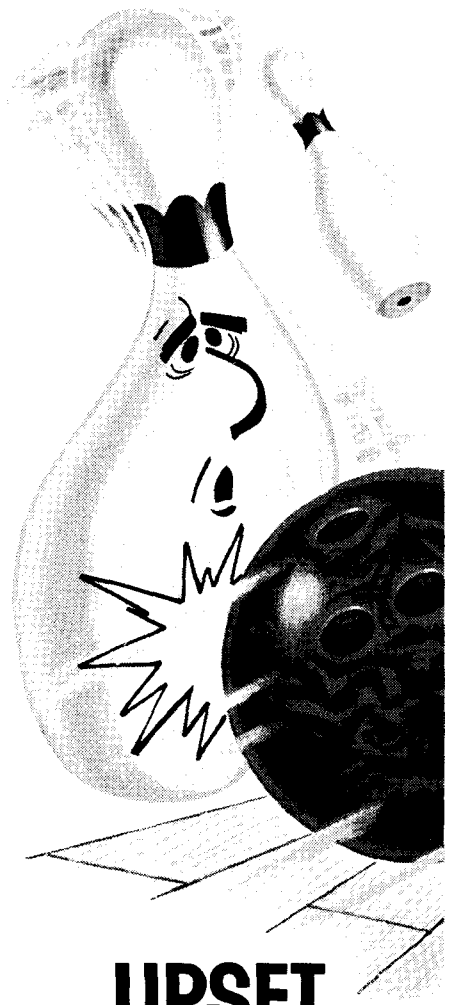
MRS. W. E. BEDFORD
San Bernardino, Calif.

● Mr. Smith includes a quotation from the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation denying the value of spinal adjustments in the treatment of arthritis. However, our chiropractors are taught diagnosis, which enables them to distinguish between the various stages of arthritis and whether a spinal adjustment is indicated or not. The spinal adjustment forms the basis of chiropractic science. Over 35,000,000 Americans consult chiropractors annually. The value of the spinal adjustment is indeed recognized by the public.

CLYDE MARTYN, D. C., *President*
National Chiropractic Association
Webster City, Iowa

● Please accept from the Maine Pine Tree Chapter of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation our congratulations and warmest thanks for this article which we feel should help avoid the frustration of arthritis sufferers that comes from false hopes built on promises but not based on fact.

HORACE W. CLARK
Portland, Me.



UPSET STOMACH?

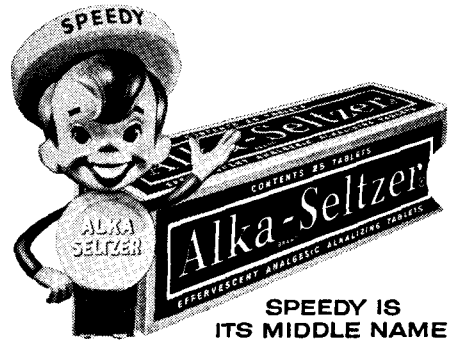
If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer you don't know how speedy relief can be!

When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!



SPEEDY IS ITS MIDDLE NAME

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCING THE DEPENDABLES FOR '64

Compact families, if you've grown larger

Dart's for you

Something new in compacts! Family-size room. Family-size comfort. Family-size fun. Dart's a fresh new compact in the large economy size. Dart is a little bigger outside, a lot roomier and more comfortable inside. A bigger engine under the hood, a lot more fun on the open road.

Dart's standard 170 Slant Six engine gives you the kind of let's-go performance that you have to pay extra for in most other compacts. And bringing up the rear? A large vacation-sized trunk with more usable luggage space than many full-size cars are able to muster.

Yet Dart IS a compact. You can tell by the way it coaxes extra miles out of a gallon of regular. By its effortless handling in traffic. By the way it slips into skimpy parking spaces. And (best of all) by its small compact price.

For a fact, few compacts cost less than Dodge Dart. And not one gives you so much for the money.

If you go for comfort, low initial cost, and minimum upkeep—put your money on a family-sized, family-priced Dodge Dart. It's available in three series, nine new models. Try one on your family for size . . . now at your dependable Dodge Dealer.

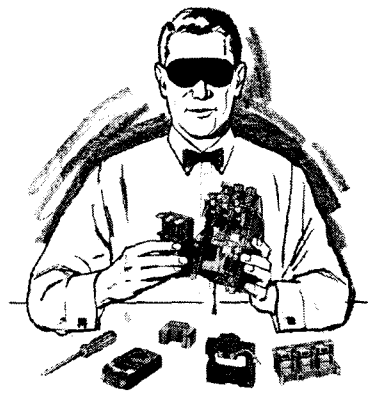
Compact Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six big reasons why...

the Bulletin 709 is the No. 1 motor starter on the market!

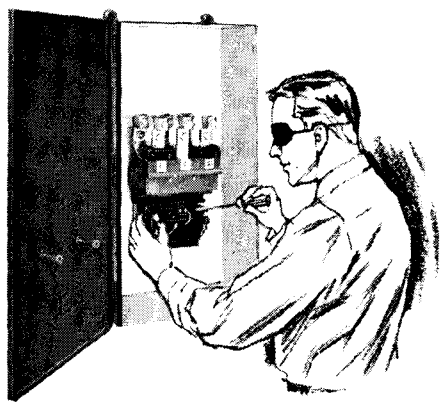


it has only six basic parts

So simple in design, *you* can disassemble in four minutes—reassemble in five—*blindfolded!*

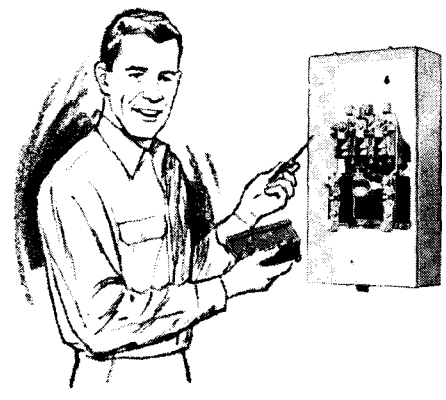
the "bedrock" on which these starters are assembled

This accurately machined one-piece die casting "locks" each unit assembly into accurate and permanent alignment.



change coils in less than five minutes—blindfolded

Takes two minutes to remove the coil cover and slide out the coil, three minutes to put it back—and you can't go wrong.



contact inspection takes less time than telling these facts

Just loosen two screws, lift off the arc-hood cover and contacts are in plain view.

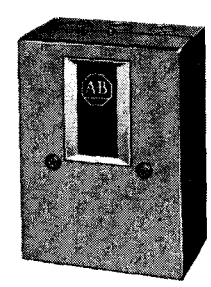
coils "stand up" in acid tests

Tests have demonstrated that the magnet coils can withstand—over periods of weeks—immersion in boiling water, acid and alkaline solutions, etc.

Bulletin 709 starters can have accessories added—on the job!

Auxiliaries can be added in seconds—also push buttons, selector switch, and pilot light. Third overload can be mounted from the front.

BULLETIN 709 starters with their attractive new NEMA Type 1 enclosures give a businesslike beauty to every installation. For full details, please contact the Allen-Bradley distributor in your area—he carries these starters in stock—or write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.



ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LETTERS

● I personally feel that anyone going to a healing-arts practitioner feigning an illness is lower than a snake.

DR. STANLEY A. BORK
Anthony, Kans.

Vive Passalacqua!

It is refreshing to see art work like David Passalacqua's after years of stylized art in your magazine. His work has verve, vigor and composition.

Too much of even a good thing—like the old *Post* covers and drawings—tends toward stereotyped sameness, but I'd say your new format is up to the times. *Vive la différence!*

TONY D'ORAZI
Los Angeles, Calif.

Voice over lightly

As a long-time follower of "voice over" announcers, I read Bill Davidson's article [TV's PROSPEROUS PITCHMEN, Aug. 24–31] on the subject with interest. It appears, however, that he has overlooked such well-known names in this field as Dwight Weist, Hugh James and Mason Adams. Adams himself may well be the busiest announcer in the business today.

WILLIAM PATTERSON
Columbus, Ohio

● I was surprised that Mr. Davidson did not even mention my idol, Mason (Pepper Young's Family, etc.) Adams. This past president of AFTRA has a reputation in the industry of being the voice over just about everything. Many times a local disc jockey has more spots announced by Adams on his show than he does himself.

R. ALAN CAMPBELL
Washington, D.C.

Radiant Ray of joy

After reading the article, WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT RAY CHARLES? [Aug. 24–31], I wish to compliment the writer, Alfred G. Aronowitz. He vividly exposed the kindness, unselfishness and unusual talent of the man.

CAROLYN QUAILES
Gainesboro, Tenn.

● One thing is sure: Ray has brought joy and pleasure to many, despite the sorrow he himself has known.

MRS. LEONARD FARKAS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sincerely yours

It is a great gift to be able to communicate, one which I do not have. However, I appreciate those who do and who use it compassionately and courageously—for example, the way you bring out injustices in a frank, commonsense manner. *The Post* is a good magazine because it is sincere.

DONALD P. MCGRATH
North Quincy, Mass.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Inside Communist Cuba

By a visiting American "student"

The Big Spectacle of Big Football

Judy Garland's daughter:
LIZA MINNELLI

Beginning: a new novel by
Rumer Godden

How to get rich with records

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

16–Newsweek. • 20–U.P.I.; Eastfoto. • 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37–Burt Glinn. • 38, 39–Art Shay. 40, 41, 42, 43–Lynn Pelham. • 44, 45–Vytas Valaitas; Jim Drake; From Barnes Engineering. • 46–from Barnes Engineering. • 50–Jim Drake. • 51–Vytas Valaitas. • 55–B.B.C. Copyright Photo; Luisa Gilardenghi; Louise Dahl-Wolfe. 56, 57–Merle Shore. • 68–Elaine Morfogen. • 78, 79–Jerry Cooke. • 82–Guy Cross; no credit. • 89–Tony Triolo. 90, 91–New York Daily News. • 92–Ralph Houk. • 93–New York Daily News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Would $10,000.00 help save your financial security?

Attorney J. Robert Leahy, member of the Minnesota Bar Association, and his family were protected by a Mutual of Omaha Major Medical policy. When Mrs. Leahy was disabled, Mutual of Omaha paid $10,000.00 toward the doctor and hospital expenses! In expressing his gratitude Mr. Leahy said, "Knowing that you would share my financial burdens was helpful and reassuring. Your backing enabled us to continue to maintain our family relationship with a sense of security." Would you enjoy that same security if sickness or accident struck at your family?

Mutual of Omaha pays you

CASH FOR DOCTOR CALLS AND UP TO $10,000.00

toward cost of drugs, treatments, hospitals and other medical expenses for the entire family!

...ow, low-cost protection for the whole family! Ideal way to help keep the family budget balanced. This comprehensive medical plan from Mutual of Omaha can provide *cash* for doctor calls at your home, the hospital or for office visits!

But that's not all!

This plan can also provide up to $10,000.00 toward the cost of budget-shattering major-medical expenses . . . for you and your family . . . in or out of the hospital! Send reply card today for details of entire family protection regardless of age.

Fits almost every budget!

This comprehensive medical plan is low cost, too, because of the deductible, share-the-risk features. Pays cash benefits, with few exceptions, towards most medical costs. Mail post-free reply card today for more facts about cost and coverage!

HELPS PAY FOR:

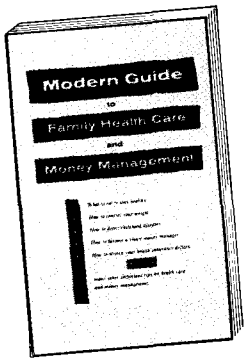
Hospital room and board, lab fees, transfusions, in or out of hospital R. N. nursing services and much more!

Drug expenses for the whole family. And treatment costs, too, such as radiation, artificial limbs, almost every kind of treatment known to medical science!

Specialists as well as the finest physicians and surgeons of your choice!

GUARANTEED RENEWABLE FOR LIFE!

This Mutual of Omaha feature means that your policy can be renewed—regardless of health, age or number of benefits received—furthermore, you cannot be singled out for a premium increase. Your premium can be changed only if changed for all policies of this form issued to persons of your class in your state. All these cash payments are tax-free, to spend as you wish.



FREE!

From Mutual of Omaha —the brand-new 128 page **"Modern Guide to Family Health Care and Money Management".**

Including facts about how to save money on health insurance

Accept, *as a free gift to you,* this compendium of the latest, most basic guides to a happy, successful future. More than 100 simple, rewarding steps. It shows you how to apply successful management principles to your own life! How to be healthier, release tension, and respond to emergencies and family crises! How to add up to 10% to your spendable income—and enjoy it twice as much! How to "shop" for credit! How to get the most out of your health insurance dollar through Mutual of Omaha, the pioneer in health insurance plans that provide maximum benefits at minimum cost!

Just fill out the post-free reply card and mail it today. Or write Mutual of Omaha, Dept. 7879, Omaha, Nebraska. No obligation. It's yours *free!*

Mutual of Omaha pays folks like you an average of over $3,600,000 in benefits every week!

One more reason why people buy more individual and family health insurance from Mutual of Omaha than from any other company in the world!

These people know the big *difference* in health insurance today is Mutual of Omaha. They know this difference can be measured in better and broader coverage at the lowest possible cost . . . in prompt benefit payments to policyowners . . . in fast local service that is friendly and efficient.

YOU GET "MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!"

Mutual of Omaha pays out a higher percentage of its earned premium income in benefits to policyowners, and operates at a lower cost than the combined average of the next 24 leading companies in the individual health insurance field, based on latest financial statement figures available!

POLICYOWNERS APPROVE MUTUAL OF OMAHA'S OVER-ALL SERVICE!

Recently, policyowners were asked: Are you satisfied with Mutual of Omaha's over-all service? 97% of all responding said "Yes!"

Mutual OF OMAHA

The Greatest Name in Health Insurance whose policies provide coverage throughout the world. Licensed by Insurance Authorities in all 50 states, District of Columbia, all provinces of Canada, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone and portions of the West Indies. Over 500 local offices to serve you everywhere. Listen to Bob Considine, ABC Radio, weekdays.

Your Good Neighbor

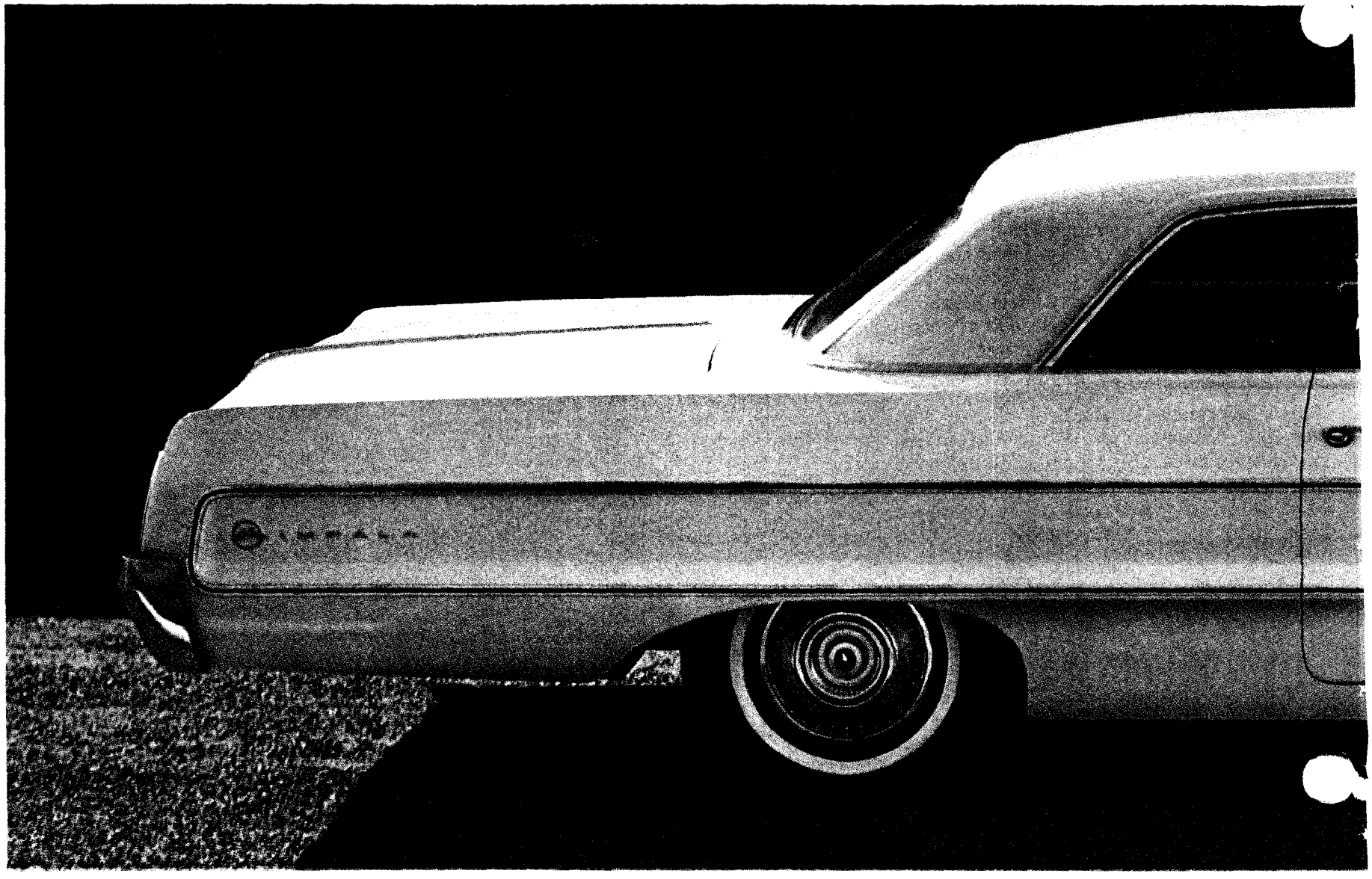
MUTUAL OF OMAHA INSURANCE COMPANY • HOME OFFICE • OMAHA • NEBRASKA • V. J. SKUTT, PRESIDENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS THURSDAY, SEE CHEVROLET'S GREATES

A CAR THAT'S NEVER BEEN SO LUXURIOUS BEFORE! The outside is more luxurio with that long and clean new look, but new styling is only the beginning. ∾ There new interior luxury, too. The new Impala Super Sport Series, for example, features new kind of ultra-soft vinyl upholstery and door-to-door deep-twist carpeting tha would cost you a pretty penny to put in your home. ∾ Even the lowest price Biscaynes are now fully carpeted and have vinyl arm rests and foam-cushioned seat both front and rear. ∾ Then the '64 Chevrolet has a Jet-smooth luxurious way c

1964 JET-SMOOTH



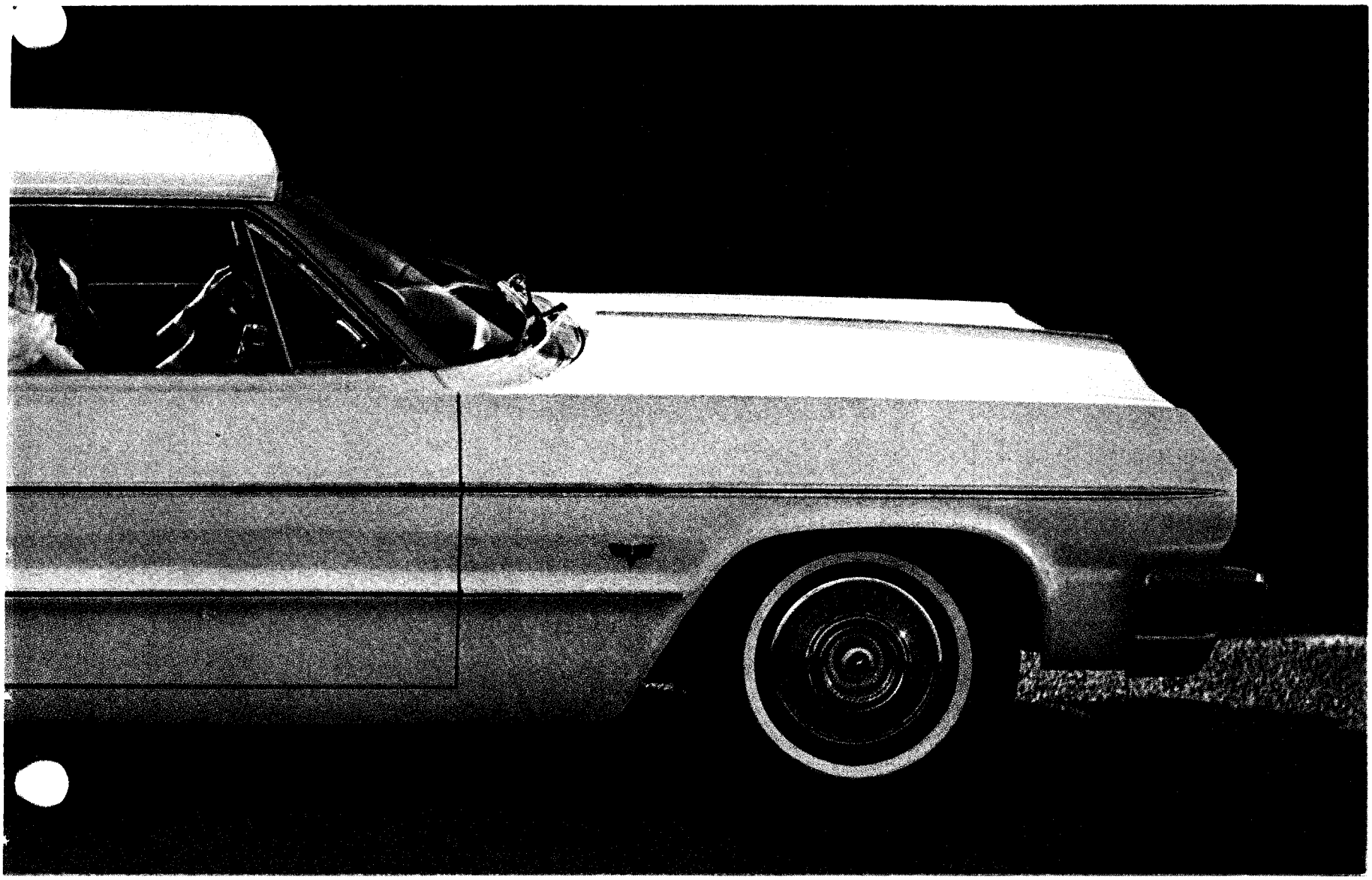
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıT YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER'S SHOWROOM!

ıng. Quiet. Soft. Even the transmissions are quieter and smoother. Engine choices ɛgin with the new 140-hp Turbo-Thrift 6 and range all the way up to a 425-hp Turbo-ire V8, optional at extra cost. That sturdy long-lasting Body by Fisher and Full Coil ıspension insulate and cushion you against every kind of road shock and noise. ∾ he whole idea with this new Chevrolet, really, was to see just how much luxury and ɔmfort we could add to the car—but still keep it reasonably riced. And everything worked out beautifully. Wait till you see.

CHEVROLET

_UXURY CHEVROLET



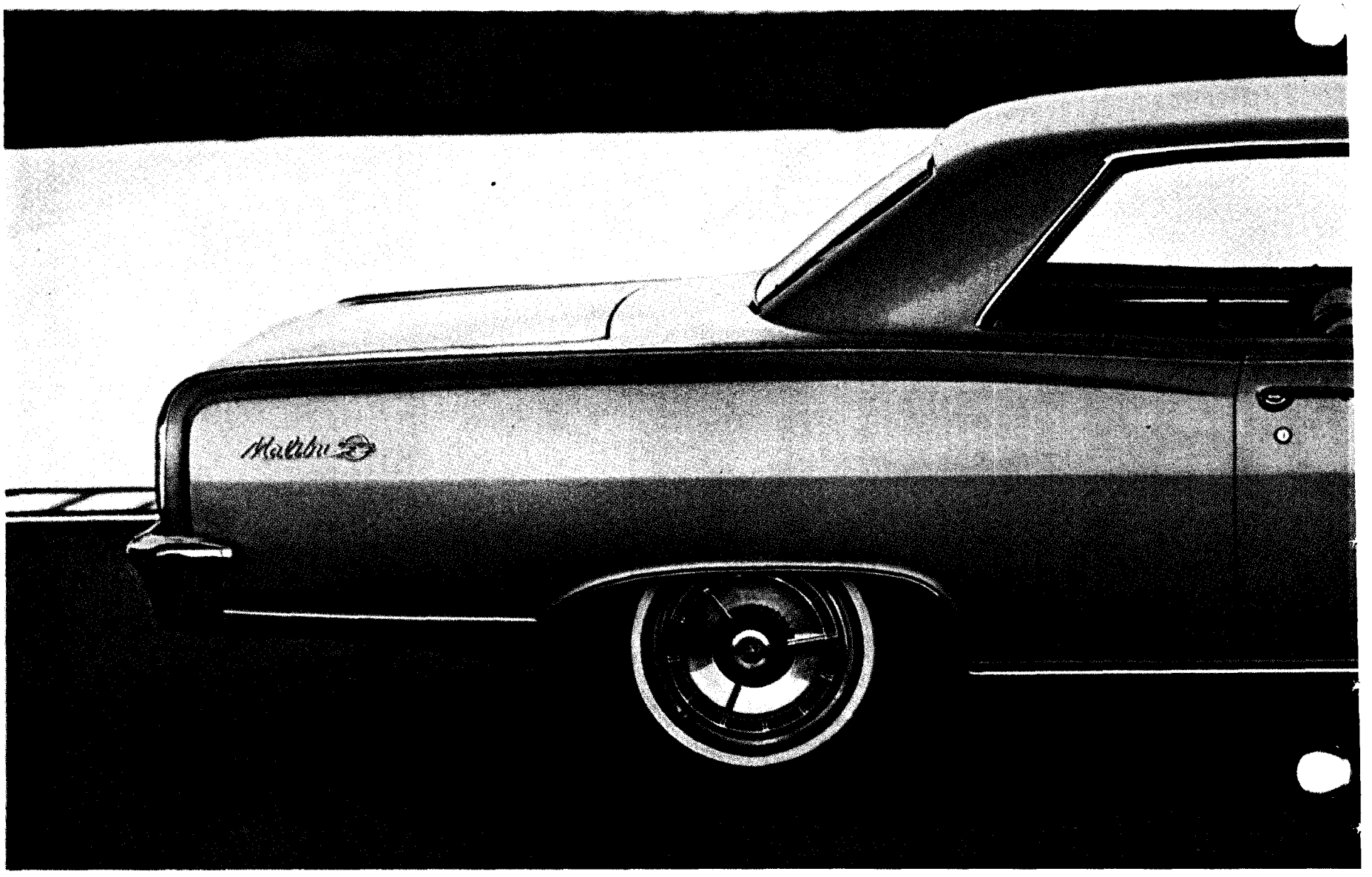
IMPALA SPORT COUPE—ONE OF 15 NEW MODELS IN FOUR SERIES. **WHAT ELSE IS NEW? JUST TURN HERE AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ROAD . . .**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS THURSDAY, SEE CHEVROLET'S LATEST AT

A KIND OF CAR YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE! It's not a new model or just a new name. The Chevelle, if you haven't read or heard about it by now, is a whole new kind of car from Chevrolet for 1964. ∿ And not only does it look different from any car we've ever made before, it's sized differently, too. ∿ Overall, it's a good foot shorter than the big cars. Parks in the tightest places. And it's a little narrower, so you can slip in and out of a small garage without fear of nicking it. ∿ But inside, it measures up to more car than you might expect. In passenger space. Leg room. The size of the trunk. In the ride. In the fabrics used on the doors and seats. ∿ As for models, you have 11 different sedans, station wagons, coupes and convertibles

CHEVELLE!



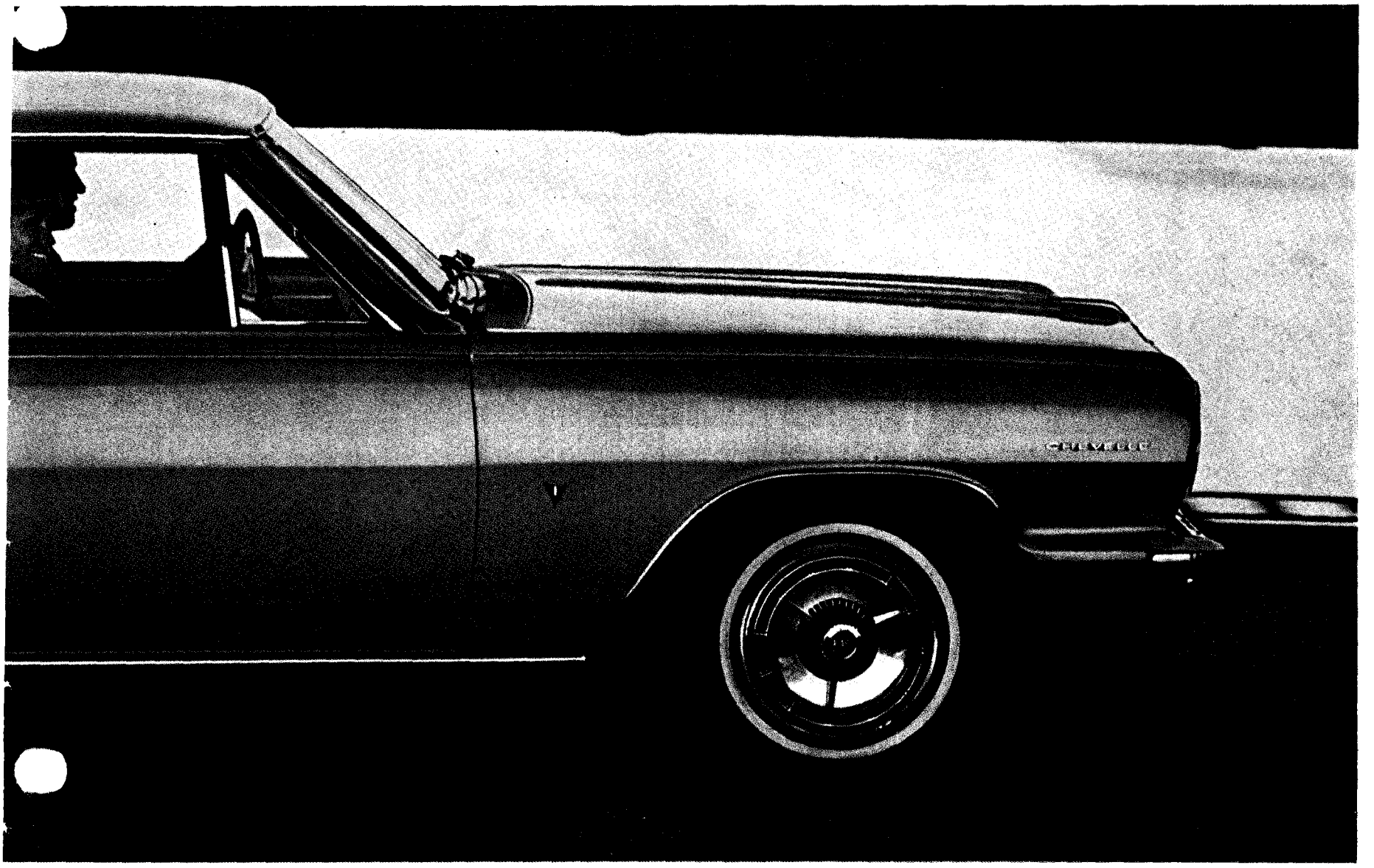
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER'S SHOWROOM !

to choose from. Two of them, a sport coupe and convertible, make up the Malibu Super Sport Series. That's the coupe below. Its bucket seats are standard. Its 4-speed floor shift is optional at extra cost. And it can be powered by four different engines up to an extra-cost 220-hp V8. ∾ The body of each new Chevelle is by Fisher —and you know what that means in terms of quality and comfort. The brakes are self-adjusting. The generator is a Delcotron to save the battery. The engines deliver the kind of smooth, responsive power that makes driving a pleasure. You can be sure that, though the Chevelle is different from other cars, the quality is Chevrolet clear through. And so is the price, you'll be happy to know.

CHEVROLET

by CHEVROLET



MALIBU SUPER SPORT COUPE—ONE OF 11 MODELS IN 3 NEW SERIES. **AND DON'T STOP NOW, THERE'S STILL MORE TO FOLLOW . . .**

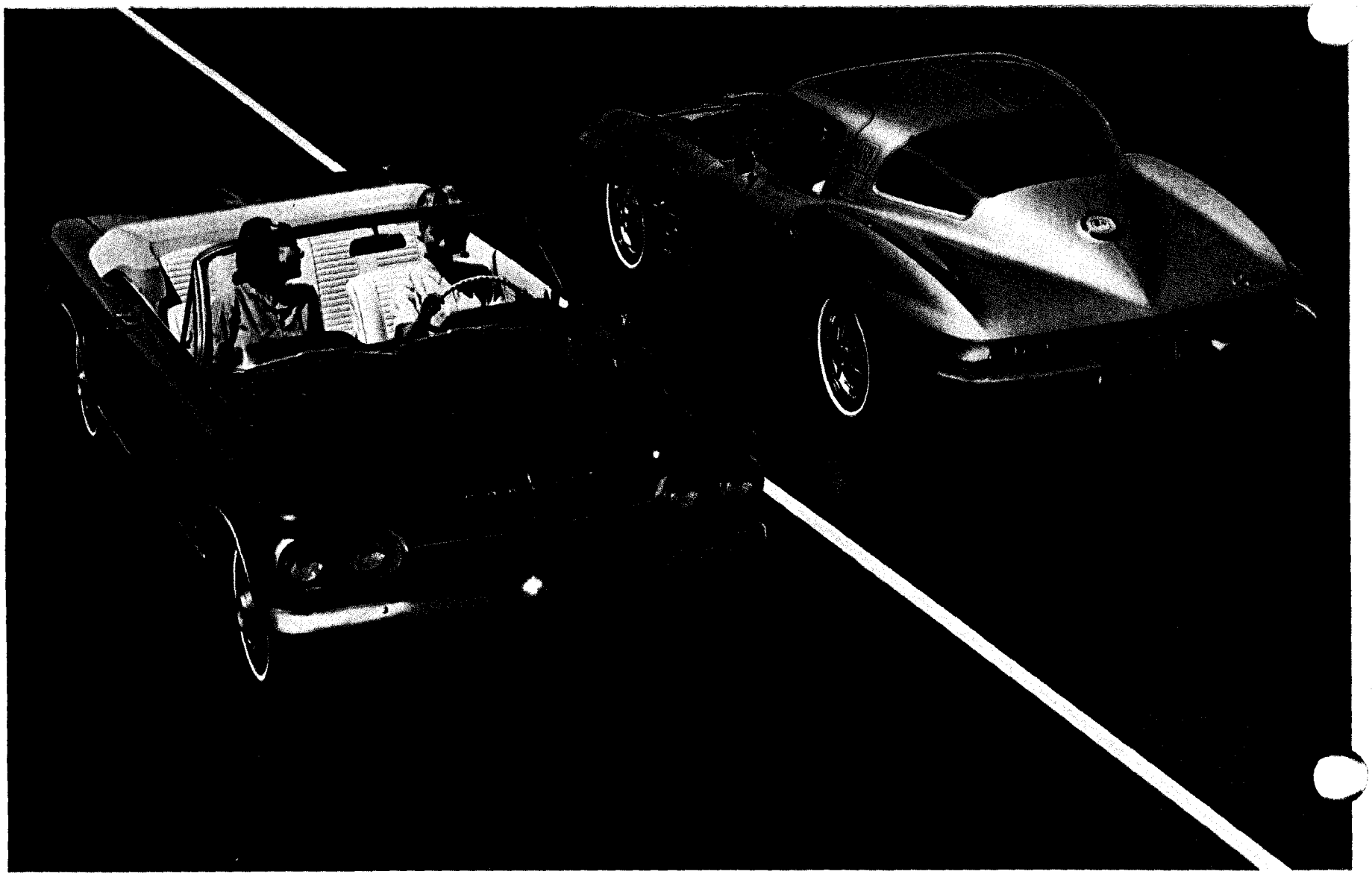
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS THURSDAY, SEE CHEVROLET'S FIVE KINDS OF

CORVAIR—A CAR THAT'S NEVER HAD SO MUCH ENGINE BEFORE! Got a hill nearby. Go climb it in a '64 Corvair, and watch it disappear. Almost 19% more horsepower in the standard engine. 110 hp in the extra-cost engine. 150 hp in the Spyder. Some nice interior refinements, too. Thicker, more deeply tufted bucket seats in the Monzas and map pockets on each front door. Outside of that, it's still very much the same easy-to-park, easy-to-handle, hard-to-keep-your-hands-off-of Corvair.

CORVETTE—A CAR THAT'S NEVER BEEN SO EXCITING BEFORE! And that wasn't easy. New *one-piece* rear window in the sport coupe, so you can see who's behind you better. Two new extra-cost V8's up to 375 hp. And the ride in both the coupe and convertible is smoother and quieter. On the one hand, you'll be surprised at what a beautiful boulevard car the '64 Corvette is. On the other hand, it's still a superb sports car.

CORVAIR and CORVETTE and



MORE POWERFUL CORVAIR MONZA CONVERTIBLE AND NEW CORVETTE STING RAY SPORT COUPE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARS FOR '64 AT YOUR CHEVROLET SHOWROOM!

EVY II—A CAR THAT'S NEVER BEEN SO LIVELY BEFORE! An extra-cost 195-hp V8 engine is why. So if an economy car's ever given you any trouble passing on the highway, get a new Chevy II V8. Put your foot down. The Chevy II is now the only car made that gives you the choice of a Four, Six or V8 engine. Two Sixes, by the way. A 120-hp and a new extra-cost 155-hp. And all the new II's are trimmer outside and nicer inside. Each with Body by Fisher, of course. And rust-resisting rocker panels, and long-life muffler. And self-adjusting brakes. And Delcotron generator. And all those other Chevrolet engineering features that keep you from dipping into your savings to keep it going. Come dr-r-r-rive a Chevy II V8 at your Chevrolet dealer's this Thursday. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

THERE'S 5 IN 64 CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET • CHEVELLE • CHEVY II • CORVAIR • CORVETTE

CHEVY II by CHEVROLET

NOVA 4-DOOR SIX-PASSENGER STATION WAGON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT

Edwin Diamond, now a senior editor of Newsweek and formerly that magazine's science editor, worked with Rachel Carson at the outset of the book project that resulted in Miss Carson's 1962 best-selling report on pesticides, Silent Spring. A disagreement over how to proceed ended the collaboration.

The myth of the "Pesticide Menace"

By EDWIN DIAMOND

Thanks to an emotional, alarmist book called "Silent Spring," says this science writer, Americans mistakenly believe their world is being poisoned.

Thanks to a woman named Rachel Carson, a big fuss has been stirred up to scare the American public out of its wits.

A year ago, in a book entitled *Silent Spring*, Miss Carson warned that pesticides were poisoning not only pests but birds and humans too. It was just what the public wanted to hear. No matter that Miss Carson's conclusions were preconceived; no matter that her arguments were more emotional than accurate. *Silent Spring* became a best seller and a conversational fad, and in Washington a congressional committee met to investigate the "pesticide menace."

Implied in this attack on pesticides are the much more serious charges that scientists are ignoring human values, experimenting for the sake of experiments, and upsetting the traditional "natural laws" and the so-called "balance of nature." Caught up in all the noise over *Silent Spring*'s revelations, we tend to forget, perhaps, that the lamentably widespread distrust of scientists and their works is anything but new.

When I was growing up in Chicago, I read, bug-eyed, a book that described the wholesale poisoning of the American public. A best seller of the time, the book was *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, and it recounted how an unholy trinity of government bureaucrats, avaricious businessmen and mad scientists had turned American consumers into laboratory test animals. I recall most vividly the danger ascribed to a certain toothpaste, which, if used in sufficient quantity, could cause a horrible death.

Today, a generation later, the American population has changed in many respects; for one, there are almost 190 million of us now instead of the 125 million around at the time the guinea-pigs book was written. In other respects, however, Americans are not much different. They still love to buy a book like Miss Carson's *Silent Spring* to read about their imminent death.

An indictment of the use of pesticides on farms, in forests and in suburban backyards, *Silent Spring* might just as easily have been called *190,000,000 Guinea Pigs*. For in *Silent Spring* I met again the old villains of my childhood, dressed in more graceful prose. "As matters stand now," Miss Carson wrote, "we are in little better position than the guests of the Borgias." She conjured up an apocalyptic vision of a "silent spring," a time when plants, birds, animals—even humans—poisoned by DDT and other man-made chemicals, sickened and died.

In June, 1962, *The New Yorker* serialized portions of *Silent Spring*. Newspapers carried stories about the book *before* its publication the following September. With this running start *Silent Spring* landed on the best-seller lists in a few weeks. The Book-of-the-Month Club offered it as the October selection. *CBS Reports* did two TV shows about it, and President Kennedy was questioned on pesticides at his news conferences. The ultimate accolade came when Miss Carson appeared before a Senate committee investigating pesticides: One of the Senators asked her for her autograph.

I have heard several theories to account for the vast stir that *Silent Spring* has created. First, there is Miss Carson's reputation and literary style. A quiet-spoken, retiring, single woman, Miss Carson for 16 years was employed as a biologist and later as editor-in-chief in the Bureau of Fisheries and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. In 1951 she published the evocative and widely praised *The Sea Around Us*, which was on the best-seller lists for 86 weeks and was translated into 30 languages. In 1955 she followed with another best seller, *The Edge of The Sea*. While *Silent Spring*—with its impassioned listing of case after case of sick sheep, sterile robins and dead fish—has little of the beauty of the earlier Carson books, it nevertheless has a high expository gloss. As one of her critics said, "She's an alarmist and a sensationalist—and she's done it beautifully."

Second, there was the timing of the book, coming as it did soon after the thalidomide drug tragedy had stirred Europe and the United States. Though *Silent Spring* does not deal with the licensing and marketing of new drugs, Miss Carson herself suggested in a newspaper interview at the time, "It is all of a piece, thalidomide and pesticides. They represent our willingness to rush ahead and use something new without knowing what the results are going to be."

Third, there is the attention-getting quality inherent in any exaggeration. Rereading the reviews of *Silent Spring* not long ago, I found this echoed in such disparate journals as *The New York Times* ("She tries to scare the living daylights out of us and, in large measure, succeeds.") and the magazine *Scientific American* (". . . what I interpret as bias and oversimplification may be just what it takes to write a best seller").

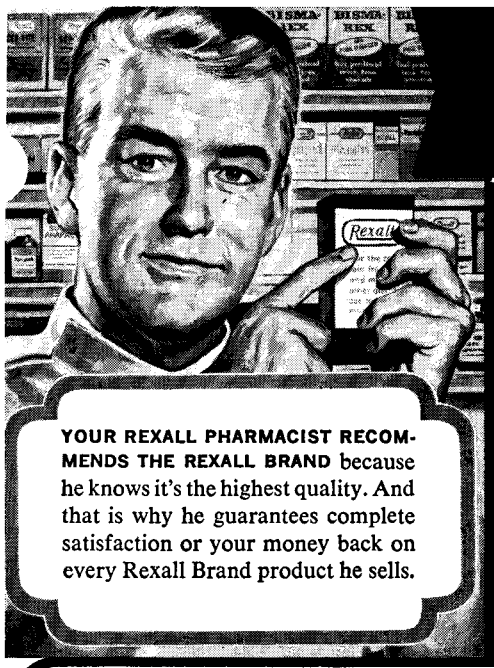
Undoubtedly the noisy year that has followed publication of *Silent Spring* is as much a result of Miss Carson's alarmist approach as it is of her own literary reputation and the book's fortuitous—for sales—timing. But, at the risk of being charged with practicing psychology without a license, I'd like to suggest that there is another and less well understood reason for the popular reception given *Silent Spring* this past year.

Silent Spring, it seems to me, stirs the latent demons of paranoia that many men and women must fight down all through their lives. At one time or another, all of us have been affected by the feeling that some wicked "they" were out to get "us." In recent years the paranoids among us could be observed in the ranks of such cultists as the anti-fluoridation leaguers, the organic-garden faddists and other beyond-the-fringe groups. And who are the "they" intent upon poisoning or tricking "us"? In the rough handbills passed out on street corners by the antifluoridationists, the plotters turn out to be Communists—scientists and dentists who want to soften, literally, the brains of the American citizenry to prepare them for Russian takeover by adding an insidious chemical to the drinking water.

In *Silent Spring* the villains aren't much more subtle. Miss Carson's "they" turn out to be the same tired stereotypes of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*. This is "an era dominated by industry, in which the right to make a dollar at whatever cost is seldom challenged," Miss Carson writes by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOP REXALL'S FAMILY VALUES!
EACH ONE A GUARANTEED REXALL PRODUCT



YOUR REXALL PHARMACIST RECOMMENDS THE REXALL BRAND because he knows it's the highest quality. And that is why he guarantees complete satisfaction or your money back on every Rexall Brand product he sells.

Helps everywhere a cold hurts!

REXALL SUPER ANAPAC

24 tablets **98¢**

Combination of powerful ingredients relieves sneezing and nasal congestion, reduces fever. 50-tablet bottle, **$1.69**

Relief in seconds; lasts for hours!

REXALL BISMA-REX

5-oz. Powder **98¢**

Antacids go to work in relays to bring fast, long-lasting relief from acid-upset stomach. Handy Bisma-Rex Mints, 75, **98¢**

MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

REXALL SURGI-REX. *New* soapless liquid germicidal skin cleanser. Helps clear up minor skin blemishes. 6-oz. bottle, **$1.59**

REXALL ASPIRIN. No faster-acting aspirin made. Bottle of 100 5-grain tablets, **69¢**

CHILDREN'S ASPIRIN. Fast relief! Orange flavor. Rexall 1¼-grain tablets are the strength that doctors recommend. 50, **39¢**

BLUE ORAL ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH. Handy 8-oz. bottle, yours for just **69¢**

BODY MASSAGE LOTION. Hospital-type treatment for cracked, dry skin. It's medicated, too! 8-ounce bottle, yours for **98¢**

REXALL EYELO. Soothing lotion for minor eye irritations due to dust, etc. 8-oz. **98¢**

REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES. Adults' or infants' Jar of 12 priced at **53¢**

MI-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH. Multi-purpose antiseptic. Clear amber color; refreshing taste. Use as a gargle to help prevent sore throat. 16-oz. size, just **89¢**

REXALL HOT LINIMENT. *New!* Its penetrating warmth quickly eases muscle aches and pains. 3-oz. size, Rexall-priced at **69¢**

MILK OF MAGNESIA. Gentle antacid-laxative. Plain or mint flavor. 12-oz. size, **63¢**

MONACET APC COMPOUND. Famous combination-of-ingredients relieves headache, reduces fever. Bottle of 100 tablets, **$1.04**

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL. 16-oz., **79¢**

ADHESIVE TAPE. 1" x 5 yards, just **43¢**

COTTON BALLS. Sterile. 130's, only **69¢**

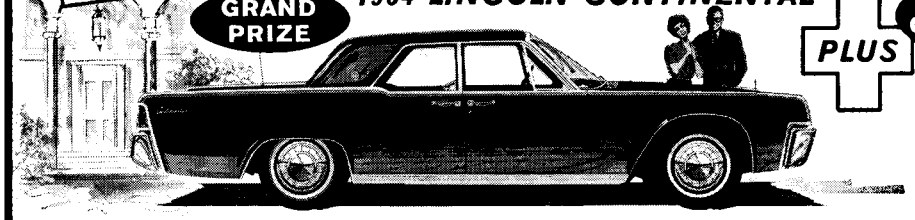
AEROSOL MERTHIOLATE. Instant spray-on antiseptic for cuts, scratches. 1-oz. . . **98¢**

HYGIENIC LIQUID. Effective, instant-mixing deodorant and cleanser. 6-oz. . . . **99¢**

ENTER REXALL'S SUPER COMBINATION SWEEPSTAKES!

WIN! AND WIN AGAIN!

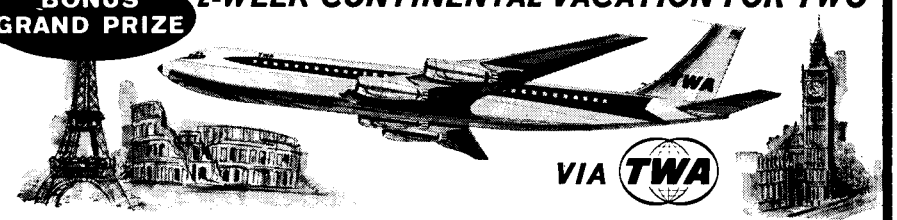
GRAND PRIZE — *1964 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL*



Now the car with the Classic Look can be yours! The beautiful Lincoln Continental comes fully-equipped with power brakes, automatic transmission, and a number of other deluxe extras.

PLUS

BONUS GRAND PRIZE — *2-WEEK CONTINENTAL VACATION FOR TWO*



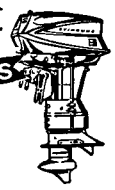
Fly via TWA StarStream® Jet to Rome, Paris, London . . . enjoy 14 glamorous days in the most exciting capitals of Europe, with hotels, meals, sightseeing trips and round-trip fare paid in full!

UP TO 2,830 OTHER EXCITING PRIZES!

5 — **ALUMA CRAFT "MARACAIBO" SPORTS BOATS AND TRAILERS**

America's premiere 14' boat for water fun. Aluma Craft has single-seam hull for a real nautical ride.

5 — **EVINRUDE 40 H.P. MOTORS** — BONUS

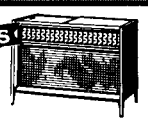


Lark V features 40 "hustling horses;' has push button shift, instant start, automatic choke.

5 — **RCA VICTOR COLOR TV SETS**

Enjoy the magic of RCA living color in your home.

BONUS **5** — **RCA VICTOR STEREO SETS**



Full-range high-fidelity stereophonic sound.

50 — **ARGUS AUTOMATIC MOVIE CAMERAS**

8mm has electric eye exposure control, electric film drive.

50 BONUS — **ARGUS MOVIE PROJECTORS**

"500" projects a whole ½-hour show at a time!

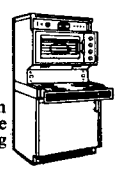
100 — **DORMEYER COFFEE MAKERS**

Automatic electric. 4-10 cup capacity.

100 BONUS — **DORMEYER BUFFET SKILLETS**

12" immersible. Styled for elegant serving.

5 — **TAPPAN "400" RANGES**



Burners and oven have nothing above eye-level, nothing below fingertips.

BONUS **5** — **TAPPAN DISHWASHERS**

Automatically measures and adds liquid detergent to wash.

100 — **CHANNEL MASTER PORTABLE TABLE RADIOS**

Big 4" speaker. Operates on 4 flashlight batteries.

BONUS **100** — **CHANNEL MASTER TRANSISTOR RADIOS**

Great big full-range power in a handy little portable.

150 — **RIVAL AUTOMATIC CAN OPENERS**

Can-O-Matic electric for table or wall.

BONUS **150** — **SETH THOMAS WALL CLOCKS**

Smart, gold-finished Duette electric clocks, tops in dependability.

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—YOUR REXALL PHARMACIST IS OFFERING THESE GREAT "SUPER COMBINATIONS" OF REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS

And just *one* Super Plenamins Tablet a day gives you *more* than your minimum daily requirements of *all* vitamins with known minimums!

- 36-tablet bottle FREE with 144-tablet bottle, a $10.54 value, both for **$7.95**
- 72-tablet bottle FREE with 288-tablet bottle, an $18.69 value, both for **$13.90**

SUPER PLENAMINS JUNIOR, FOR CHILDREN

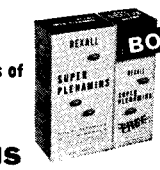
- 36-tablet bottle FREE with 144-tablet bottle, a $7.28 value, both for **$5.49**
- 4-oz. liquid FREE with 16-oz. bottle, an $8.34 value, now both for just **$5.95**

18-tablet bottle **FREE** with every 72-tablet bottle. A $6.19 value, both for **$4.79**

NOTHING TO BUY, THINK UP OR FIGURE OUT!

DON'T WAIT! Enter Rexall's Super Combination Sweepstakes today! *You* may be the winner of a luxurious new 1964 Lincoln Continental, and you may *also* win a fabulous two-week Continental vacation for two! Sweepstakes entry blanks with full details are available at your Rexall Drug Store. This sweepstakes ends December 31, 1963, and is subject to entry blank rules; all applicable federal, state and local laws and regulations; and is void in any state or locality where this type of sweepstakes is prohibited, taxed or restricted by law.

1000 288-tablet bottles of **REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS** — BONUS



Win the most "prized" vitamins of them all, *plus* 1000 bonus prizes, each a 72-tablet bottle of REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS!

Children's chewable multi-vitamins!

REXALL MELTAMINS JR.

60 tablets **$3.29**

The only *chewable* multi-vitamins with liver concentrate and iron! Big 120-tablet bottle, **$5.49**

THIS MONTH'S VALUE LEADERS

SIX STEAK KNIVES	IRONING BOARD COVER	DELUXE PINKING SHEARS	RUBBER WELCOME MAT	PLASTIC UTILITY PAIL
Stainless steel.	Silicone surface.	Chrome blades.	Deluxe 15" x 24".	12-qt. with handle.
99¢	**37¢**	**87¢**	**59¢**	**43¢**

Kills muscle pain fast!

REXALL THRU

2-oz. Liquid or Jel **$1.49**

Actually goes *thru* skin to stop muscle pain deep down where it starts.

TOILETRY VALUES

BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY. Never a trace of sticky lacquer! Two types: regular, or for hair that's hard to hold. 11-oz., **$1.50**

EMERALD BRITE SHAMPOO. Rexall's new green shampoo makes a rich lather. Pick up the 8-ounce size today, priced at **98¢**

BRITE CONDITIONING SHAMPOO. *New!* Shampoos new body *into* hair. 8-oz., **98¢**

REXALL BRITE 'N GROOM. Conditioner-dressing for perfect control and a lus-low. Handy 1¾-ounce tube, **89¢**

COOL BLUE CREAM DEODORANT. New anti-perspirant smooths on all-day security. Can't stain fabrics. Get this great new Rexall deodorant today! 1-oz., only **69¢**

REDI-SPRAY DEODORANT. Instant anti-perspirant for men goes on fast, protects all day. Convenient 5-ounce aerosol, **98¢**

BRITE CONDITIONING RINSE. New creme rinse smooths and softens shampooed hair . . . makes it lustrous, manageable, so fast and easy to comb and set. 8-oz., **98¢**

EXCLUSIVE REXALL VALUES

REXALL CHEWABLE VITAMIN C. Delicious fruit-flavored tablets. 100-mg., 250's, **$3.19**

PANOVITE VITAMINS. 1¼ to 2½ times minimum daily adult needs of all vitamins with known minimums. 100 tablets, **$2.98**

POLYMULSION. Children's liquid vitamins. Orange flavor. Big 16-oz. size for **$3.89**

BOXED STATIONERY. 6 smart designs plus airmail. With envelopes. Box, just **$1.00**

AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER. Sprays away stale indoor air fast! 7-ounce aerosol, **98¢**

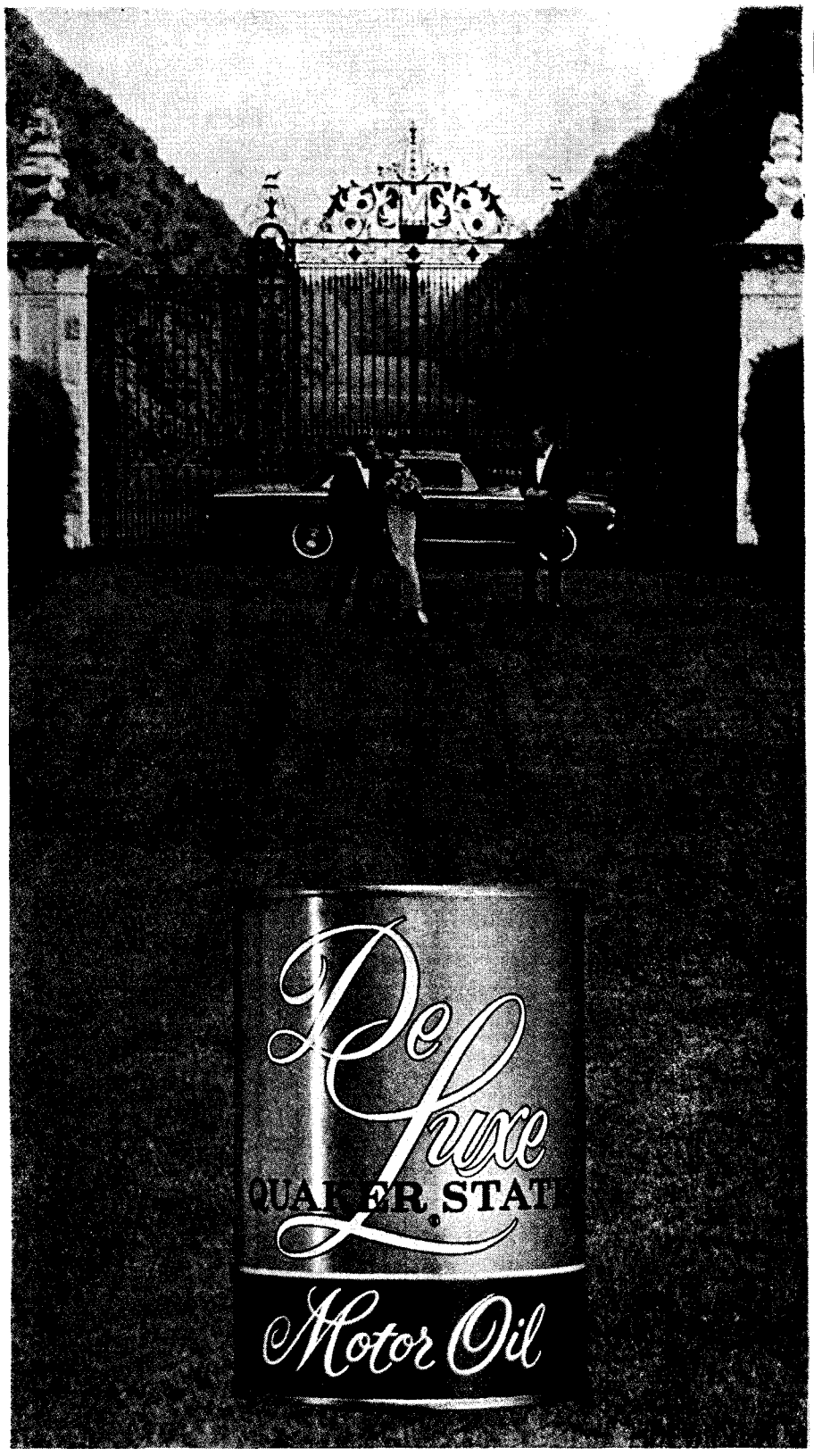
REXALL BRAND PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ONLY AT REXALL STORES. ASK FOR THE REXALL BRAND IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN.

YOUR Rexall STORE

This advertisement is presented on behalf of more than 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective through October 30, 1963, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax and other taxes as applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities, subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, California.

S FOR 60 YEARS...THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Made especially for particular car owners

Quaker State De Luxe is the years-ahead motor oil for those who want the very best. Into De Luxe has gone only the choicest pure Pennsylvania oil stocks and new special additives. It exceeds even the most extreme specifications of new car manufacturers. Best for today's stop-and-go driving. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop and saves you money. Quaker State De Luxe is the finest engine life preserver your money can buy.

QUAKER STATE ENGINE LIFE PRESERVER
QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

SPEAKING OUT

way of explaining why the aerosol hiss of doom will continue unabated. Moreover, the greed of the businessman extends to the scientists; they, also, are venal. "The major chemical companies are pouring money into the universities to support research on insecticides," *Silent Spring* reveals darkly. "This creates attractive fellowships for graduate students and attractive staff positions. . . . This situation also explains the otherwise mystifying fact that certain outstanding entomologists are among the leading advocates of chemical control." That, of course, also explains away possible criticism in advance: Anyone who questions *Silent Spring* is obviously on Monsanto's or Shell's payroll. What it doesn't explain is why an industrialist or a scientist, no matter how grasping, would poison our food and water—the same food and water he himself eats and drinks.

But what about the accuracy of *Silent Spring?* Miss Carson's supporters frequently argue that, even though her book is slanted, she "got her basic facts right." Praising a science writer for getting the facts right, I would say, is like applauding a musician because he keeps time well. Equally important, however, are the facts that a writer leaves out and the half-facts or nonfacts that are offered instead. *Silent Spring*, to take a hyberbolic example, speaks of the fall of "chemical death rain." This is vivid, but is it a "fact"? As Professor I. L. Baldwin of the University of Wisconsin noted in his review of *Silent Spring* in the authoritative journal, *Science*, "Many may be led to believe that, just as rain falls on our land, so is all of our land sprayed with pesticides. Actually, less than five percent of all the area of the United States is annually treated with insecticides."

Then, too, there is the "fact," gravely stated by *Silent Spring*, that "for the first time in the history of the world, every human being is now subjected to contact with dangerous chemicals from the moment of conception until death." Assuming for a moment that this is true, what does it mean? In May of this year a nine-member panel of the President's Science Advisory Committee noted that deaths from the misuse of pesticides have numbered about 150 throughout the United States each year. To put this figure in perspective, consider these figures: The annual death toll from accidents involving aspirin is about 200 and from bee stings—yes, *bee* stings—is about 150. No one, however, has seriously proposed eliminating the use of aspirin or exterminating all bees. Nor has anyone, with the possible exception of Miss Carson, proposed to abolish pesticides. As the panel put it, the more reasonable goal is to achieve "more judicious use of pesticides . . . to minimize risks."

Another of *Silent Spring*'s facts concerns the "many cats [that] are reported to have died" in western and central Java in the course of an antimalarial program carried out by the World Health Organization. But we are told absolutely nothing about the cat's owners, the numberless Javanese men, women and children who had previously suffered and died of malaria. Nor are we told anything about the fate of life—human life, not a cat's life—where there are no agricultural sprays or other modern food-growing techniques. We hear nothing, for example, of the 10,000 people throughout the world who die of malnutrition or starvation *every day*. Nor do we read of the 1.5 billion people—more than half of the world's population—who live in perpetual hunger.

I mourn for the dead cats of Java and for the silent birds of the United States. I understand that the spraying of weed killer along roadsides also destroys some shelter for wildlife and therefore upsets the "balance of nature" so mystically evoked in *Silent Spring*. But is man to refrain from disturbing certain circumstances in nature that if kept in "balance" may balance him right out of existence? Science has been unable to find any such thing as a "balance" in nature, delicately tuned and hovering around some fine ecological point. Nature has been altered by man ever since he first stood upright. If DDT kills some cats but saves many humans, if weed killer destroys a pocket of wildlife shelter but increases highway safety, so much the better.

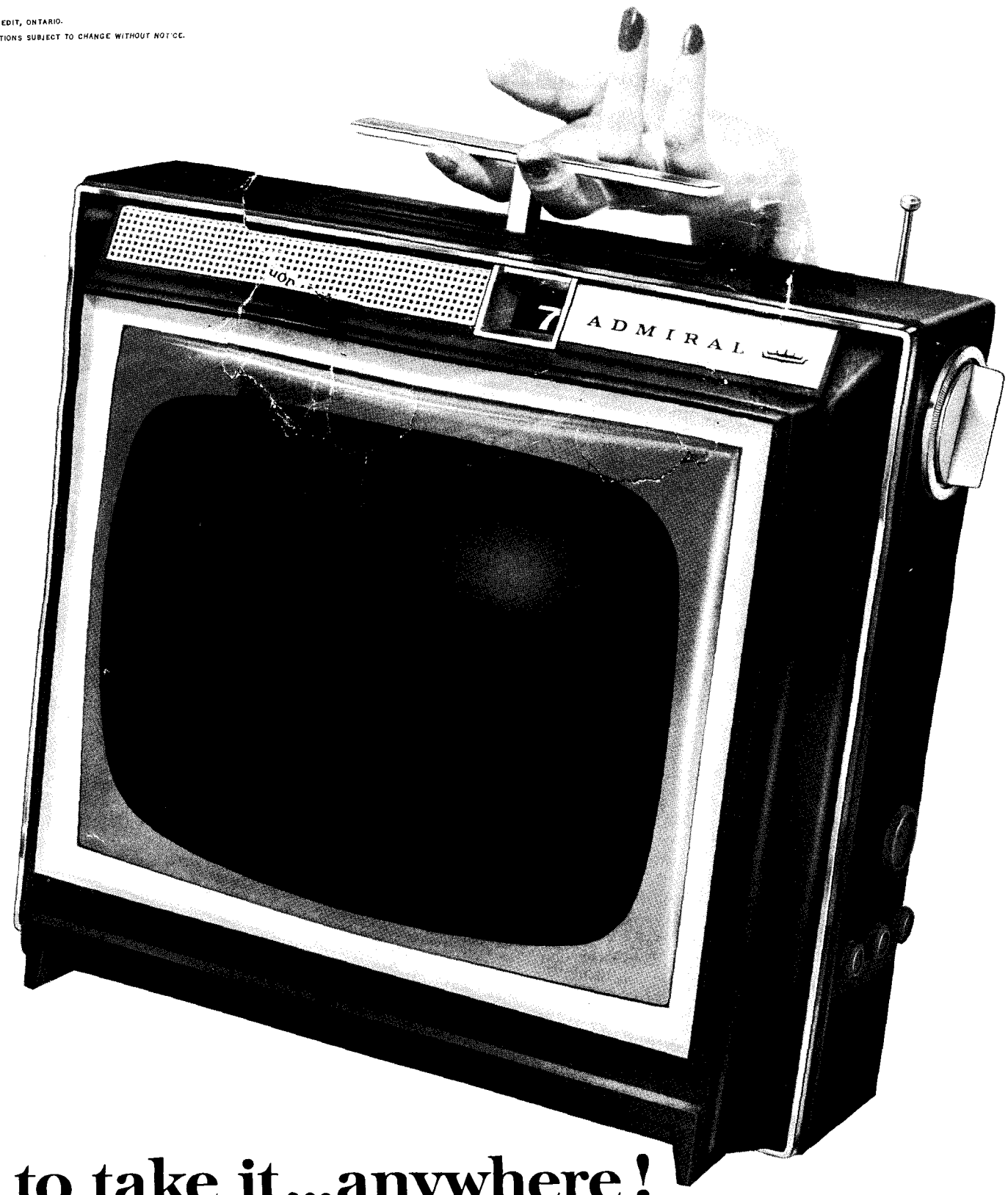
Silent Spring, of course, is solicitous of humans, when the material suits its point of view. Miss Carson is particularly intent upon establishing a link between chemical sprays and a variety of diseases, including cancer and mental disorders. She acknowledges that "it is admittedly difficult, in dealing with human beings rather than laboratory animals, to 'prove' that cause A produces effect B. . . ." But this difficulty doesn't stop Miss Carson from attempting the same "proof" in the case of hepatitis, an inflammation of the liver. First she cites the increased use of DDT, a chlorinated hydrocarbon, over the past two decades; then she notes that such chemicals can cause damage to the human liver; finally, she cites "the sharp rise in hepatitis that began during the 1950's and is continuing a fluctuating climb." Put them all together, she tells us, and "plain common sense" suggests that there is a relationship between the increase in liver ailments and the DDT spraying. Any number can play in the game of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* reasoning: Nuclear testing also increased during the 1950's; so did television viewing. But there is no need to play the game at all, for many cases of hepatitis, as at least one critic of *Silent Spring* has pointed out, can be traced to infectious sources such as unsterilized hypodermic needles and water polluted by sewage.

What, finally, is *Silent Spring*'s game? If we were to believe Miss Carson's own description of our times—an era where the right to make an irresponsible dollar is seldom challenged—then the answer would be an easy one. But I believe this description, like so much else in *Silent Spring*, is an extravagant one.

A more accurate description would be that this is an era of stereotyped thinking, scattershot charges, shrill voices and double standards of behavior. "I may not approve of Miss Carson's methods," someone is likely to say, "but she gets things done." In my experience, the speaker is usually the same person who, a decade ago, was most shocked by the flagrant techniques employed in Sen. Joseph McCarthy's Great Communist Hunt. The record shows that the nation, once down from its McCarthyite orbit, was able to deal with subversion without dismantling its noble mansion of constitutional law and civil rights. Similarly, think the pesticide "problem" c handled without going back to of plague and epidemic.

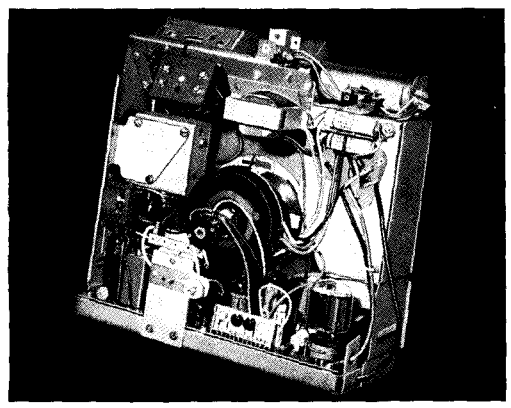
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADMIRAL, CHICAGO. CANADIAN ADMIRAL, PORT CREDIT, ONTARIO.
*OPTIONAL WITH DEALER. PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.



Built to take it...anywhere!

New Admiral 11" (overall diagonal) Playmate



The one built like the big sets...for rugged reliability. The only personal portable with a powerful, precision-crafted chassis framed in steel. Takes the jolts and jars a portable gets! Retractable handle, powerful telescopic antenna

Make a date with the Playmate. Just one foot small and so lightweight a child can carry it! Take it anywhere. The Admiral Playmate is ruggedly-built. No other personal portable is so powerful...so precision-crafted for lasting quality.

You'll enjoy the brightest, sharpest picture Admiral has ever created, because the Playmate with 14,000 volts has more picture power per-square-inch than any other personal portable. You'll admire the smart, sculptured beauty that makes the Playmate perfect for the bedroom, kitchen, den, anywhere! Take one home soon. In beige, black, red, sun gold and white...with golden accents...starting at only **$99.95***

ADMIRAL®

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REAL MEANING OF THE TEST BAN

Mao of China.

THE Chinese Communists, who have raged that the test-ban agreement is a "plot" to "manacle" China by denying it nuclear weapons, have understood the real meaning of the test ban better than the senators who opposed it. For the fact is that the President and his inner circle of advisers have agreed in principle that China must be prevented, by whatever means, from becoming a nuclear power. The test ban is the first essential step—but only the first step—to that end.

This is one of those sensitive subjects most officials are reluctant to discuss in any detail—one official responded to queries only with a wolfish but significant grin. Even so, the intention to prevent China from becoming a true nuclear power comes through loud and clear in certain public statements by the President.
For example:

"That [Chinese Communist] government has called for war, international war, in order to advance the final success of the Communist cause. . . . You introduce into this mix nuclear weapons . . . and it may take a decade before they become a full-fledged nuclear power, but . . . *we would like to take some steps now* which would lessen the prospect [of] . . . a more dangerous situation than we've faced since the end of the Second World War."

The President considers, in other words, a nuclear-armed China more dangerous than the Korean aggression, to which we responded by fighting a major conventional war, or last October's Cuban crisis, to which we responded by risking a thermonuclear war. What "steps" are contemplated to avert so great a danger?

By itself, the test ban cannot avert the danger. Since the Moscow agreement, if Western intelligence estimates are right, the Chinese have actually increased their effort, already very great for the fragile Chinese economy, to produce nuclear weapons. Their first test is likely to take place, probably in Ningsia Province near the Mongolian border, within six to eighteen months.

A single test, of course, will not make China a nuclear power. No nation can become a nuclear power without a whole series of nuclear tests in the atmosphere. What the test ban does is to provide a quasi-legal rationale for preventing China from conducting atmospheric tests. This would be impossible if the United States and the Soviet Union were still contaminating the atmosphere with their own tests. But the treaty provides an implicit understanding on what is known in the current Washington cryptology as "the nuclear sterilization of the Chicoms."

The "sterilization" will ultimately require force—the policy-makers have no illusions on this score. But it will not require very much force. No one is thinking in terms of "preventive war." In the words of one expert, "the operation would be no more serious than a tonsillectomy."

The Eisenhower-Kennedy promise not to send U-2 reconnaissance planes over Russia did not extend to China. Thanks to the U-2's, and to other secret devices, the intelligence community knows precisely where the two main Chinese atomic plants are. Such plants are highly vulnerable to even a single high-explosive bomb.

The "nuclear sterilization" of China is thus technically an easy problem—the job could be done with a few rather small bangs. The political-strategic problem is the difficult one. The test ban does not solve it. It makes it possible to solve.

Ideally, the problem could be dealt with overtly and internationally. The President certainly had something of the sort in mind when he said, "We have a great obligation—all four nuclear powers have a great obligation—to use whatever time remains to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons."

What the President apparently had in mind was some such sequence of events as follows: France, after a few more tests, would finally adhere to the test-ban treaty, in return for a promise of American nuclear help. The Soviet Union would then join with the three Western powers in a proclamation to the effect that henceforth the test-ban treaty would be regarded as applicable to all nations. No more tests in the atmosphere would be permitted anywhere. If China tested, the "tonsillectomy" would be performed.

This is almost certainly too much to hope for. De Gaulle has already sniffed down his long nose at the American feeler about nuclear aid. And it is hard to imagine Khrushchev openly joining with the "imperialists" to prevent Communist China from becoming a nuclear power. But there are other ways to deal with the problem. The thing could be done openly and unilaterally—for example, we could warn the Chinese Communists not to test, on the same basis that we warned Khrushchev to remove his missiles from Cuba last October.

Or the "oblique approach" could be adopted. Experiments in using the U-2 for specialized weapons carrying were conducted as long ago as 1956. The Soviets have not provided the Chinese with the SA–2 missile which can shoot down the U-2. And atomic plants are dangerous places after all—because of an accident, a British plant, Windscale One, had to be abandoned and buried in concrete in 1957. Accidents do happen. There are other oblique approaches.

In any case, what is important is the basic decision—timing and technique can safely be left in abeyance for the present. China will not become a "full-fledged nuclear power" in the American or Soviet sense for a very long time, if ever. But in a very few years Communist China could acquire the bombs and a crude delivery system with which to threaten Japan, or Formosa, or Southeast Asia, or India, or indeed parts of the Soviet Union, with Hiroshima-scale devastation.

In the collective judgment of the President and his chief advisers, the Chinese Communists simply cannot be permitted to achieve this power, because it is the power to plunge the world into war. This is a judgment which Khrushchev shares. He has called the Chinese "maniacs" for wanting a war which would create "hundreds of millions of corpses" and in which "the living will envy the dead." What this means, in the view of top American officials is that the United States can take whatever measures may be necessary to deny the "maniacs" the power to start a nuclear war, without risking war with the Soviet Union.

By the old rules of the international game, the President's decision to "take some steps" to prevent China from becoming a nuclear power is no doubt imperialistic, interventionist or anything else you want to call it. Winston Churchill was the first fully to recognize that the nuclear weapon has changed all the old rules of the game. President Kennedy has recognized it too. And so, by all the signs, however much he may wish to bury us, has Nikita Khrushchev. THE END

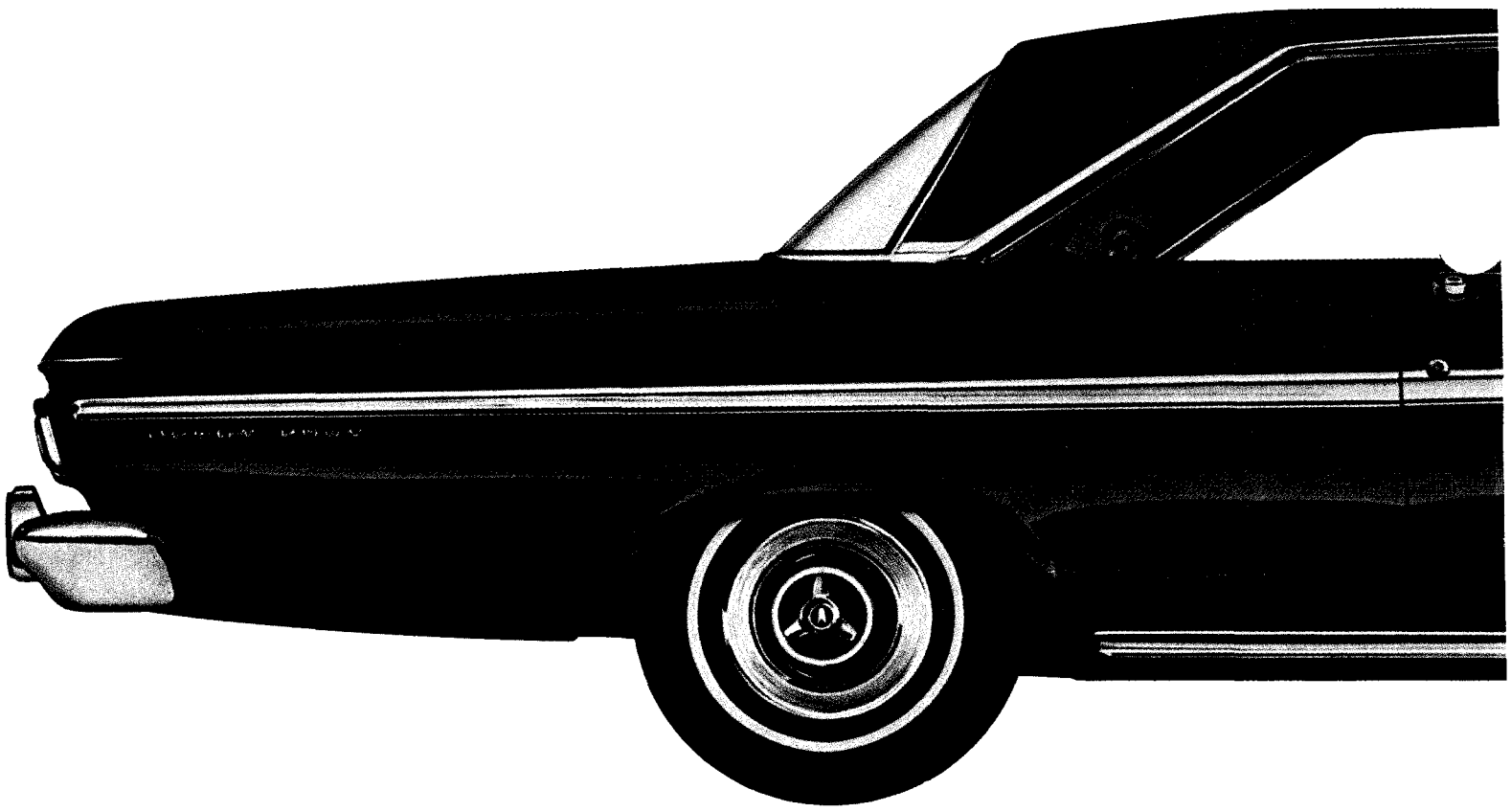
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If this is the year
you picked to buy a new car,
you picked a beautiful year
for a couple of beautiful reasons.
The 1964 Plymouth is one, and
the compact 1964 Valiant is another.
Both are fresh off a successful
year. Both are good-looking, eager
to run, and built to last. Both
are at your Plymouth-Valiant
Dealer's showroom right now.
The next few pages could make
you want to go there.

Announcing
the 1964 Plymouth
and the 1964 Valiant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This good-looking 1964 Plymouth



and has a 5-year/50,000-mil

***HERE'S HOW PLYMOUTH'S 5/50 WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU:**

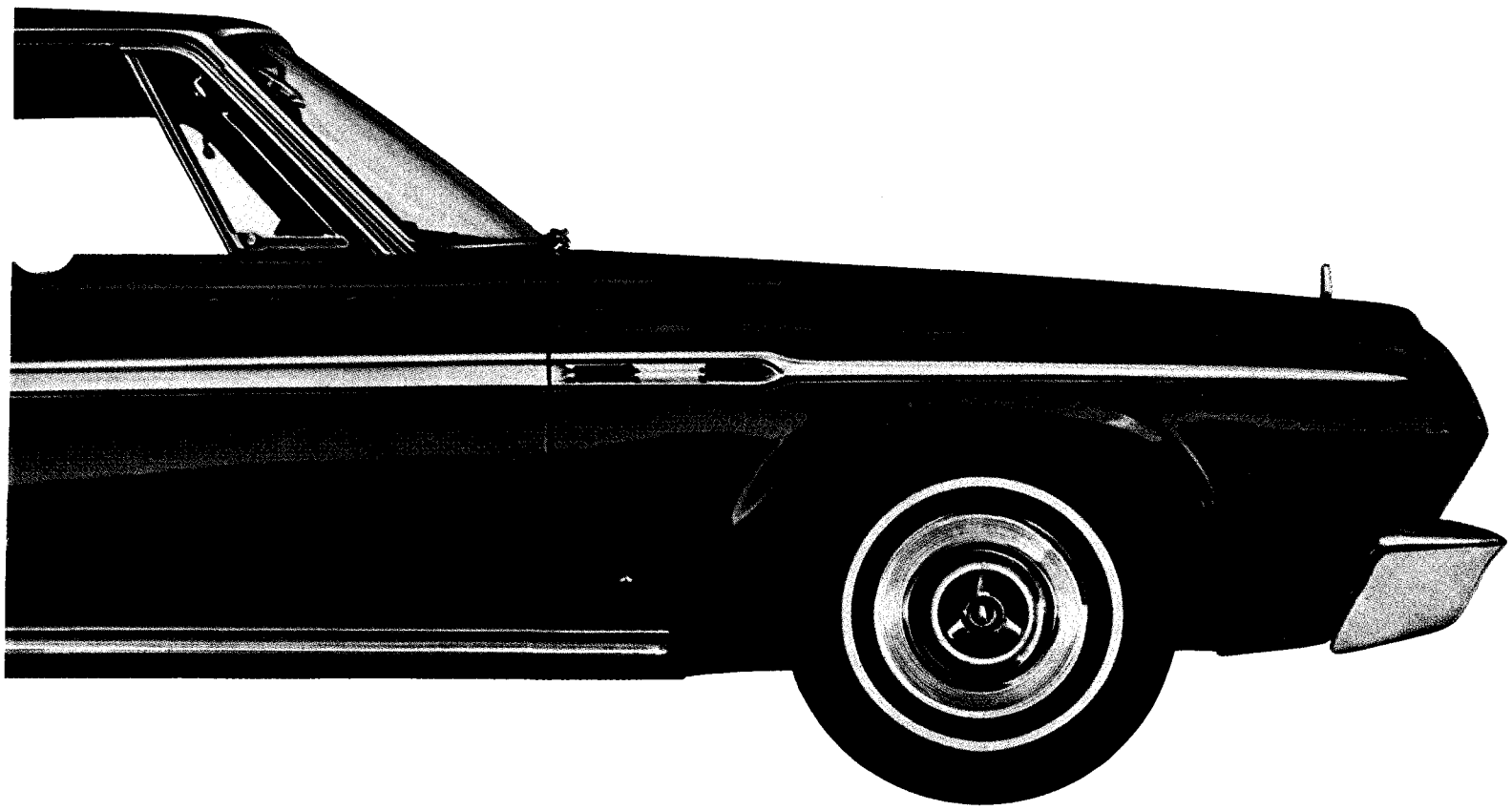
Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque convertor, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

This is the handsome full-size Plymouth for 1964. If you think it looks good from here, you ought to get a couple of feet or so from the real thing. A few slow circles around the car reveal the clean, simple, strong shape of the modern Plymouth. Newness is immediately apparent from the front, the back, and the profile, especially the new 2-door hardtop roofline sh

See Plymouth in action on "The Bob Hope Show," the "World Series" and "The Huntley-Brinkley Report"—NBC-TV.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really gets up and goes



warranty* to keep it going that way.

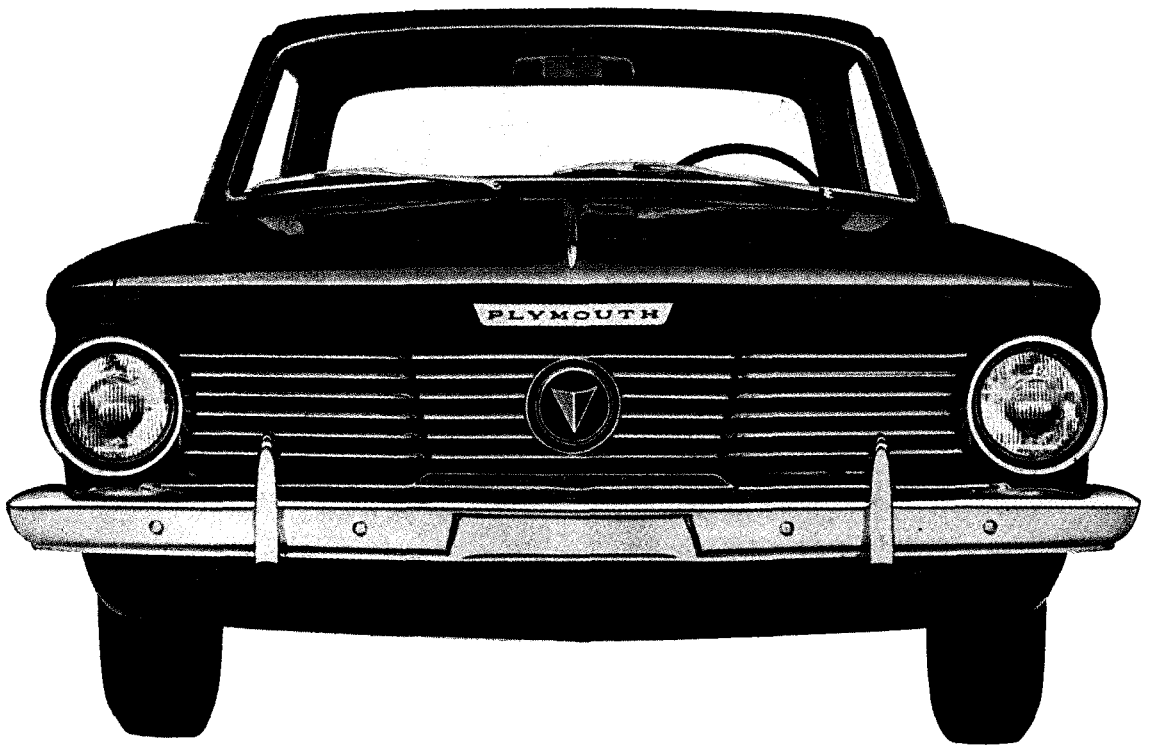
above. Moving inside the car, there is more new beauty. And there is fabric strength to preserve the beauty. Then there is the special way this car performs. Here's what thousands of laps around the Proving Grounds turned up: The 1964 Plymouth is quick, alert, vigorous—a sure bet to maintain the perform-ce superiority Plymouth established over the past two years.

And finally there's the 5-year/50,000-mile warranty* that backs up the performance of all 26 models of Plymouth for 1964. Altogether, it looks like a great year to get up and go Plymouth!

Get up and go Plymouth!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This smart-looking 1964 Valiant

and it's the low-priced compact

***HERE'S HOW VALIANT'S 5/50 WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU:**

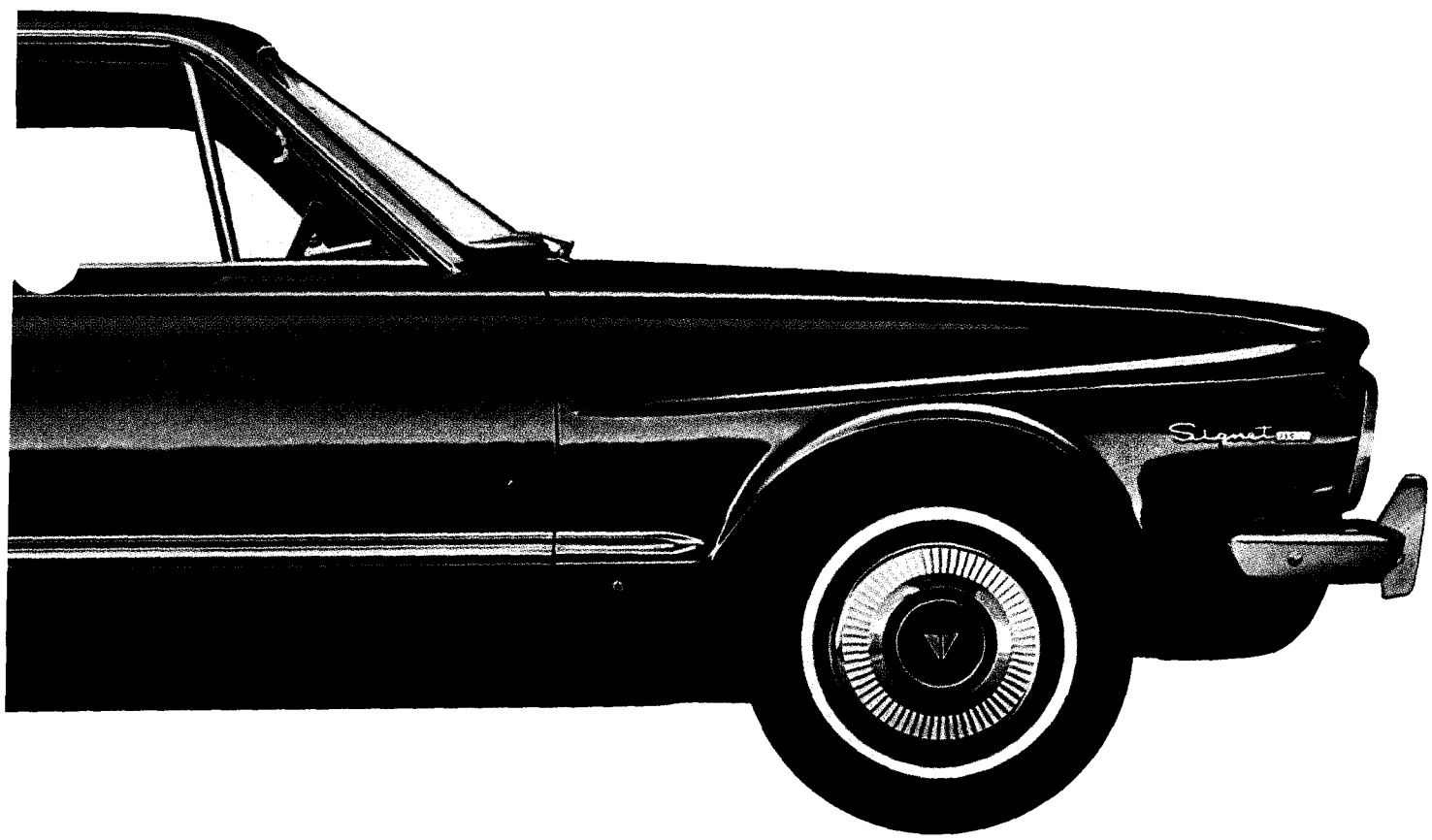
Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque convertor, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

It would take an awful lot of compact to top Valiant/64 style. Take styling. The new Valiant is newest coming at you. A completely redesigned grille makes as nice a first impression as you could ask for. Valiant leaves town in style, too: check the new rear-end above. All around the car, there is more charm than compacts are supposed to have. Take performance. T

See Valiant in action on "The Bob Hope Show," the "World Series" and "The Huntley-Brinkley Report"—NBC-TV.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a hummer in its own right



with a 5-year/50,000-mile warranty.*

new Valiant takes it seriously. Its standard 101-hp engine is where the word "hummer" comes from. Its optional 225-cu.-in. engine is where the word "good-bye" comes from. Take quality. A 5-year/50,000-mile warranty* guards the performance of the new Valiant. That's one way of putting quality in writing. Low 'ce is the new Valiant's wrapper-upper. At its starting price, you could do a lot of looking around and never come up with a better all-around value. So give the new Valiant a close look. You'll find it at the same place you'll find the new Plymouth . . . at your Plymouth-Valiant Dealer's!

BEST ALL-AROUND COMPACT
VALIANT/64 STYLE

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best thing next to tomato juice—clean, clear glass. Glass never changes the taste, reseals tightly to keep flavor all tomato, day after day. Next time you buy tomato juice—get it in glass!

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

NHỊN-ĐÓI
HUNGER STRIKE
To request the government to carry out the Joint Communique
To stop the acts of cruelty and deception

At Saigon pagoda, Buddhist leaders proclaim defiance of government.

THE EDGE OF CHAOS

By STANLEY KARNOW

Photographs by Burt Glinn

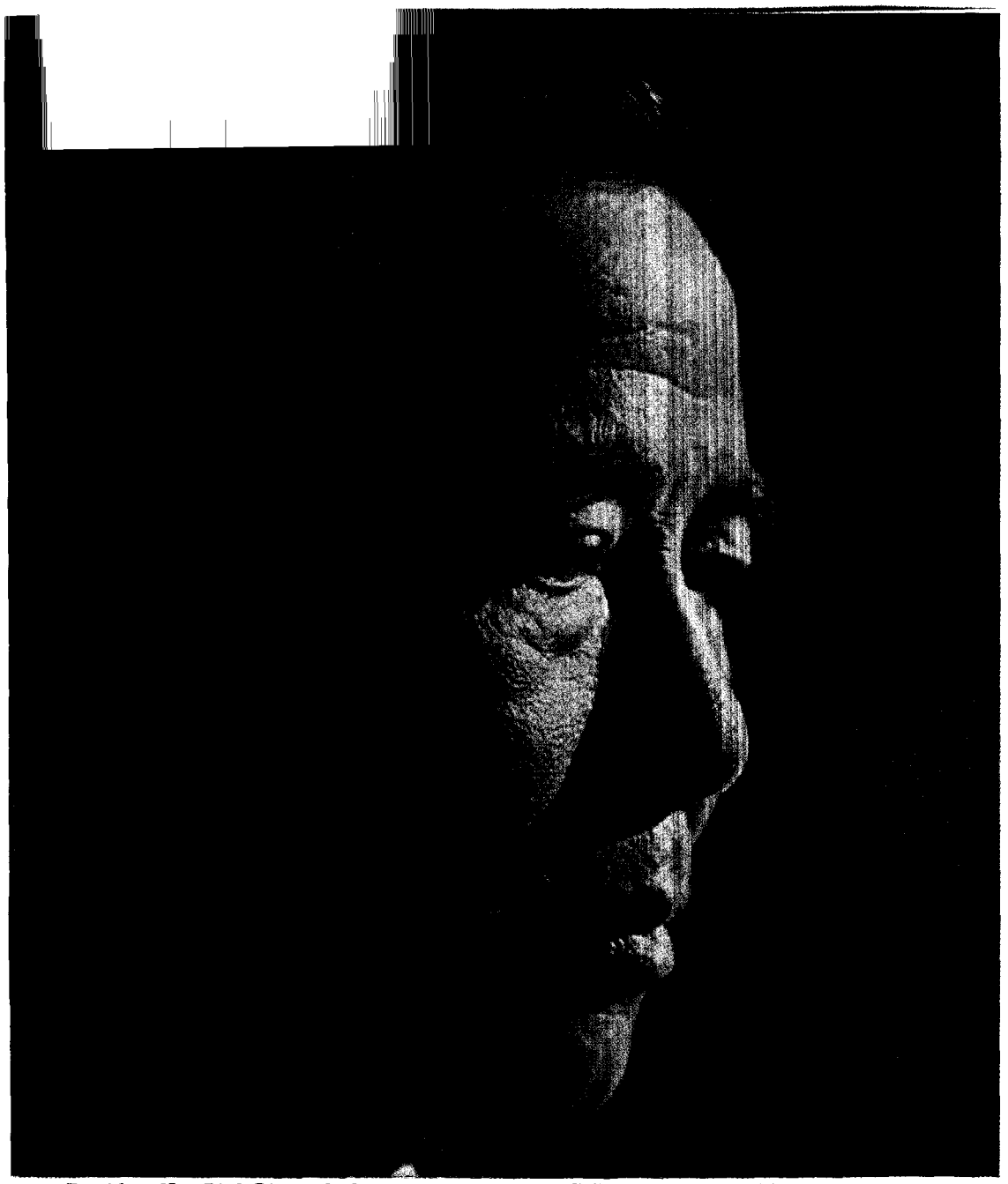
Vietnam's "royal family," long aided by U.S. troops and money, has persecuted religious leaders, embittered the people and bungled a critical struggle against Communism.

It was just after midnight when the battle of the temple began. Truckloads of helmeted South Vietnamese police, armed with shotguns, submachine guns, carbines and tear-gas grenades, rumbled through the streets to attack Xa Loi, the main Buddhist temple in Saigon. Inside, the monks shouted and banged pots, pans, drums and gongs as the cops smashed down the temple's iron gate. Some 400 monks and nuns cowered before the onslaught. There were screams, shots and explosions as the police attacked. Some monks were thrown off balconies onto the concrete courtyard, which was hung with banners reading: THOU SHALT NOT KILL. Within less than two hours all but two of the Buddhists—who escaped over a wall into an adjacent U.S. Government building—had been hauled off to jail. Among those arrested was 80-year-old Thich Tinh Khiet, the country's venerable Buddhist patriarch.

Four hundred miles to the north, in the provincial capital of Hué, the government raid was even more fierce. There, while Buddhists fortified themselves inside the Dieu De temple and fought off paratroopers for eight hours, some 1,500 people rioted through the streets. They ripped down barbed-wire barricades with their bare hands while soldiers beat them down with rifle butts. They picked up tear-gas bombs thrown by the troops and tossed them back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NO MATTER HOW MUCH

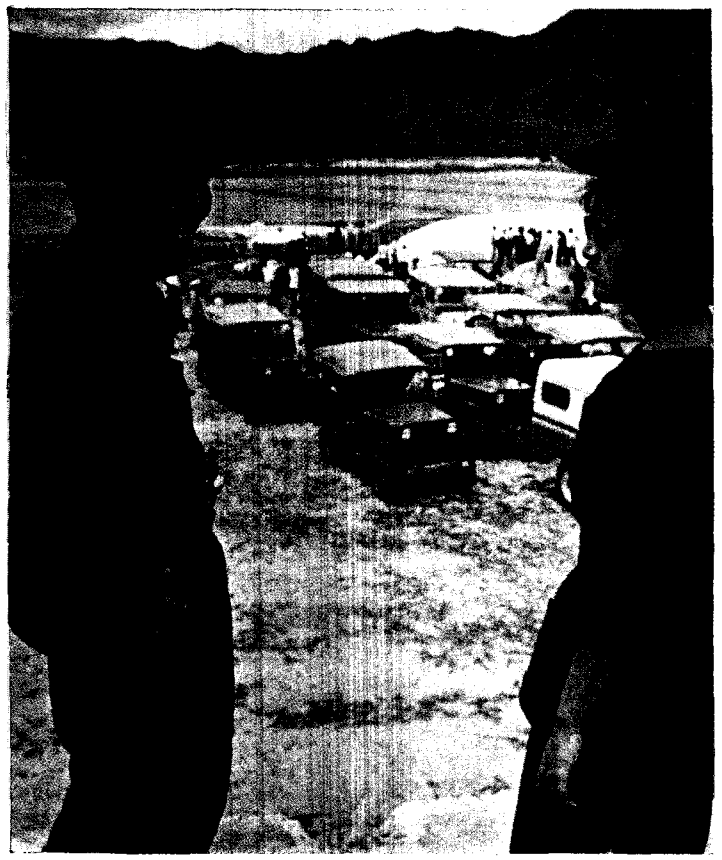


President Ngo Dinh Diem, who hedged on accords with U.S. advisers, says: "Only God commands me."

By midmorning, when the battle was over, a Western correspondent counted 1' truckloads of students being driven o. to prison. They waved their bloody hands at him as they passed.

Many Americans may feel there is something remote about this strange conflict between South Vietnam's Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem and the leaders of Vietnam's dominant religion. But the United States is inextricably involved. President Kennedy, convinced that a Communist takeover of South Vietnam might mean the fall of Southeast Asia, has repeatedly promised to defeat the guerrillas that dominate much of the country. He has backed up his words with a 16,000-man U.S. force in Vietnam—more than 100 have lost their lives—and with $1.5 million a day spent on the war. But the spectacle of American-trained troops using American weapons to raid Buddhist temples made clear one fact that U.S. officials have long tried to evade: No matter how much the United

Archbishop Thuc, brother of president, uses church rank for business ventures.



Ngo Dinh Nhu, another brother who heads secret police, makes political visit with his daughter to village defended with U.S. equipment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE BACK THIS REGIME, ITS CHANCES OF BEATING THE REDS ARE NIL."

States supports the unpopular regime of go Dinh Diem, this regime's chances of ctory over the Communists are just about nil.

U.S. officials publicly "deplored" Diem's "repressive actions" against the Buddhists, and there were private predictions that "Diem must go." But the prophets have been less certain on the questions of who could oust Diem and who could replace him. As for listening to any advice, Diem cut short one top general recently by declaring, "Only God commands me." If he lacks support from the people, Diem always has his "royal family," one of the oddest political conglomerations in the world—brother Ngo Dinh Nhu, chief of the secret police; sister-in-law Madame Nhu, the beautiful and arrogant first lady of Vietnam; brother Ngo Dinh Thuc, the archbishop of Hué; brother Ngo Dinh Can, the warlord of Central Vietnam. Other relatives have served as envoys to Washington, London and the United Nations.

The Ngo Dinhs resemble a cross between the Borgias and the Bourbons. Narrow, devious, obstinate and imperious, they have functioned in an atmosphere of neurotic and sanctimonious egotism. They have plotted against their rivals, and played their own subordinates off against one another. They have preached puritanism but tolerated corruption, extolled democracy yet rigged elections, and jailed at least 30,000 political prisoners in "re-education" camps.

Devoutly Catholic by religion and archaically Confucian by philosophy, President Diem is a combination of monk and mandarin, a kind of ascetic authoritarian who might have flourished in the Middle Ages. A small, rotund man who talks incessantly, he is persuaded that he possesses the "mandate of Heaven," and the people must obey. "His Republic of Vietnam is not government for the people by the people," says a Western-educated Vietnamese, "but government for the people by Ngo Dinh Diem."

Certain that he knows best, Diem is almost immune to outside information. When a prominent Vietnamese officer returned to Saigon from a tour of the countryside, Diem asked him for a frank assessment of rural morale. The officer had hardly begun to enumerate complaints against the government when Diem interrupted him angrily, shouting, "Nothing but lies—you're a victim of Communist propaganda."

While Diem is the president, last month's clashes made it obvious that many of his powers were being exercised by his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu, a voluble, shifty-eyed man in his early 50's. Nhu proclaims himself an intellectual revolutionary and spins out his abstruse theories with the intensity of a precocious college sophomore. Not long ago, as I sat with him in his soundproof office adorned with books and stuffed animal heads, Nhu chain-smoked and shrilly denied the many charges of corruption and venality against him and his wife. "But even if people wrongly think you're corrupt," I asked, "isn't that still an important political reality?" He shrugged. "Maybe, but I don't care what people think."

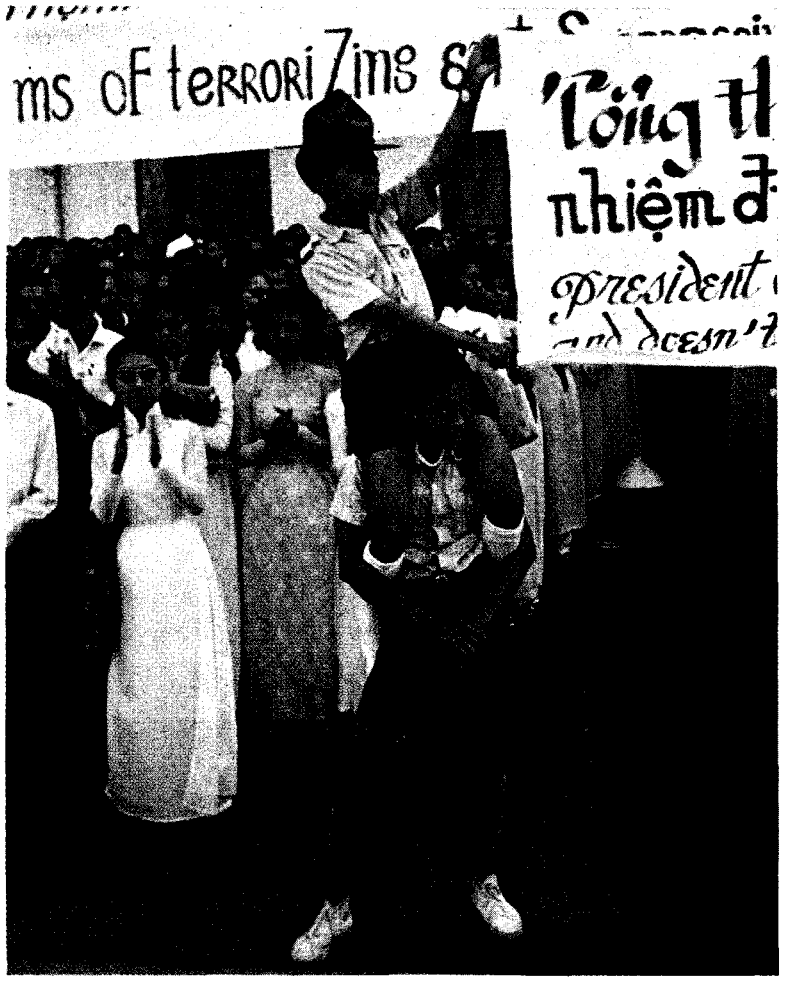
Nhu never opposed the influx of U.S. money, but he has often questioned the value of American advisers. "I don't think they can advise us on subversive warfare," he said. "Americans are very advanced on matters like space, but for small problems of the earth I'm afraid they don't know as much as we do."

Alongside Nhu stands his extraordinary wife, who has long wielded a peculiar power over President Diem. Madame Nhu won great status as one of the few members of the family to have children. (There are two daughters, Le Thuy, 17, and Le Quyen, 4, and two sons, Trac, 15, and Quyhn, 10.) At the same time, she frightens Diem. Beyond a passing glance at a girl in his youth, he has led a life of celibacy, not only fearing women in general but particularly fearing female tantrums, at which Madame Nhu is

President's sister-in-law Madame Nhu, the nation's official first lady and unofficial terror of the bachelor president's palace, travels in a regal plane.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NHU: "I DON'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK."



Young Buddhists raise banner of protest against Diem's religious persecution.

expert. And so, without being married, President Diem has been naggingly henpecked by a first lady not his own. In addition, Madame Nhu has convinced Diem that without his family he stands alone. "His followers were all killed by the Communists, and our followers saved him," she explained. "The women follow me, my husband has his youth movement, the Catholics take orders from Archbishop Thuc. . . . If there is nepotism, it is the president who profits."

Twice in the past three years non-Communist military rebels made abortive attempts to overthrow Diem's government. A few months ago, however, a new and different kind of passive protest emerged in South Vietnam. Though it became political, its origins were religious. In 1954, when French colonial rule ended and Vietnam was divided, nearly a million refugees fled from the Communist-controlled north to settle in the southern sector. Most of them were Catholics, and President Diem assumed they would favor his government. Diem could not openly discriminate against the Buddhist majority, but Catholics won many key jobs as province chiefs and military officers. "Catholics are more trustworthy anti-Communists," a Vietnamese official told me, "and they're likely to be more loyal to the regime."

Feeling especially privileged, Catholic functionaries out in the countryside often took it upon themselves to harass Buddhists. Under a statute passed in French colonial times, Buddhism was a private association which required authorization for its activities. Despite Diem's promise to change it, this rule stood. Under cover of the law, Catholic officials often broke up "illicit" Buddhist religious meetings.

No single individual in Vietnam did more to aggravate this religious friction than Diem's shrewd older brother, Ngo Dinh Thuc, 66, archbishop of the Ngo Dinh family hometown of Hué. "He has the idea that Catholicism is the state religion," says a Catholic Vietnamese, "and that he can wield his authority over all Catholics in the government."

As the family's oldest living brother, Thuc is hugely respected by Diem, who regards him as a great human benefactor, "another Doctor Schweitzer." Many Vietnamese, Catholics among them, consider Thuc more of a businessman than a clergyman. Thuc has plunged into all sorts of operations, buying apartment houses, stores, rubber estates and timber concessions; and when he eyes a prospective purchase, other bidders somehow drop out. Thuc enjoys an exclusive license to import schoolbooks—which also makes him unofficial educational censor—and he has requisitioned army trucks and labor to construct his church buildings. As a presidential relative, says a Saigon merchant, "his requests for donations read like tax notices."

Madame Nhu, who adores him, thinks he should be a cardinal, and Diem lobbied strenuously to have Thuc made archbishop of Saigon. But the Vatican, aware that Thuc's activities have hurt the Catholic image, refused. The Ngo Dinh family's reaction was characteristic. When a new archbishop was appointed, invitations to his investiture were strangely misplaced at the post office, and only a handful of guests showed up.

Buddhist resentment against the Ngo Dinh family's narrow Catholicism simmered until last spring. Then, on a hot humid May morning in the charming old city of Hué, thousands of Buddhists assembled to celebrate the 2527th anniversary of the birth of their Lord Gautama Buddha. It was to be an occasion of prayers, sermons and processions.

But Archbishop Thuc, planning to commemorate his silver jubilee as a bishop, did not fancy the sight of Buddhist banners adorning his see. Through his influence, the government forbade the flying of religious flags, and local troops tried to prevent the Buddhists from unfurling their multicolored banners. Armored cars bristling with machine guns wheeled into the streets to disperse the crowd. When this failed, an obscure officer ordered his men to shoot. Nine women and children were killed.

In the days that followed, Buddhist protest demonstrations gradually spread. Led by monks and nuns, absurdly frail-looking in their saffron robes and shaved heads, they gathered silently in front of public buildings and staged hunger strikes in their temples. Diem set his police and soldiers against them. Finally realizing that continued collisions would lead nowhere, Diem finally formed a committee to "study the situation," and a temporary truce was declared.

By now, however, the demonstrations had changed from a religious protest into an increasingly organized expression of accumulated political grievances. At Saigon's ornate Xa Loi temple, young Buddhist monks installed telephones and mimeograph machines to duplicate press releases, and their spokesman stated firmly that "we must continue the fight against those who try to destroy Buddhism." Nor did Diem really mean to come to terms. "As the situation relaxed," one of his aides confided to me, "he began to feel he had the upper hand, and he was thinking of some new drastic action."

The tenuous truce was shattered by the fiery Madame Nhu. In private she berated Diem for compromising with "illiterate, crypto-Communist" Buddhists; at one point, according to family intimates, she pounded the dinner table so fiercely that she upset a bowl of chicken soup. For public consumption she ordered the English-language *Times of Vietnam*—a Saigon daily run by an American protégé—to publish a proclamation by her rubber-stamp Women's Solidarity Committee. Among other things, the statement charged the Buddhists with everything from sedition and neutralism to insulting the flag and being foreign agitators "undermining the nation." And the angry, confused battle against the Buddhists was on again.

It came to a climax a few days later, on the morning of June 11. Diem had gone to the Saigon Cathedral to celebrate a mass in memory of Pope John XXIII. Not far away, at a street intersection, an aged Buddhist monk called Thich Quang Duc seated himself cross-legged on the warm asphalt. He fingered a rosary of holy beads and softly chanted a prayer as another monk splashed his robes with gasoline. Without the slightest tremor crossing his serene face, he touched a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Massed demonstrators surround saffron-robed monks waving Buddhist flag in courtyard of Saigon pagoda. They staged an all-day sit-down strike.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADAME NHU CRIED, BEAT THE BUDDHISTS "TEN TIMES MORE."

match to himself, instantly bursting into a horror of flame and billowing smoke.

The impact of that—and the other suicides to follow—shook the world. Buddhists in Ceylon, Japan, Thailand and elsewhere raised a chorus of complaint, and American clergymen of all denominations petitioned President Kennedy to intercede. With typical understatement, Pope Paul urged South Vietnam to find "the secret of unity."

In one of the stiffest gestures it has ever taken toward him, Washington privately warned Diem to meet the Buddhist grievances. Or else, American *Chargé d'Affaires* William Trueheart told Diem, the United States would "disassociate" itself from his policies and publicly condemn him. Praised and coddled for years by the United States—Vice President Lyndon Johnson called him the "Winston Churchill of Asia"—Diem was taken aback by the criticisms. He agreed that Buddhists could fly their flag, he promised to abrogate the old French law discriminating against Buddhists, and he ordered the release of most of the Buddhists arrested in antigovernment demonstrations.

Mild as they were, these concessions were too much for the Nhus. In part, they confirmed the Nhus' deep-seated hostility toward interference by the United States, a power they have variously referred to as "capitalist imperialist," "neocolonialist" and "Communist-infiltrated." American efforts to make Diem meet the Buddhist terms, cried Madame Nhu, were "blackmail."

More astutely, her husband sensed that the Buddhist dispute was only the superficial symptom of a far deeper resentment against the regime. He realized that his family-run police state could not suddenly compromise without falling apart. Instead, he mobilized his blue-uniformed Republican Youth Movement—of which he is "supreme leader"—and urged them to oppose Diem's half-hearted attempts at conciliation. On Nhu's instructions, wounded war veterans were rounded up to stage demonstrations against Buddhist temples.

Nhu made no secret of his feeling that Diem was too soft. On one occasion he called a group of army generals into his office and provocatively told them to count him in if they were planning to overthrow the government. Another time, he implied to a reporter that he might lead a *coup d'état* that would be "anti-Buddhist, anti-American and against the weaknesses of the government." Echoing a similar sentiment, his wife said, "The president worries too easily. He's not the type to take the initiative in a crisis. His government is weak, and because of that weakness, I'm here. I'm for the underdog. In this country, the *upper*dogs are the Communists and the Americans."

In her own inimitable fashion, Madame Nhu advocated beating the Buddhists "ten times more." She even told a TV interviewer, "All the Buddhists have done for this country is to barbecue a monk." Diem himself, in a rare moment of candor, told an aide, "What can I do? I can't control her."

The relations between President Diem and his first lady are unique. She thinks nothing of pushing him around, even in front of strangers. In the presidential palace, which she and her family share with Diem, Madame Nhu was preparing to be interviewed on TV one day last month but decided the setting was inappropriate. Without hesitation she burst into a chamber where Diem was seeing visitors and asked them to leave. At the prospect of moving all their equipment, the TV crew dissuaded her from changing places. "Oh, all right," she agreed, and turning to an aide, she said, "Go tell the president never mind."

Presented with the case of Madame Nhu, an amateur psychiatrist would be tempted to look into her childhood, and she frankly confesses that her youth was miserable. Her father was a wealthy lawyer and landowner, her mother, a member of Vietnamese royalty, and young Le Xuan, or "Beautiful Spring," had her own liveried coolie to pull her to school in a rickshaw. But she was a middle child, between an older sister she had to respect, and a younger brother who received more attention. "It's too bad my parents never loved me," she still moons.

At the age of 20, she escaped from home into marriage with Ngo Dinh Nhu, then the chief librarian in Hanoi and 13 years his bride's senior. She also converted from Buddhism to Catholicism.

When she married Nhu, Madame Nhu really married the Ngo Dinh family. They were a distinguished family of Catholic mandarins who had resisted French colonial domination but also refused to ally themselves with the Communist-led Viet Minh nationalists. The eldest of the Ngo Dinh brothers and his son were shot by the Communists; Madame Nhu, her daughter and mother-in-law were imprisoned by them for four months, then released.

During the years the French fought to keep Indochina, Diem played virtually no political role. He traveled around the world with his brother Archbishop Thuc, and settled for some time in a New Jersey seminary. After the French defeat in 1954, the United States, searching for a prominent nationalist free of French or Communist ties, decided on Diem to run the southern half of the partitioned country. He was an unknown without political support.

The problems he faced were staggering. Refugees were pouring out of the north; and in the south Diem was confronted by dissident sects, pirates and a mutinous army. He decided to fight rather than compromise, and the United States helped him significantly. His most rebellious general agreed to retire to France after the American ambassador let it be known that the Vietnamese army could expect no U.S. aid unless it gave Diem "complete and implicit obedience." The pirates were tracked down and seized. Against all odds and despite the most dire predictions of his downfall, he held on.

But those months of fighting and intrigue left him distrustful of all but his immediate family. He concentrated all authority unto himself and, afraid of disloyalty, depended for his power on two of his brothers. Nhu installed himself in the Saigon palace; Ngo Dinh Can, a stout, sharp-eyed man who drinks heavily, took over central Vietnam and ruled from Hué, where he also cared for the brothers' aging mother. (Past 80, she is bedridden and silently lies in state, like a wax mummy, occasionally visited by dutiful officials.)

To give the young government an ideology, the intellectual brother Nhu invented "personalism," which he evolved out of Catholic existentialism and Confucianism. Beyond a small circle of fellow highbrows, nobody has yet fathomed its meaning. Nhu also created the *Can-Lao Nhan-Vi Cach-Mang Dang*, or Revolutionary Labor Personalism Party, a clandestine organization of some 70,000 agents who spy on citizens and transmit Nhu's orders to branches of the army and administration. More recently he formed his paramilitary Republican Youth.

The rise of Madame Nhu

As the family clan grew tighter and more powerful, Madame Nhu's role loomed more prominent. She became a member of the National Assembly, and she introduced to Vietnam's public affairs a feminine penchant for generalizing from the particular. For example, when her sister's wealthy husband tried to get a divorce, Madame Nhu bulldozed through a law banning divorce except by presidential decree. This "Family Law," as it is called, also prohibits "too-free relations" between the sexes. While she was at it, Madame Nhu went on to abolish beauty contests, boxing, fighting fish, sorcerers, prostitution, birth control, smoking and drinking by minors, and all dancing. In addition, she outlawed over 200 sad and sentimental songs which allegedly "lowered national morale." Despite some publicized banning of U.S.

Riot troops with U.S. arms and wicker shields march to disperse students.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embassy square dances, this effort to legalize morality has been less than a success. Saigon is still full of roisterous bars and flocks of streetwalkers.

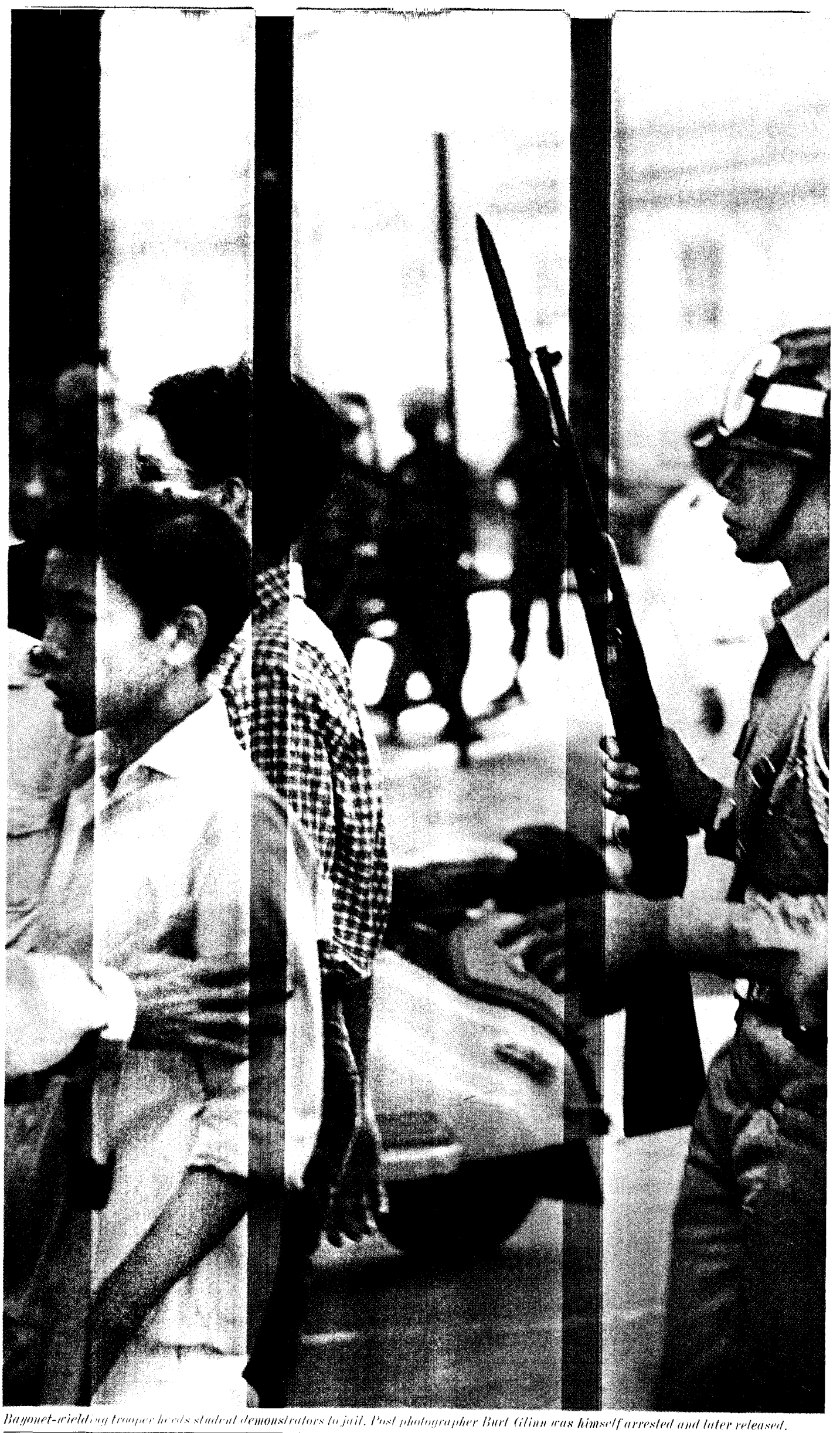
In more-serious fields, President Diem has also been less than a success. He has made some timid attempts at land reform and economic development. But serious economic projects were hampered by his claim to inner revelation on almost every subject and his inability or unwillingness to delegate authority to experts. He would instruct foresters on how to plant trees and tell contractors where to build roads.

His inefficiency in military matters has been even more crippling. Ever fearful of betrayal, he distrusts his top officers, and of his 20 generals, only four or five actually command troops. He also delights in shunting his armies around whimsically, changing priorities and ignoring advice.

Last year, over the howling protests of U.S. advisers, every M-113 armored personnel carrier in the critical Mekong River delta was withdrawn to Saigon—for the Republic Day parade. On the basis of some inspiration a few months ago, Diem ordered "Operation Waves of Love," dispatching marine and naval forces into the marshes of the Camau peninsula, at the southern end of the country. The men bogged around for a month and, achieving nothing, withdrew.

More significantly, Diem has never really grasped the concept of counter-insurgency. To fight guerrillas, an army must be broken into small, fast, mobile units that can pursue offensive operations quickly and flexibly. But Diem thinks in terms of artillery "because you can strike the enemy from a distance," and his commanders love to rely on aerial attacks, which usually kill more innocent peasants than Communists. "They just have it all wrong," explains a seasoned American officer. "This is not an artillery war or an air war but a rifleman's war."

Military conditions have improved in central Vietnam. But Diem's reluctance to launch a major offensive during the recent dry season, from autumn through spring, has seriously impaired his position in the important southern delta. It spared the Communists, who have



Bayonet-wielding trooper herds student demonstrators to jail. Post photographer Burt Glinn was himself arrested and later released.

Saigon University students cheer release of dean whom Diem forces jailed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Departing Ambassador Frederick Nolting listens grimly to Gen. Paul Harkins, commander of American forces in Vietnam, before boarding plane to return to U.S. Nolting had tried in vain to persuade Diem to make reforms.

AMERICAN ATTEMPTS AT REFORM FAILED

New Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge arrives to find nation under martial law, imposed after regime's attacks on Buddhists.

emerged again in the rainy months when the government's tanks, artillery and aircraft cannot easily operate.

Though U.S. brass and Saigon statisticians claim progress, the Communists have increased their hard-core regulars from 18,000 to more than 25,000 in the past year. The ratio of weapons captured and lost is said to be improving, but these figures are illusory. The government loses Browning automatics and recoilless rifles, and captures homemade lead-pipe pistols from the Communists. Casualty tabulations are similarly deceptive. All dead bodies are listed as Communists.

At the same time, the massive "strategic hamlet" program, designed to put the population into fortified settlements, is not working well in the rich, rice-growing region south of Saigon, where over half the country's people live. Again, Diem's concept of the plan is at odds with what U.S. military advisers have in mind. "We must control territory and defend everything under the sun," he told me. "We must suffocate the Communists. This job can't be done drop by drop."

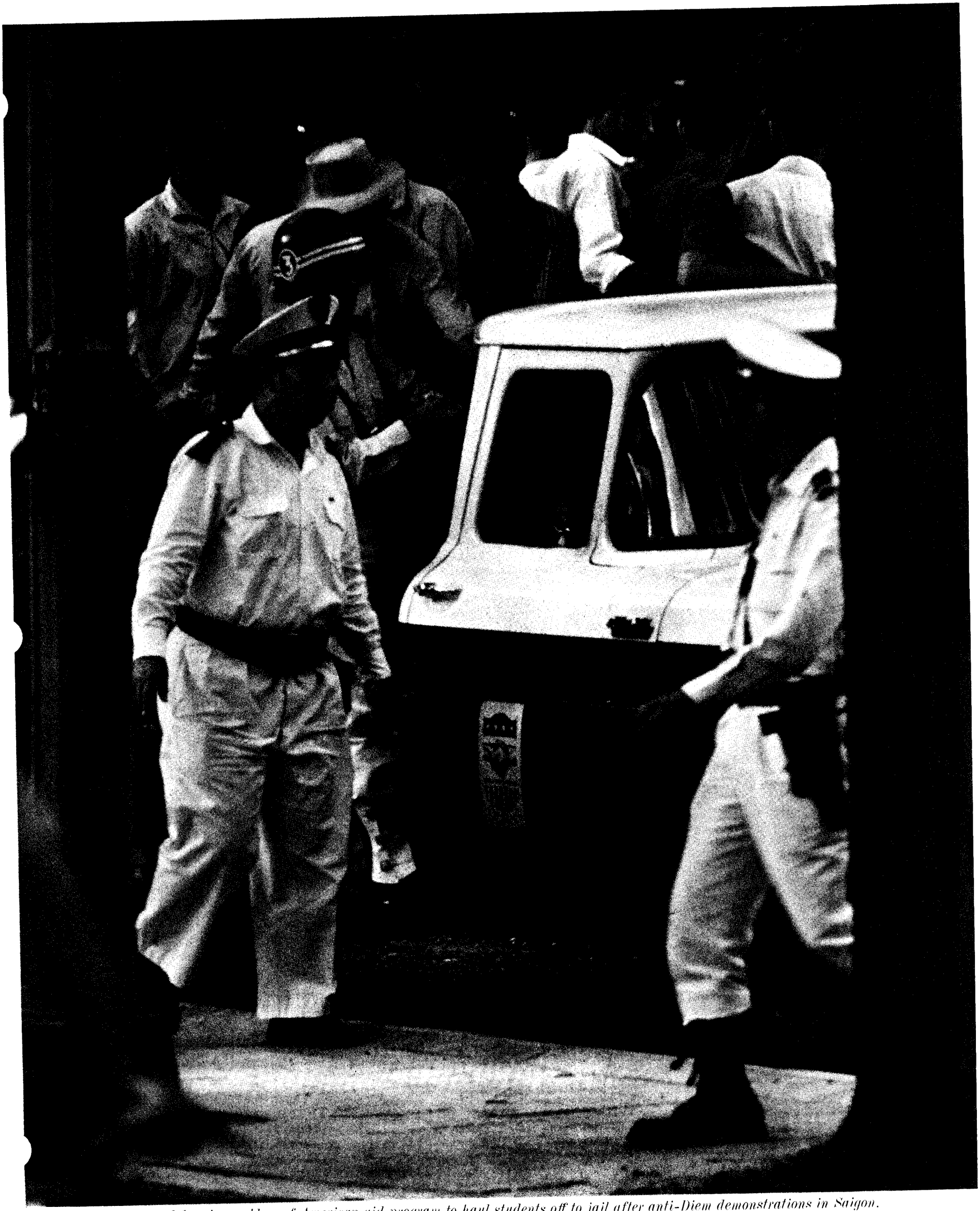
Brother Nhu has set a lively rhythm for building hamlets. He not only has ordered them erected deep in Communist areas, where they are highly vulnerable, but he has posted strict achievement targets. In too many places local officials have thrown up bamboo fences and barbed wire, forced people to move in, and announced that their hamlets are ready. Of the 4,000 settlements officially claimed to exist in the strategic Mekong delta, only about 1,000 are regarded as "viable" by U.S. experts. "There's a basic difference between ourselves and Vietnamese officialdom," says an American who works in the field. "We see security in terms of people; they see it in terms of territory. I don't think they've yet grasped the political aspect of this war."

For all too long, Washington also failed to grasp the political aspect of this war. On the assumption that there was no alternative leadership in Vietnam, the United States treated Diem as indispensable. In 1961 President Kennedy's new military adviser, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, flew out to Saigon, and recommended massive American military aid. He also suggested that Diem reform his government by, among other things, appointing a genuine cabinet, releasing thousands of political prisoners, inviting his political opponents to join the regime, and streamlining his cumbersome chain of command.

Ambassador Frederick Nolting Jr. was left to negotiate these reforms. For three weeks, while the controlled Saigon press virulently attacked "U.S. interference," Nolting tried to persuade Diem to change. The evening the talks finished, Ngo Dinh Nhu appeared at a party. "Mr. Nolting is the most intelligent American ambassador we've ever had in Saigon," he announced. Everyone present knew immediately that the United States had backed down. As a Washington official explained it, "We just couldn't make Diem budge, so we decided to fight the war first and worry about reforms later."

Thus the U.S. Establishment, still scarred by the disaster at the Bay of Pigs, declared a moratorium on public criticism of Diem and his family. The American embassy in Saigon began to sound like a branch of Diem's own Public Information Department, and probing reporters were treated like disloyal citizens. When a correspondent asked a sharp question at a briefing some months ago, visiting Admiral Harry D. Felt snapped back, "OK, boy, get on the team."

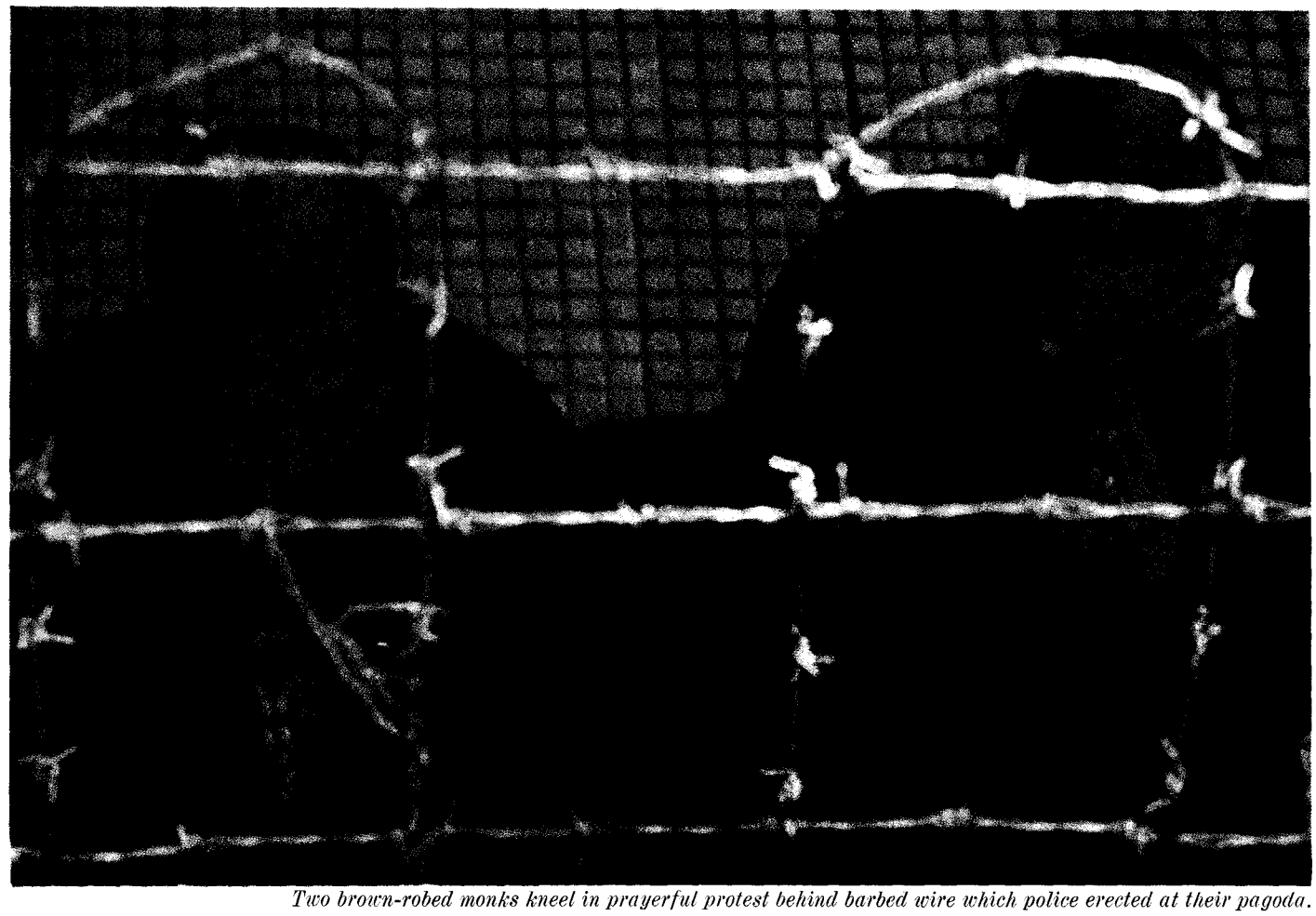
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Police use truck bearing emblem of American aid program to haul students off to jail after anti-Diem demonstrations in Saigon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME GENERALS TALK OF KILLING DIEM TO SAVE NATION.



Two brown-robed monks kneel in prayerful protest behind barbed wire which police erected at their pagoda.

But the U.S. policy of "sink or swim with Ngo Dinh Diem," as *The New York Times* correspondent Homer Bigart coined it, was basically doomed. For one thing, Diem in his infinite egotism did not cooperate. Not long ago Ambassador Nolting pointed out to Diem all the moral credit that the United States had built up in Vietnam and asked him to revoke a minor decision. Diem reportedly replied, "You have no credit with me." For another, the U.S. idea of postponing political reforms ignored the fact that Vietnam was immersed in political warfare. Diem's brother Nhu was perfectly aware of the fact. And in the Buddhist crisis he and his wife seized the opportunity to become overt powers in South Vietnam.

During the long crisis, Nhu began to abandon his pose as an intellectual recluse. He made public speeches and talked to newsmen, and the government printed up thousands of posters with his photograph in the uniform of the Republican Youth. He also quietly strengthened his loyal military elements around Saigon. Four companies of armored troop carriers, each equipped with 50-caliber machine guns, were brought in from central Vietnam. The U.S. Advisory Command was told that these vehicles were en route to the Mekong delta, but they remained in the capital. At the same time, Nhu reinforced the Vietnamese "Special Forces" battalions in Saigon, bringing their strength up to about 1,200 men. Commanded by the faithful Col. Le Quang Tung, a former counterespionage chief, these units included two groups dressed in civilian clothes and armed with knives, pistols and grenades for street fighting.

All together, more than 7,000 troops were stationed in or near the capital. On the surface it looked as though Diem was being protected against a potential attack from the countryside, possibly by his own mutinous men. In reality, these troops in Saigon were themselves preparing for an assault. Last month, on Nhu's orders and with Diem's apparent blessing, they struck against the Buddhists. As soon as the raids were finished, Diem moved one of his most faithful generals into Saigon as military governor, and then took to the radio to declare martial law throughout the country. He called the Buddhist leaders "political speculators who have taken advantage of religion . . . to carry out repeated illegal actions." Ngo Dinh Nhu was more specific. He claimed that the Buddhists had hidden weapons in their temples and were plotting "to sabotage national security . . . and organize a *coup d'état*." To observers it looked as though Nhu's supposedly preventive action might really be Nhu's own creeping *coup d'état*.

Nhu had obviously staged his move to precede the arrival of the new U.S. ambassador, blunt, outspoken Henry Cabot Lodge. But he and Diem had gone even further than that in their deviousness.

The very night that their troops and police sacked the Buddhist temples, the Ngo Dinh brothers ordered a group of Vietnamese generals to their palace. With the palace surrounded by loyal units, Diem and Nhu commanded the generals to sign a predated document. This false document was framed as a request by the generals asking the government to declare martial law and crack down on the Buddhists. The fake request was aimed at Ambassador Lodge—designed to give him the impression that the sweeping repressions reflected demands from a powerful group in the military high command. Virtually prisoners in the presidential palace, the generals had no choice but to sign. And Washington, which at first attributed the raids to the Vietnamese army, soon found it had been duped. It issued a statement blaming Nhu, exonerating the army and implying that a drastic overhauling of the Saigon regime would not be unwelcome.

Diem's minister quits

Overnight, the Diem regime's tottering reputation all but collapsed. South Vietnam's Buddhist foreign minister Vu Van Mau resigned, shaved his head, and announced that he intended to make a religious pilgrimage to India. (He was later arrested.) Diem's ambassador to Washington, Madame Nhu's father, Tran Van Chuong, also resigned from "a government . . . of which I disapprove." Under the Diem regime, he said, "there's not one chance in a hundred for victory." His wife, observer to the U.N., also quit.

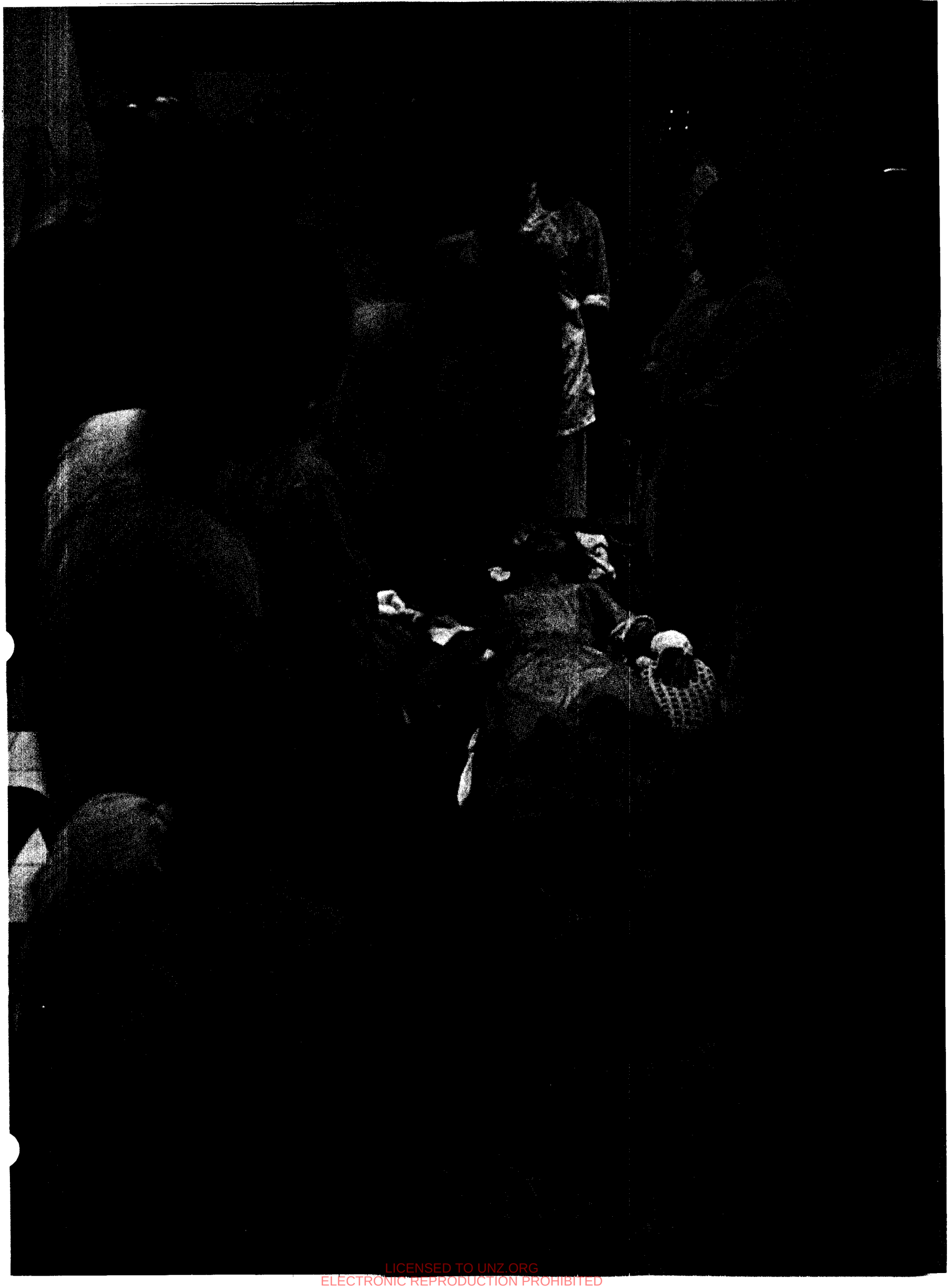
Washington's distress over the crisis had no immediate effect in Saigon. After smashing the Buddhists, the Ngo Dinhs went on to crack down on teachers and students, a previously placid and apolitical group. Professors and university leaders came out with banners denouncing Diem and Nhu, and the police went into action. As the students arrived at Saigon's university, troops and cops neatly knocked them off their bicycles and hauled them off to jail by the truckload. (They also detained three American correspondents, including the *Post's* Burt Glinn.) Elsewhere in Saigon, where students were planning noisier demonstrations, the government was harsher. Hundreds were beaten, and one girl, allegedly trying to "escape," was shot. The rise to power of the feared and detested Ngo Dinh Nhu helped to crystalize the many military elements that have long plotted against the government. Until now they have hesitated to act, because they lacked cohesion, because they were uncertain of getting U.S. benediction and because they feared the Communists would profit from a coup. There are several generals among these potential insurgents, and they even include men close to Diem's family. "But you've known Diem and the Nhus for years," I asked one of them. "How could you kill them in cold blood?" My friend shrugged sadly. "We must choose between a few people and a nation."

Most officers hoped, however, to avoid bloodshed. Under the martial law, army elements moved into administrative control. These military units could conceivably usurp the power of the Diem regime. But if they stay faithful to Diem, they may be opposed by other, less loyal elements, which could touch off a confused, triangular civil war—South Vietnam's army fighting within itself, with the Communists idly watching and winning.

South Vietnam lies on the edge of chaos. And in retrospect, the strongest Communist allies in the country have been the Diem family. They have sown suspicion and hatred, and their show of apparent power has been a sham to conceal their weakness. Back in 1933, when he was a young civil servant, Ngo Dinh Diem made a prophecy that may yet come true. "The Communists will not take our country by virtue of their strength," he said, "but by virtue of our weakness. They'll win by default." THE END

Buddhist girl awaits transfer to hospital after trying to hack off hand as protest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW CHALLENGER TO THE KENNEDY CLAN

A business whiz with his eye on the White House fights and a Kennedy brother-in-law may

Visitors to Illinois county fairs these days see more than the harness races and "death dee-fying aerial extraverganzers" they expect. Just as they are settling down to watch one of these attractions, they are likely to be met by an outstretched hand attached to a blond, compact young man who smiles and says cheerfully, "I'm Chuck Percy, Republican candidate for governor, and I'd sure appreciate your vote in the primary next April." He could add, though he will neither admit nor discuss it, that he would also appreciate their votes for President in 1968, for Chuck Percy hopes to be the Republican nominee that year.

A quick glance at the personal and political assets of Charles Harting (Chuck) Percy might indicate that he is a shoo-in for at least the first half of this dual ambition. He is handsome, young (44) and personable. An articulate, forceful speaker, he has a rare ability to transmit his enthusiasm and ideas to different kinds of audiences. He comes equipped with the family trappings seemingly required of successful political candidates in the 1960's—a slim, pretty wife and five attractive children.

If he is also quite humorless, slavishly devoted to work and fanatically efficient, these qualities apparently have been useful. In 10 years Percy rose from a summer training job to the presidency of Bell & Howell Co., a large Chicago manufacturer of camera equipment, business machines and electronic instruments. Close to many of the businessman-politicians of the Eisenhower administration, Percy was chosen to head the platform committee at the 1960 Republican National Convention. Many Republicans, including former President Eisenhower, consider him one of the brightest young lights in the party.

All these merit badges do not guarantee that Good Scout Percy will win his party's nomination next April. Old-guard Republicans in Illinois, says one observer, "want a man who will stand hitched when he is elected. And they know Percy won't stand hitched."

Percy faces other obstacles. He is little known in downstate Illinois. Furthermore, many people who do know him consider Percy a liberal, and Illinois Republicans are currently leaning strongly toward Goldwater.

Despite these handicaps, experts give Percy a good chance of winning the G.O.P. nomination. If he gets it, his Democratic opponent in the fall election may well be the President's able and ambitious brother-in-law, R. Sargent Shriver, Director of the Peace Corps. Illinois Democrats believe that the incumbent governor, Otto Kerner, can defeat any Republican except Percy. There is responsible talk that if Percy is the Republican nominee, Governor Kerner will become Federal Judge Kerner, his place on the ticket taken by Shriver. The prospect of a Percy-Shriver race intrigues political observers across the country, for the outcome might well determine much more than the governorship of Illinois.

Should President Kennedy win a second term by a landslide, the 1968 Republican nomination will be up for grabs, and a proven vote-getter in the Illinois governor's chair would be a strong contender. This is why Chuck Percy has given up a $100,000-a-year job and a comfortable life in his rambling, English-style house on Lake Michigan, to go wandering through the swine pens of county fairs in search of votes.

Presidential ambitions aside, Percy wants to see the Republicans regain the Illinois governorship in 1964, and is convinced he has the best chance to win. "I know a job has to be done here," he says. "Illinois is way behind the rest of the country economically. I can do some good and, whether I can win or not, I have to try." Veteran political reporters, hearing this earnestly delivered sermon, have experienced severe trembling in the deepest cores of their cynicism. For there is much in Percy's past that compels belief in his strength of purpose.

"His life sounds like a soap opera, doesn't it?" asks Percy's wife Loraine. And so it does.

His father lost his job as a bank cashier in the depression, and for years struggled at such disagreeable jobs as night-clerking in a run-down Chicago hotel. "He used to work fourteen hours a night, seven nights a week, for thirty-five dollars, and the family never saw him," Percy recalls. "To see him coming home then, he was so depressed ——" As he spoke, tears began rolling down the cheeks of the tough-minded young corporate whiz. Later he apologized. "I didn't realize the memory of my father in those years could still arouse that much emotion."

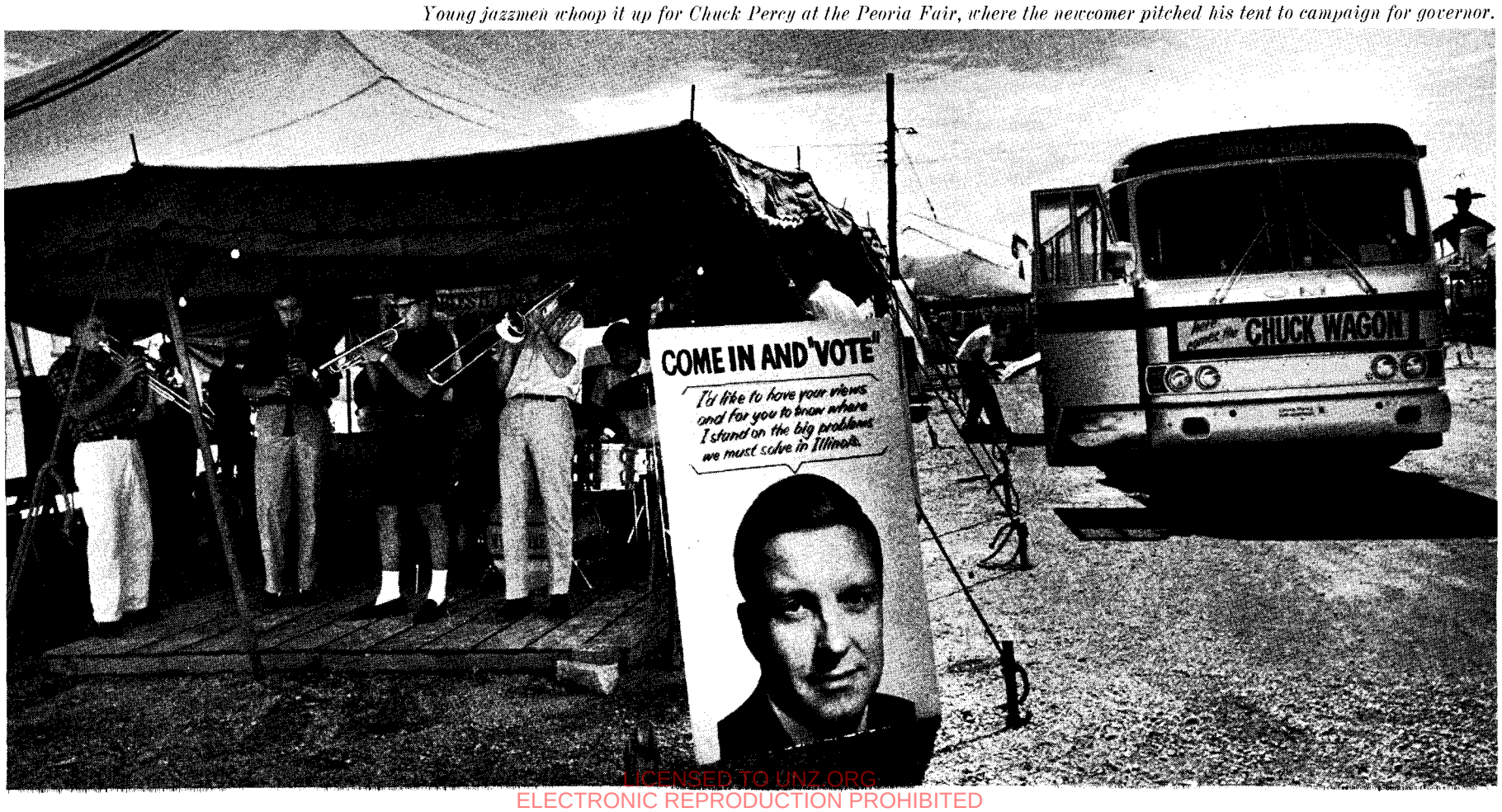
His father's experience provided young Percy with the determination never, never to lack for money. In high school he held four jobs simultaneously. At the University of Chicago, while maintaining a B average as an economics major, he ran a co-op buying service for fraternities that netted him $10,000 in his senior year.

Between freshman and sophomore years Percy took a training job at Bell & Howell. For $12 a week he answered complaint letters, and quickly realized that most complaints could be handled with form replies. At the end of the summer he recommended that his job be abolished. His amused boss sent the recommendation to company president Joseph H. McNabb as a joke. But McNabb, a frugal Scotsman, saw more than humor in the suggestion, and thereafter kept a close eye on the young man.

When Percy graduated from Chicago in 1941, McNabb brought him to Bell & Howell and offered him a choice of several departments. Percy shrewdly chose war-goods production, then the company's smallest money-maker but within two years its largest. By the time he was 23, Percy was running the department, and when McNabb died in 1949, he left a letter suggesting to the board of directors that they name Percy his successor. At the age of 29 Percy became president of Bell & Howell, at a salary of $40,000.

Percy has little use for self-indulgence. A Christian Scientist, he does not smoke, speaks of sipping an occasional glass of wine as "falling off the wagon" and rarely uses an epithet more explosive than "goldurn." He is also a man of prodigious energy, rising at five or five-thirty on most days, and in the 14 years before he left

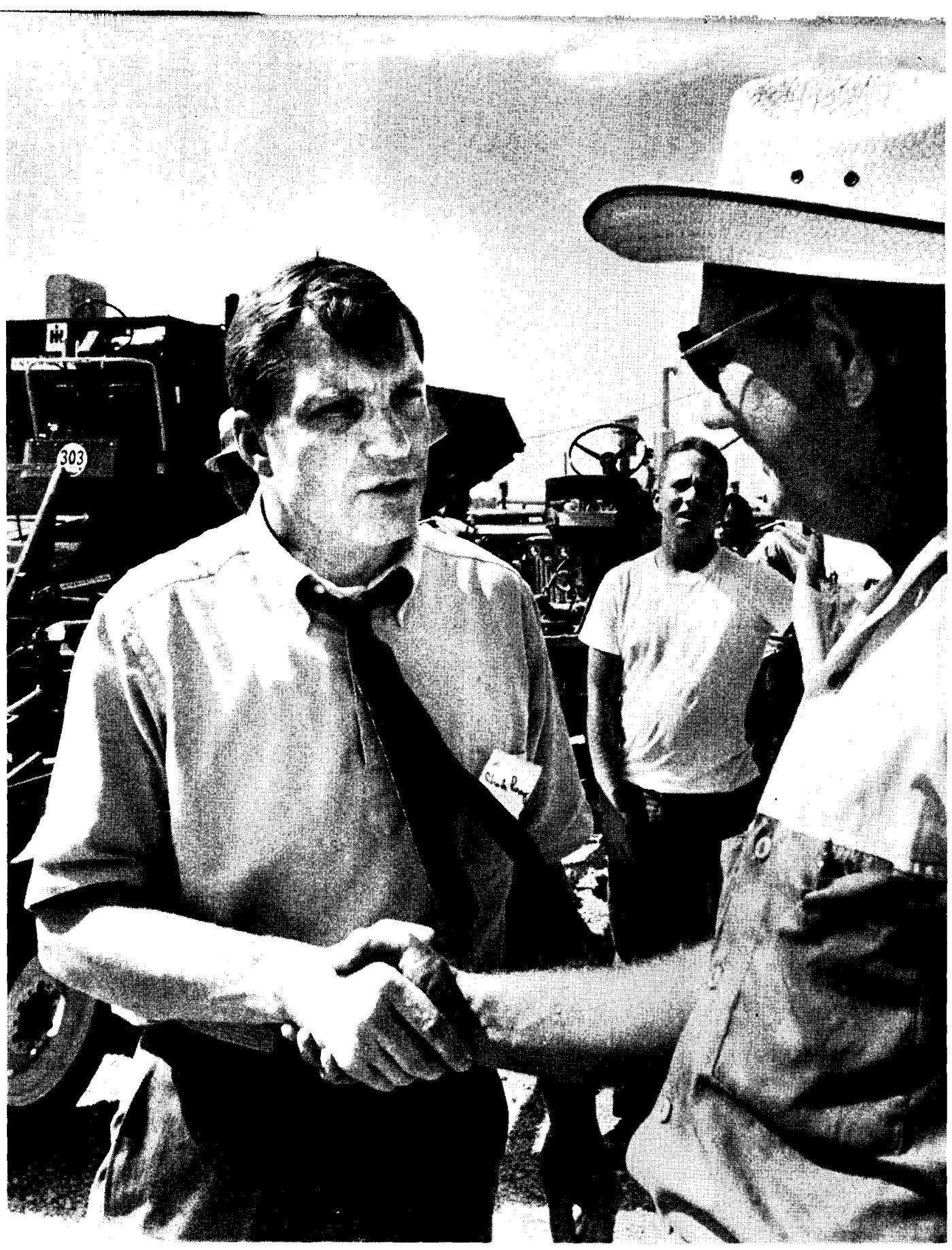
Young jazzmen whoop it up for Chuck Percy at the Peoria Fair, where the newcomer pitched his tent to campaign for governor.


COME IN AND VOTE
I'd like to have your views and for you to know where I stand on the big problems we must solve in Illinois.
CHUCK WAGON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ecome Illinois governor,
e the man he has to beat.

By WILLIAM TROMBLEY



Glad-handing a fair exhibitor, Percy displays the earnest, youthful charm that he hopes will take him all the way to Washington.

Bell & Howell he pushed sales from $13 million to $150 million.

Good organization is an obsession with Percy. He ran a tight ship at Bell & Howell, and his home sometimes resembles a Marine boot camp. For years one of the children acted as "floor captain," rousing the other youngsters and preparing Bible and Christian Science readings for a 7:15 breakfast. Periodically Percy arrives home with a new enthusiasm, and the family has learned to brace for these occasions. Once it was speed-reading. "After a while we could all read 1,000 words a minute," remembers 16-year-old Roger Percy, "but none of us knew what we were reading."

Millions for the G.O.P.

This organizational mania was first harnessed by the Republican party in the mid-1950's. Percy turned down several assistant secretaryships in the Eisenhower cabinet, but in 1955 he agreed to head the United Republican Fund, the party's major money-raising organization in Illinois. In four years he collected more than four million dollars.

His next major political assignment was heading the 1960 platform committee, at the request of Richard Nixon. Despite a bitter platform fight between "old-guard" and "modern" Republicans, Percy emerged with a reputation for goodwill and hard work and, more important, with the urging of important Republicans that he seek office at the first opportunity.

Percy had been entertaining the same thought. Typically, he began to prepare for opportunity to knock by filling gaps in his political education. Bob Goldwin, a friend who teaches political science at the University of Chicago, laid out a reading program for Percy and traveled to his home for Saturday-morning discussions of the *Federalist Papers* and other basic American political works. Goldwin, who remains close to Percy, says, "I have worked with other so-called 'practical men,' and he is the only one who has never said to me, 'That's all right in theory, but it won't work in practice.' He understands the application of theory, and this makes him, in the end, a more 'practical' man than the rest."

The year 1964 seems to present the opportunity that Percy has been seeking. He believes Governor Kerner is vulnerable because "he has failed to keep Illinois in the space age"—in other words, the state has not received its share of government contracts. As a result, its economy has been backsliding. Percy offers detailed economic solutions, stressing closer ties between Illinois universities and government research, an intensive effort to bring new industry to the state, and better management of state government. Shriver? "A race against Sarge would be tough but fascinating," says Percy, "and I think that I could win it."

Further, there is no dominant Republican challenger. At this writing Percy's main competition comes from Secretary of State Charles F. Carpentier, a genial, white-haired professional politician of the old school. Carpentier's biggest political asset is his name, which appears on every driver's license in Illinois. "Nobody knows what Charley Carpentier is for or against, and they won't know on Election Day," says a Springfield reporter, "but they know that name."

To become better known himself, Chuck Percy visited 43 fairs this summer. Traveling with Percy were his wife Loraine, a somewhat ethereal brunette, and their three oldest children—pretty 18-year-old twin daughters Sharon and Valerie, and Roger. Two other children—Gail, 10, and Mark, 8—stayed at home.

Percy has shaken a lot of hands, but his political position so far remains rather fuzzy. Once strongly identified with the liberal wing of his party, Percy has been tacking about hard and sounding quite conservative. As a private citizen, for example, Percy worked hard for passage of a Fair Employment Practices Act in Illinois. As a candidate, however, he has come out against "open occupancy," a proposed state law that would forbid realtors and landlords to discriminate. By taking this position, Percy has alienated Negro Republicans.

Has he done this in cold political cynicism, figuring he needs the votes of conservative whites more than those of Negroes to win the nomination? One cannot be sure. But the reason he gives for opposing the bill offers a clue.

"Right now we aren't ready to force people to accept those they don't want as neighbors," he says. "I was for FEPC because there was a consensus in the state for it. There is no such consensus in Illinois for open occupancy."

Percy, then, is a politician of "consensus"—a man who samples opinion and then moves in the direction of the majority. As such, he fits well into the contemporary American political landscape, filled as it is with politicians busily elbowing each other aside to maintain a position in the middle of the road.

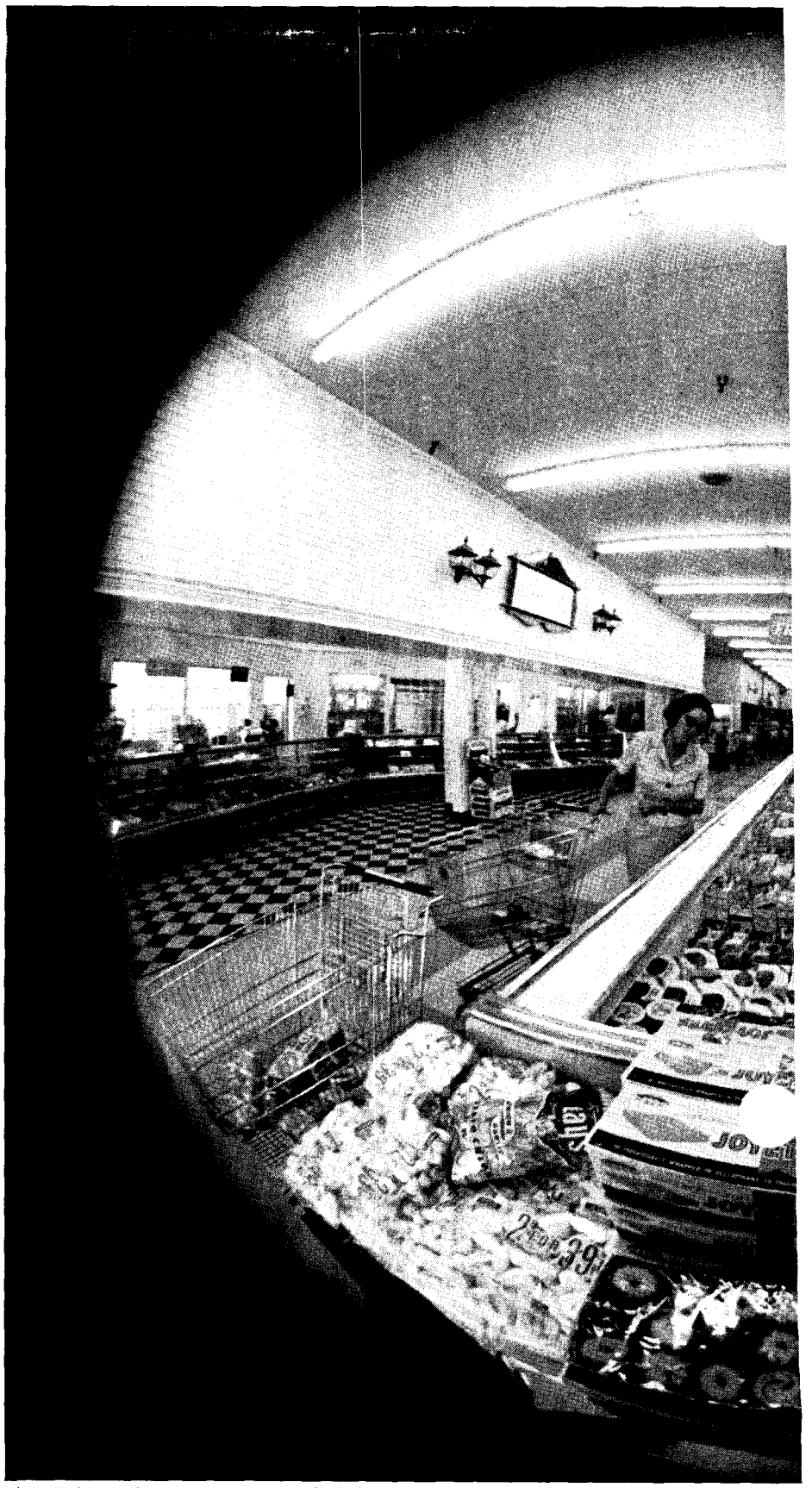
Right now Percy seems to stand a good chance of finding running room on that well-worn track and, by 1968, he may be ready for the longer and more important cross-country race—Springfield, Ill., to Washington, D.C. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

WHY SHE REALLY GOES TO MARKET

With soft music, giveaway gimmicks and garden furniture, supermarkets fight for the housewife's $56 billion business. But their best weapon may be new psychological insight on how shoppers think.



A "fish-eye" camera view of Colonial supermarket in Atlanta, which

She walked into the supermarket at 3:04 on Friday afternoon, wearing a simple cotton dress and a look of mild expectancy. She came through the checkout line at 3:33, looking well pleased with herself. During her 29 minutes in the store she had moved from aisle to aisle with the assurance of a mouse traversing a long-familiar maze. She had passed by nearly 7,000 different items; she had bought 23 of them, from a beefsteak costing $3.07 to a single bell pepper for which she paid a nickel. She had carried no shopping list. She saw in her mind's eye the meal on the table, and heard in her mind's ear her husband and her young, chomping happily, praising her cooking.

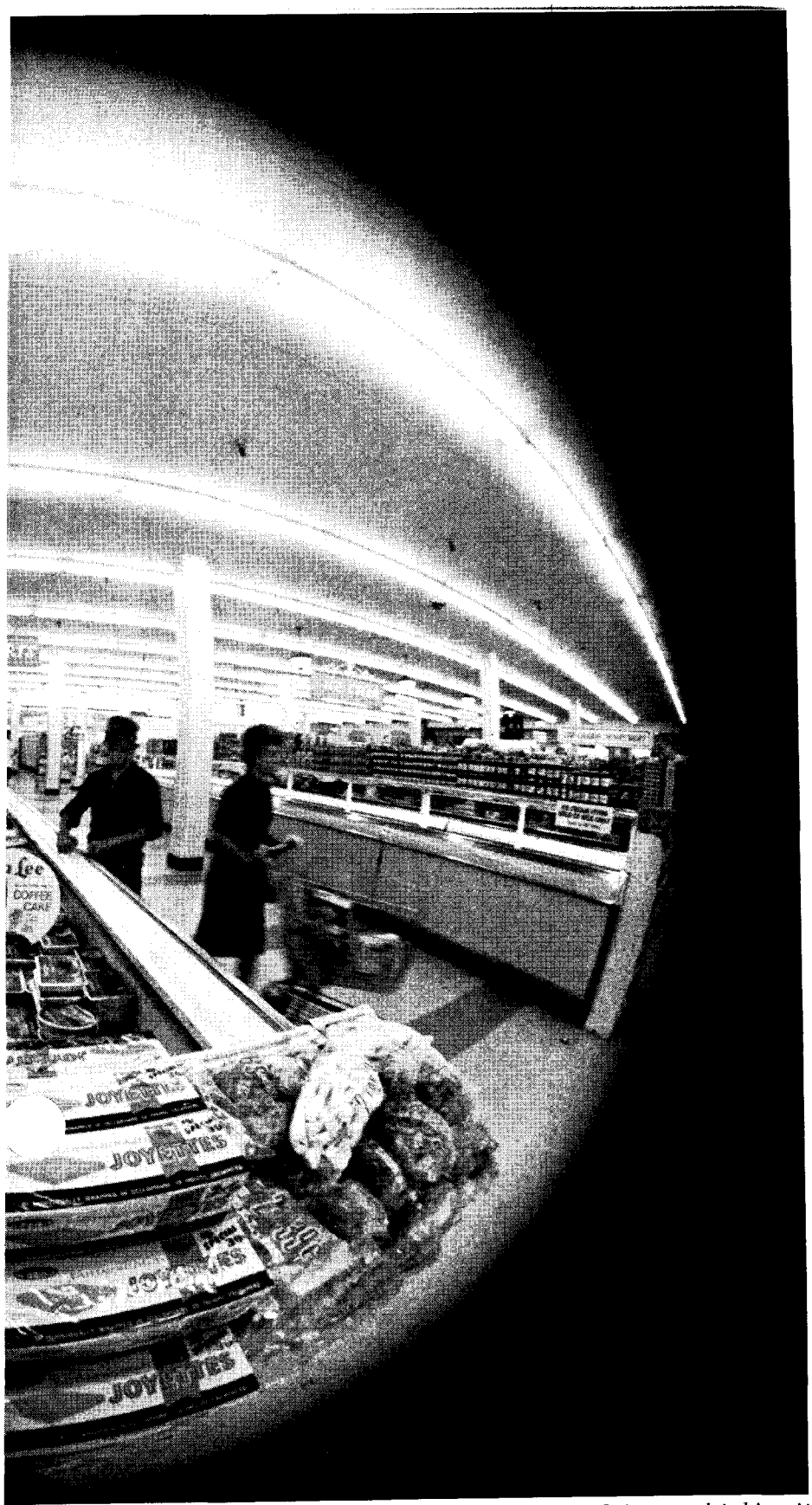
Wisdom gained in years of trial-and-error shopping had taught her how to buy to please her family. She had squeezed the tomatoes to be sure they were firm, not soft, and she had ignored the plump ripe redness of the blossom end to peer sharply at the stem, where a tomato reveals its true character. Through a little window the grocer had thoughtfully cut in the husk, she had poked a kernel of the fresh corn with a sharp thumbnail, and when the white milk spurted out, she knew it was young and tender. She had shaken an avocado to see if she could hear the loose seed bump inside, indicating its ripeness, and she had examined a radish for pithiness with the care of a jeweler peering at a precious stone for flaws. She had bought prepackaged carrots carelessly, without looking at them closely, for she knew from experience that it is hard to find a bad carrot in the market.

She had bought her canned goods in multiples of two or three or six to save a penny here and there, and at the meat counter, where she paused with furrowed brow, she had finally pushed the buzzer that brought the butcher from the glassed-in cutting room. Bemused by the vast panorama of beef and pork, lamb and veal, chicken and fish, she did not want to serve herself. She wanted counsel and the hearty assurance that those packaged meats were as free of fat and bone on the underside as they were on top. She had bought two items on impulse—a new meat-and-noodle dish she found at the frozen-foods counter and a bottle of hand lotion from the shelf of health and beauty aids. Her total bill came to $18.40, which entitled her to 184 trading stamps, and she made a mental note that she now had nearly enough filled books to get a stand-up lamp for the boys' room. She paid her bill with a $25 check, taking the change in cash, for it rarely occurs to her to get a check cashed at her bank.

On her $18.40 order the groceryman made a net profit of 23 cents. When the bag boy put the groceries in her car, she gave him a quarter. In a year of shopping at this store she would spend approximately $1,150. On this sum the grocer would make a net profit of about $15. Thus the boy who carried her sacked groceries to the parking lot week after week made as much profit off her patronage as did the groceryman, who worked 60 hours a week and lay awake at night trying to dream up new ways to woo and beguile her and keep her loyalty.

He loved her for her money, of course, and well he should, for she and the 50 million other housewives like her spent $56,200,000,000 last year in grocery stores. The world's largest business is dependent on her whim, and men's careers are made and broken by her likes and prejudices. She must always buy food, but whether she buys at a supermarket, a discount house or a "convenience" store, whether she chooses one brand or another, whether she wants her vegetables fresh or frozen or canned, is entirely her own choice. All the vast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



doubled its sales by asking customers for their advice—and taking it.

food-distributing system, the growing and processing, packaging and transporting, advertising and display, comes to focus in one final moment of decision when she stands peering thoughtfully at some box, bag, bottle or item of produce which she holds in her hand.

If she drops it into her shopping cart, the cash registers sing like choirs of angels; if she puts it back on the shelf, profits plummet, businesses totter, and men who thought they knew all there was to know about merchandising groceries beat their heads in despair.

Over the years certain shrewd grocerymen have felt that they had found a formula she could not resist. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., for example, has always operated on the theory that all the housewife really wants is top quality at the lowest price, and by holding to that belief, A & P became the Goliath of the industry. It still is. Its sales last year were more than five billion dollars—twice that of its nearest competitor, Safeway, three times the sales of Kroger, four times the gross of Acme Markets and Food Fair. But women want something more than quality and price, and A & P, though still far in front, is slowly dropping back in its percentage of the total market which it commands.

Twenty years ago, in Lakeland, Fla., a grocer named George Washington Jenkins decided he knew what else women wanted. They wanted glamour, excitement and a touch of beauty. They wanted convenience and thoughtful touches that showed the grocer was thinking of their happiness, such as paper towels at the counter so they could wipe their hands after handling produce or meat.

Jenkins started with the parking lot, where he planted palms, Bougainvillaea, Azalea and Hibiscus as dividers between the lanes. He built covered breezeways from the lot to the store so the ladies would not get their hair or groceries wet if a sudden shower struck. His new stores became the Taj Mahals of the grocery business, built of white stucco and green tile, with verd antique and white marble fronts, and towers of glass blocks soaring upward like spires. Along the blank outside walls Mexican artists set huge mosaics of colored tile showing elephants, camels, llamas and donkeys bearing produce from foreign lands. He air-conditioned his stores to cool the customers and eradicate the grocery smell, and installed special spotlights to dramatize the meat and vegetables. The walls were painted in soft shades of pink, mauve, chartreuse and powder blue. The ceilings were soundproofed, and piped-in music put shoppers in a tranquil frame of mind.

"The old supermarket was a big, bleak barn, glaringly lighted, with about as much charm as the men's room in a convention hall," says Jenkins, a slender, darkly handsome man with patent-leather hair and a thin black moustache. "We just made it into the kind of place we thought a woman would design if she were in the grocery business."

Jenkins also knew that women did not go to a grocery store just to look at pastel walls, or to listen to soft music. They went there to buy food and most of them did not want anything they had to peel, shuck, scrape, chop or wash through three waters. So he started doing these things at the store, and when there was nothing much that needed doing, he would add some little touch that brought the item closer to the table. On each cellophane-wrapped steak, he put a pat of butter, and to the prepacked salads he added a little bottle of dressing.

"Women don't like to think that other people have handled their food," he says, "so we started wrapping everything in plastic film. An eggplant's skin is a perfect package. But we started wrapping eggplants. One of my store managers, for a joke, wrapped coconuts in cellophane. The sale of coconuts shot up."

So did Jenkins's grosses. When he started glamorizing his pork chops and his prunes, he was doing about three million dollars a year in 19 small shoebox stores. Ten years later, in 1954, he was grossing $30 million in 24 stores, and grocerymen from as far away as Canada and California were coming to Lakeland to pick his brain. This year his 89 Publix stores will gross $215 million.

Jenkins, of course, is not the only grocer who has striven to introduce an element of romance into an essentially prosaic business. Ever since the supermarket drove the old Mom-and-Pop corner store out of existence, fiercely competitive grocerymen have been setting tender traps for the housewife with the concentration of Casanovas planning conquests. When everybody had piped-in music, and meat counters like jewelers' windows, they turned to trading stamps. When nearly everybody started giving stamps, they turned to games and new kinds of giveaways.

A lugubrious-looking New York promoter named Henry Reichman became a millionaire overnight by dreaming up a game called "Spell CASH," which three huge chains, Jewel Tea, Safeway and Acme Markets, pounced upon. He followed this pioneer effort with others—"Split the Dollar" and "Hit 100." Reichman's games are now enticing customers to some 9,000 supermarkets where, he claims, they have increased business by an average of 10 percent.

Reichman, who has made more than two million dollars out of his games since he started "Spell CASH" in 1961, attributes their appeal to women to the idea that each is based on a latent sexual symbolism. His new game, "Sword in the Stone," is clearly symbolic, he points out. His explanation of the implications might sound plausible to a psychiatrist, but it cannot be repeated here.

Since Reichman can sell his games to only one chain in a given territory, other fertile minds have been at work, producing such giveaway devices as "Hidden Treasure," "Super Poker," "DIME," and more than 100 others, and the craze has now swept the U.S. from coast to coast. Even the austere A & P, which went into trading stamps late and with the greatest reluctance, now happily plays games with its customers. Some of the stamp companies, sensing a threat to their survival, are thinking up games of their own in which stamps are the prizes.

Moisten before leaving

None of the games place great strain on the housewife's mentality, though they greatly arouse her gambling instinct. In "Spell CASH," for example, she receives with each single purchase a card with a black spot on it. The spot when moistened reveals a C, an A, an S or an H, one of which is always very scarce. The shopper who finds all four receives $100. Many cannot wait until they get home to wet the cards, and spit on them in the store. Winners have gone bounding out the door like kangaroos, screeching happily and forgetting to pick up their groceries.

The games cost the store about five eighths of one percent of sales as compared with two percent for most trading stamps, and some chains, including Acme, have experimented with dropping stamps altogether in favor of the games. Most grocery operators would like to drop them, for with nearly everybody giving them, they have lost their competitive advantage. They are now purely defensive weapons in the hot competitive war.

"Nobody likes them but the customers," says hard-driving Carl Reith, head of booming Colonial Stores, the nation's eleventh-largest chain. "But you watch a woman at the check-out counter. She may not count her change, but she will always count her stamps. Actually, eight out of ten of our customers tell us they wouldn't quit shopping with us if we stopped giving trading stamps. But the other two say they probably would. And if we lost those two, we'd be sunk."

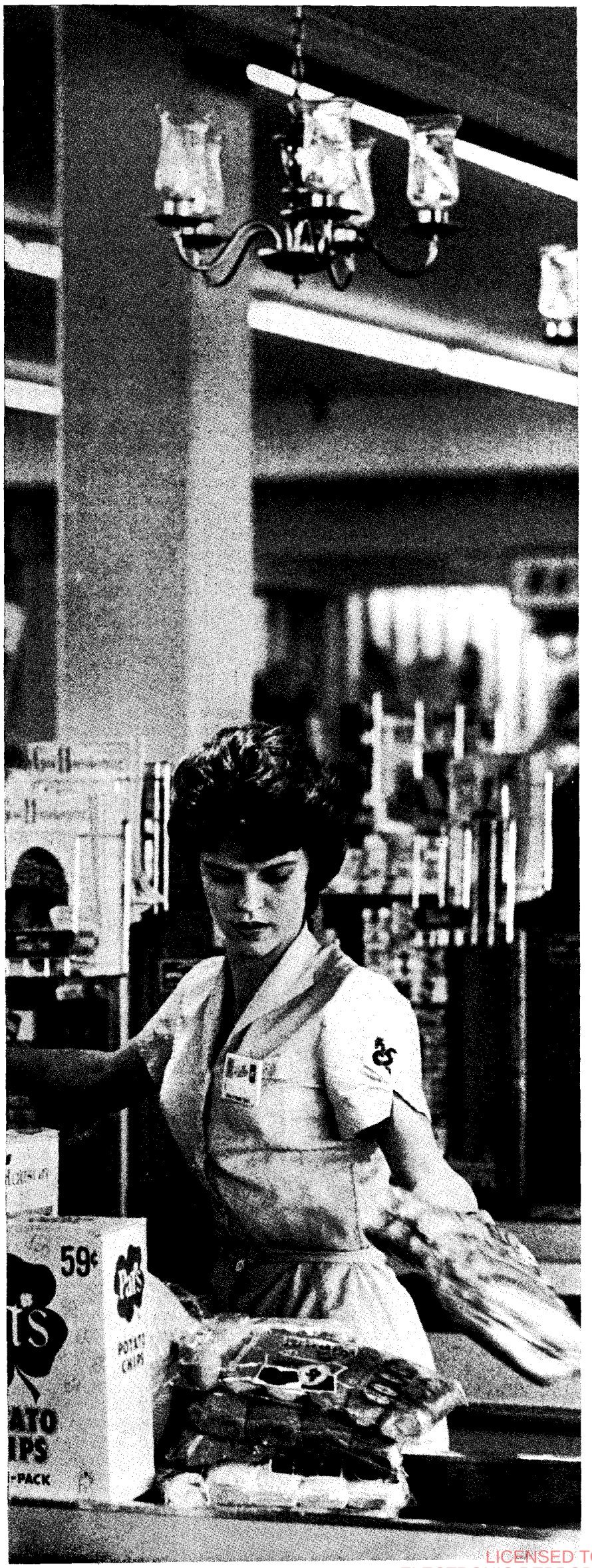
A groceryman knows that stamps and giveaways are gimmicks. They may lure a woman into the store, but they tell him little of what he most needs to know—what she wants to find on the shelves.

To find that out, Reith asked 3,000 women to redesign and restock a store for him. The store selected was the huge Colonial supermarket in a spectacular new shopping center called Lenox Square, in Atlanta. The store was big, bright, clean and well-stocked. It gave stamps, and it played games with its customers. But it was a heavy loser from the start, for it differed little, except in size, from a half-dozen nearby competitors.

OK, said Reith, if what we are doing doesn't attract them, let's find out how we must change. Let's go to the court of last resort, the grocery shopper herself,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She wants the meat counter in the front—with a butcher who will chat.



A touch to make the shopper feel at home: chandeliers over the check-out counter.

to find out what she does want. Agnes Olmstead, Colonial's director of home economics, made up a questionnaire. Garden clubs, church groups, and P.T.A.'s in the area passed them out to their members, and the store happily paid 50 cents to the club treasury for each one that was filled out.

The women's answers and their comments were bluntly to the point.

They wanted a bakery in the store, making only top-quality products. They wanted a little coffee and cola bar where they could sit and rest their feet a minute while waiting for the barbecued chicken to come off the rotisserie.

They wanted prepackaged meats when they were in a hurry, but they wanted the packages to have little windows in the bottom so they could see the underside. Most of all they wanted a butcher on duty to cut the meat while they watched, and to chat with them pleasantly about how the fat should be trimmed and how long it should be cooked.

They wanted a delicatessen and a fresh-fish department—provided it did not smell—and a place where new items would be displayed, with somebody there to show them how to prepare new dishes.

They didn't care one way or another about a candy shop, and they did not want a gourmet food department featuring grasshoppers, quail eggs and chocolate-covered ants. They did want such relatively rare items as fresh anise, Chinese snow peas, artichokes and horse-radish root they could grind themselves.

They wanted the aisles kept free of signs and displays, and they wanted an express check-out for people with just a few items. They wanted a rest room inside the store. (Grocers dislike putting rest rooms in the store because shoplifters duck into them to conceal loot. When they put them outside the store, people steal the paper and soap.)

They wanted piped-in music, but no "specials" announced over the loudspeakers, for they found this distracting and annoying. They wanted the candy put out of reach of children (a request that would cause deep anguish to most grocers, for children are the most compulsive of impulse buyers).

They settled one point which grocers have been arguing about for years—where to put the meat counter in relation to the produce and the groceries. All except a few dissenters wanted the meat counter at the front of the store. They built their meals around the meat, they said, and once this decision was made, the rest of their shopping was easy. They wanted the frozen foods and the produce last, and they didn't care where the proprietor put the groceries in between. The dissenters wanted the groceries first, so the heavy canned items would go into the bottom of the basket where they would not squash the other groceries.

Reith, unfortunately, could not move the meat department to the front without tearing down his store and replumbing and rewiring it, but he carried out the other suggestions almost to the letter. The store which had been grossing $35,000 a week and losing money jumped to a profitable $65,000 to $70,000.

Reith was so fascinated by this glimpse into the minds of his customers that he decided even deeper research was called for. At his request the trade magazine, *Progressive Grocer*, sent its experts into a group of Colonial stores in North Carolina to watch and question the shoppers. Twelve thousand interviews turned up the following picture of the typical grocery shopper. She is thirty-five years old, has two children, and she brings them to the store with her about half the time. Her husband makes a little under $6,000 a year, and she spends about 20 percent of this on groceries. She drives about two miles to the store and passes another supermarket on the way, but she does not stop there, for she does not think the people there are helpful or polite enough. She reads the grocery ads in the newspapers, but only occasionally buys the advertised specials. She does not carry a shopping list. She uses the store itself as a reminder of what to buy. She is far more fickle than food manufacturers would like to believe. She changes brands often, for no reason except to try something else, and she is a pushover for new items, whether foods or household gadgets.

Decisions, decisions

It takes her a little less than 30 minutes to do her shopping, and she spends more than half of this time at the meat and produce counters and in the check-out line. As she rolls her cart down the grocery aisles, where some 3,800 items are on display, she may consciously or subconsciously make a "yes" or "no" decision every one fifth of a second. It is highly unlikely, however, that she sees more than half of the items. She is an eye-level to waist-level shopper. She hates to stoop to the bottom shelf, and merely by moving a product 18 inches higher on the display rack, the grocer can increase its sales. She likes to buy from full shelves rather than those which are partially filled. Even though she knows that the boxes remaining are identical with those that have been sold, she feels that they have been "picked over."

She is popularly supposed to be a walking computer, carrying prices in her head, figuring weights and measures in terms of price with slide-rule precision. Actually, except for those items she uses constantly, she cannot remember prices from one day to the next, and her arithmetic is terrible. She does, however, invariably go for 10-cent items sold three for 29 cents. It seems to be the "two for" or "three for" that attracts her, rather than the penny saving, for she will also buy more of a 33-cent item if it is offered at three for 99 cents.

She saves trading stamps faithfully and would not care to have them redeemed in cash instead of merchandise. She pays by check, and feels that this is a normal service for the supermarket to perform. (The store is happy to act as her banker, even though the industry, which cashes $60 billion in checks every year, loses about $30 million annually on forged and stolen checks.) She has a billfold full of credit cards, but she does not want a charge account at the grocery store, for fear it would cause her to buy too lavishly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Impulse buyer picks his brand. To grocers' chagrin, mothers would prefer to have candy displayed on high shelves, out of the children's reach.

She is lured by "cents-off" coupons, but she rarely buys a product just to get a box top to mail in for a premium, except when her children force her to. She is not greatly attracted by contests, though she is fascinated by the games mentioned above, and she likes to buy items which ve recipes on the package.

The *Progressive Grocer*'s survey confirmed, in several respects, what a year-long study made by Raymond Loewy Corporation for Super Market Institute had already found out. The most important selling weapon any store possesses is the courtesy and the friendliness of its employees. When a woman finds the store manager amiable, or speaks of the butcher as "my butcher," she automatically believes that the aisles are wider, the meat more tender and the produce fresher. This is known in the trade as the "halo effect," and all stores strive for it. The Loewy research also discovered the housewife's overwhelming interest in the department where she makes her greatest single cash outlay. When they asked her to "draw a grocery store," she drew the meat department twice as big as it actually is in relation to the other departments and placed it at the front.

The grocer needs no surveys to tell him that there are a few among his customers whose hearts are full of larceny. Professional and impulsive shoplifters manage to slip past the check-out stands with some $300 million worth of merchandise every year. Most individual thefts are small, though, amounting to about $1.50. The grocers hesitate to prosecute shoplifting cases, for they find that the courts are reluctant to convict, and there is always the danger of a suit for false arrest. They depend, in the main, on strict surveillance of suspicious persons, on warning signs and little tricks which they hope will discourage theft. One New York grocer, when he spots a woman concealing a can of tuna fish about her person, announces on the loudspeaker, "Mr. Johnson, there is a can of tuna missing from the inventory in your department. Please see if you can find it." The grocer then watches, chuckling, as the startled shoplifter scurries about the store, trying to get rid of the tuna fish. A midwestern grocer surreptitiously drops into her shopping cart the same item she has slipped into her handbag. When she gets to the check-out stand, the appearance of the "ghost" item shocks and frightens her, for she knows she has been spotted. A small-town grocer in the South keeps theft to a minimum by periodically telling the town gossip that somebody has been stealing, that he knows who it is, and is thinking of calling the law.

Shoplifters show great ingenuity in finding new ways of getting stolen items past the check-out stand. Phonograph records slip easily under the bottom of a pizza pie, and the new easy-open-easy-reseal cereal boxes, until modified, made a fine place to hide three cartons of cigarettes, a favorite target for the shoplifters. Women have been discovered emptying boxes of expensive tea into their handbags, and the check-out girls must constantly watch for the switch of low-priced bottle caps to higher-priced items.

Nipping "cartnappers"

The most difficult trick to foil is the phony "return." At the check-out stand a shopper may take a can of hair spray out of her handbag, claiming a member of her family bought it the day before by mistake. She wants her money back. If she does not get the refund, she walks out with the hair spray.

"Cartnapping" has become a serious problem in urban areas where many shoppers walk to the store. They trundle the carts back to their apartments, where they often convert them into laundry carts. Since a shopping cart costs $30, which represents the net profit on some $2,400 in grocery sales, the store manager becomes choleric when he thinks of the cart thief. One eastern chain has solved the problem by fencing in its parking lot and setting a magnetic device at the exit which locks the cart's wheels as they pass over it. Passersby enjoy watching an outraged cartnapper yanking, tugging and pushing at a locked cart before snatching up her groceries, kicking the cart over, and stalking indignantly away.

The psychology of the shopper, her buying habits, her needs and desires both conscious and subconscious, are properly of profound concern to the grocer struggling to survive in the cutthroat competition which faces him today. Changes greater than any that have taken place since the rise of the supermarket are now shaking the industry. The old privately-owned corner grocery which the supermarket drove into bankruptcy 30 years ago is now making a strong comeback as a small, highly modern "convenience" store, selling a few basic commodities and a great number of high-profit items.

An even more formidable competitor is the discount house. These huge marts, knowing that food is the one item that everyone must have every day, now are using groceries sold at bargain prices to lure customers to the store. They do not pretend to be complete grocery stores. Of the more than 6,000 items the supermarkets now display, some 2,500 account for 80 percent of the sales. The other items are kept in stock for convenience and selection. The discount houses do not bother with the slow sellers. They concentrate on the basic items to produce heavy traffic and a fast turnover.

Ironically, it was the supermarket which prepared the customer to accept the discount house. They taught her to serve herself and to expect off-list prices. Also, they started the fight in the first place by going into non-food items themselves. Their "health and beauty aids" now outsell bakery goods and frozen foods, and at a higher profit. Now, to meet the challenge of the discounts, they are adding soft goods, housewares, garden furniture, appliances and apparel, and some chains are opening their own discount houses under other names.

Men such as George Jenkins, brought up from childhood to believe that man can perform no nobler service than selling peas and Pablum, meat and milk, to his hungry neighbors, deplore this trend. They don't want to sell bras and panties, lawn mowers and fishing tackle and plastic toilet seats. But they agree that they've got to give the housewife what she wants or go under.

The Loewy report, "Super Markets of the Sixties," wrapped up the problem, and the challenge, in a blunt paragraph: "A revolution has taken place in this country. The old general store is back in new and modern guise. Every store now sells everything to everybody. This makes problems for the grocer, but it offers great opportunities, too. High, low, rich, poor, regardless of race, creed, color or status, everybody buys at the supermarket. When they come in your store, you might as well sell them everything. When they go past your checkers, they should have no place to go but home."

This well may be the shape of the future. But neither Carl Reith nor George Jenkins believes the supermarket will lose its essential character as a place where food is sold. They have learned this much. To women, buying food for their families is not a chore. It is a joyful ritual that gives them an inner glow of satisfaction, a deep sense of fulfillment. And if the time should ever come when women come to his store to buy bed sheets, or to get their poodle clipped, or to have a prescription filled, or their husband's suit dry cleaned, Jenkins knows what he is going to do. He is going to take up his station back by the produce counter, where he can watch them pinch the fruit, and test the corn with their thumbnails, and pick out the new potatoes as if they were selecting a string of matched pearls.

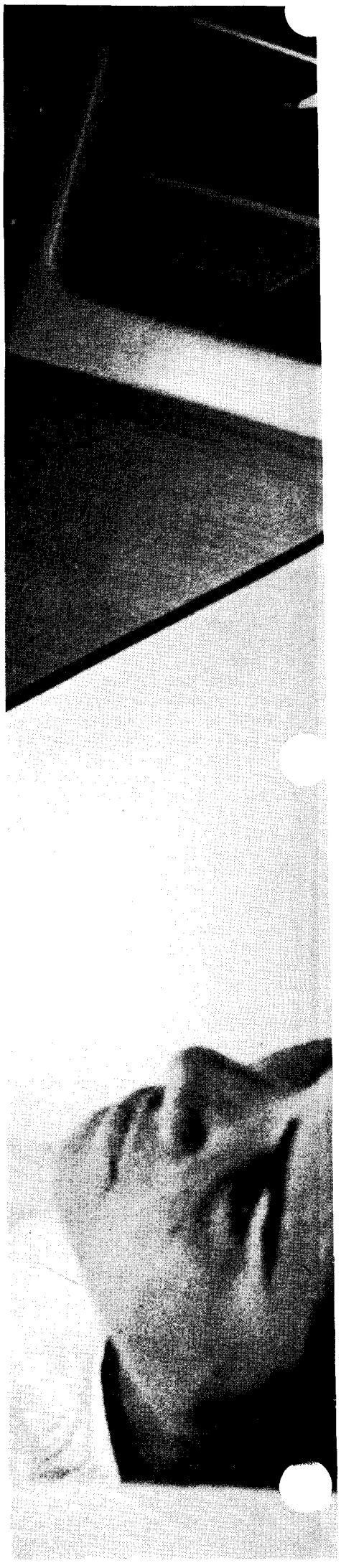
"That way," he says, "I'll know I'm still in the grocery business." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Small heat-sensitive thermistor is heart of new infrared camera.

By ROBERT P. GOLDMAN

NEW MEDICAL DEVICE SPOTS HIDDEN DISEASES



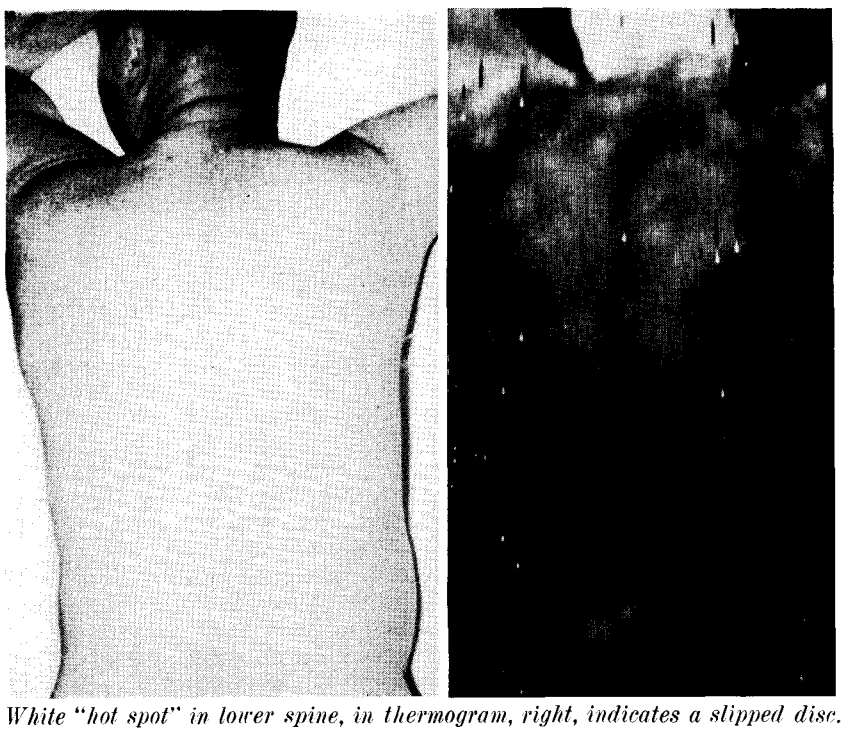
Offshoot of military research, the thermograph camera promises to save lives by detecting the "hot" infrared glow thrown off by deadly ailments, including cancer.

The young mother, herself a doctor, had discovered a small lump in her left breast, a common sign of cancer. But the doctors who examined her—including her own husband—told her there was nothing to worry about. X rays did not give a conclusive answer, but the doctors believed the lump was harmless. Still the young woman was worried, for her mother had recently died of breast cancer. So she sought additional advice.

Soon she found herself in front of a remarkable new "fever camera" called the thermograph, a medical relative of the infrared devices which were developed to detect enemy targets in World War II. Undressed to the waist, the 36-year-old woman lay on a table in the Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia. Above her hung a large mirror, tilted so that the camera, mounted horizontally a few feet away, could focus on her image. At the turn of a switch the camera's eight-inch "eye" began to move back and forth, photographing a line-by-line record of temperature gradations—white for hot, black for cold, with shades of gray in between. Because illness or injury causes changes in body temperature, the "fever camera's" photograph would show any afflicted area to be whiter than the surrounding area. It took 12 minutes to complete a single picture and 20 seconds to develop and print the Polaroid film. What the ghostly "fever photo" showed was an area of abnormal whiteness, a "hot spot," on the left breast. The spot was almost four degrees warmer than the corresponding area on the right side. "This so definitely indicated an active malignant process," explained Dr. Jacob Gershon-Cohen, chief of radiology at the Einstein Medical Center, "that it was decided to do a biopsy." When microscopic examination proved the small bit of tissue was cancerous, surgeons proceeded at once to do a radical breast removal. Performed at this early stage of the disease, the operation has doubtless saved this young mother's life.

She is one of 1,700 patients at the Einstein Medical Center on whom the thermograph has been employed since June, 1962, to detect not only breast cancers but fractures, abscesses, infections, inflammations and blood-vessel disorders. This Philadelphia hospital now has two of the infrared cameras and a small hand-model scanner, which operates like a Geiger counter in a quick search for "hot spots" on the body's surface. The thermograph, recently installed in a half dozen leading United States hospitals. has been hailed both here and abroad as a new dimension in diagnosis, treatment and prognosis of disease. It presently costs $25,000, which is not prohibitive as today's hospital instruments go, and the price will eventually drop as the thermograph comes into wider use. A New York surgeon has called it "the best thing to come along since X ray itself."

This promising new medical tool is one of the beneficial dividends of World War II military research and development. It makes use of the fact that every object on earth, including man. gives off some degree of infrared heat or "invisible light." And delicate heat-detectors. or thermistors, can spot these variations in surface temperature, even at considerable



White "hot spot" in lower spine, in thermogram, right, indicates a slipped disc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Jo Ann D. Haberman, at Philadelphia's Albert Einstein Medical Center, operates Barnes infrared thermograph in diagnosing breast cancer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INFRARED ALSO GUIDES WAR MISSILES AND MERCURY CAPSULES.

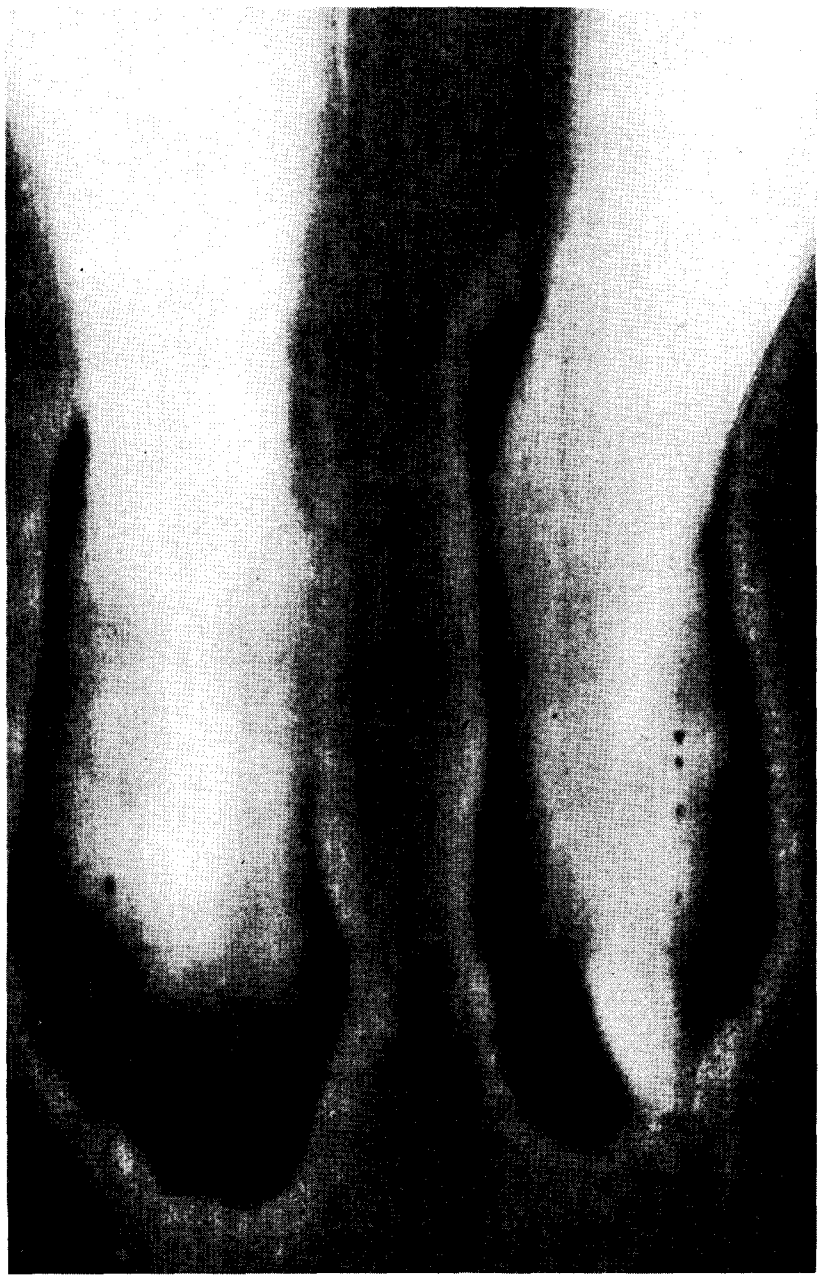
MEDICAL DEVICE

distances. During World War II the Germans used infrared scanners to locate Russian tanks, which had a fatal habit of going into a huddle before a nighttime attack. The concentration of their hot engines gave them away, even when screened by trees or camouflage, and Nazi artillery blasted them with unerring accuracy. American scientists used the same principle in developing the infrared sniperscope, which located Japanese snipers hidden in the jungle and saved many GI lives. More recently, infrared scanning and sensing instruments have been indispensable in guiding Mercury space capsules, Tiros weather satellites and the Sidewinder missile, which "homes in" on the hot engine of an enemy plane.

One of the most active and productive groups in the development of infrared devices has been the Barnes Engineering Co. of Stamford, Conn. Its 57-year-old physicist-president, Dr. R. Bowling Barnes, is among the world's greatest infrared scientists and holds more than 40 patents in the field. Though most of his business involves military instruments, Doctor Barnes became aware of the medical uses of thermography as long ago as 1956, when Dr. Ray N. Lawson, a Montreal surgeon, first discovered that the temperature of one woman's cancer-ridden breast was higher than the temperature of her other breast. He also found that malignant lesions were hotter than benign ones.

Doctor Lawson heard that Doctor Barnes was making infrared equipment and decided to send another patient down to Barnes's headquarters for an examination. "We thermographed her with one of our old military cameras," Doctor Barnes recalls, "and found a real hot spot in the armpit behind her breast."

The patient returned to Montreal where Doctor Lawson made tests and found she had cancer. He operated and saved her. "The experience made me wonder if thermography could not have a place in medicine," says Doctor Barnes. "But all the equipment then was being made for the military and was classified."



Ghostly "fever picture" shows healthy toes as cool (black), while fractured toe (right) photographs as glowing white spot because of warmth of inflammation.

A turning point came in December, 1961, when three doctors at Middlesex Hospital, London, reported that infrared studies showed that cancerous breasts were above normal in temperature in 95 percent of the patients studied. They published their findings in *The Lancet*, an English medical journal.

"When I read the *Lancet* paper, I was amazed," Doctor Gershon-Cohen recalls. "I'll be damned, I thought to myself. Here we are trying to find breast cancer with highly sophisticated, expensive X rays, and the British come up with a way that uses a cheap, primitive temperature gadget."

Doctor Gershon-Cohen consulted a number of scientists in Philadelphia about the possibility of making a thermographic detector for medical use. At their suggestion he sought out Doctor Barnes, who had already read the *Lancet* article and had begun thinking along much the same lines. With two associates who had designed an infrared scanner for the Army Engineers, Robert W. Astheimer and Eric M. Wormser, Doctor Barnes was able to provide Doctor Gershon-Cohen with a medical "fever camera" within six months.

Last spring, at the American Medical Association scientific sessions, Doctor Gershon-Cohen opened his case files for the first time and disclosed what the "fever camera" had accomplished in less than a year. Doctors attending the meeting were astonished. Here are samples of the case histories they heard:

A 52-year-old man, a diabetic, began to have gangrene in his toes, a frequent complication of his disease. At first the doctors thought only amputation would save him, but then he was thermographed. The infrared photos, extremely precise, showed less gangrene than had been suspected. Blood-vessel surgery was performed to increase the patient's blood circulation, and drugs were prescribed. The treatment worked. The toes were thereby saved.

A 62-year-old woman was being treated with drugs for phlebitis (inflammation of the veins), but she failed to improve. The thermograph showed she had cancer throughout her pelvic area—in addition to the phlebitis. Consequently a change in treatment was ordered.

A 34-year-old factory worker complained of persistent pain in his wrist, but X rays showed no injury or inflammation. The thermograph showed that he had a hair-line fracture which had been completely undetected and untreated for two weeks.

Doctor Gershon-Cohen, whose special field of interest is cancer detection, has concentrated his use of the Barnes infrared camera on patients with known or suspected breast lesions. He has thermographed more than 400 such women. He has come to the firm conclusion that thermography can "find or confirm" the presence of cancer.

"I'm as excited as if I were in on the early days of X ray," says Doctor Gershon-Cohen, a radiologist with more than 25 years' experience, who is not given to overstatement. "In the future, thermography will become routine in every hospital in the world.

"Its application to the diagnosis of breast cancer alone is of tremendous importance," Doctor Gershon-Cohen added, "because the death rate from this form of cancer has not changed significantly in the past generation. Every year about 25,000 American women die of cancer of the breast, and we cannot seem to lower that figure with any known diagnostic or treatment devices.

"If thermography can aid in the accurate, early diagnosis of just five percent more of these breast cases—and we believe it can—we will have taken a great step forward."

The thermograph represents a whole new dimension in diagnosis. Doctors have long used the thermometer to determine dangerous abnormalities in the body's overall temperature. But from a thermal standpoint, various parts of the body are different. You can have a comparatively cold nose, hot lips, chilly toes and a warm stomach, especially after eating. More important, you can register a normal 98.6° F. with active cancer, kidney trouble, liver disease and a host of other serious disorders. The infrared camera is so sensitive, however, that it can pick up variations of a fraction of a degree centigrade from the skin covering an afflicted area. A half-degree centigrade elevation frequently shows a benign tumor; a 2° C. hot spot often indicates cancer. Similarly, infections, fractures, bruises and accumulations of fluids all appear "hot" on thermograms. They do so because disease or injury upsets the thermal equilibrium of the organ involved. A "sick "arm, bruised or broken, will photograph "hot" because it sends out more infrared than does its healthy organic counterpart.

Going even beyond the thermographic camera, Doctor Barnes is beginning to produce a small infrared thermometer. The doctor holds it like a gun and can point it at any organ in the patient's body. Hot spots on the overlying skin show up instantly on a dial. No photograph is necessary.

Thermography will not replace the X ray, of course, but it can improve on the X ray's performance. It has several distinct advantages. For example, thermography can "see" clearly into soft tissue and fluid spaces at joints in the body. Frequently the X ray misses soft-tissue ailments involving tendons, muscles and cartilage. By detecting subtle fluid changes in joints, thermography promises to provide diagnosis of arthritis earlier than ever before.

The infrared camera also avoids possible dangers inherent in the X ray. Instead of shooting rays at the patient, it receives rays which the patient gives off naturally. Late in pregnancy women cannot safely be X-rayed because the radiation might cause genetic dangers to the unborn infant. The thermograph can safely be used, however, and can reveal the exact location of the placenta in the pregnant woman. This can be of great importance in difficult births.

Since "you cannot conceal heat," as Doctor Barnes puts it, thermograms can help not only in diagnosis but in checking whether a treatment is actually succeeding. In some cases, for example, surgeons

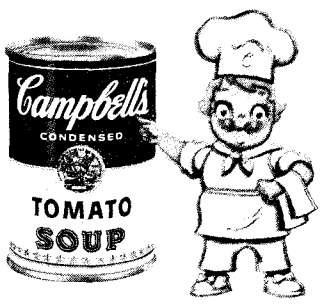
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soup after school gives them plenty to play on

(and won't spoil their appetites for supper)

Children come home from school starving? Consider Campbell's Tomato Soup. Children love it. And it gives them the energy they need in such a wholesome way. Tastes wonderful (with the sun-drenched flavor of the vine-ripened Campbell tomato). But won't undermine their appetites. Can you spare 4 minutes to heat it?

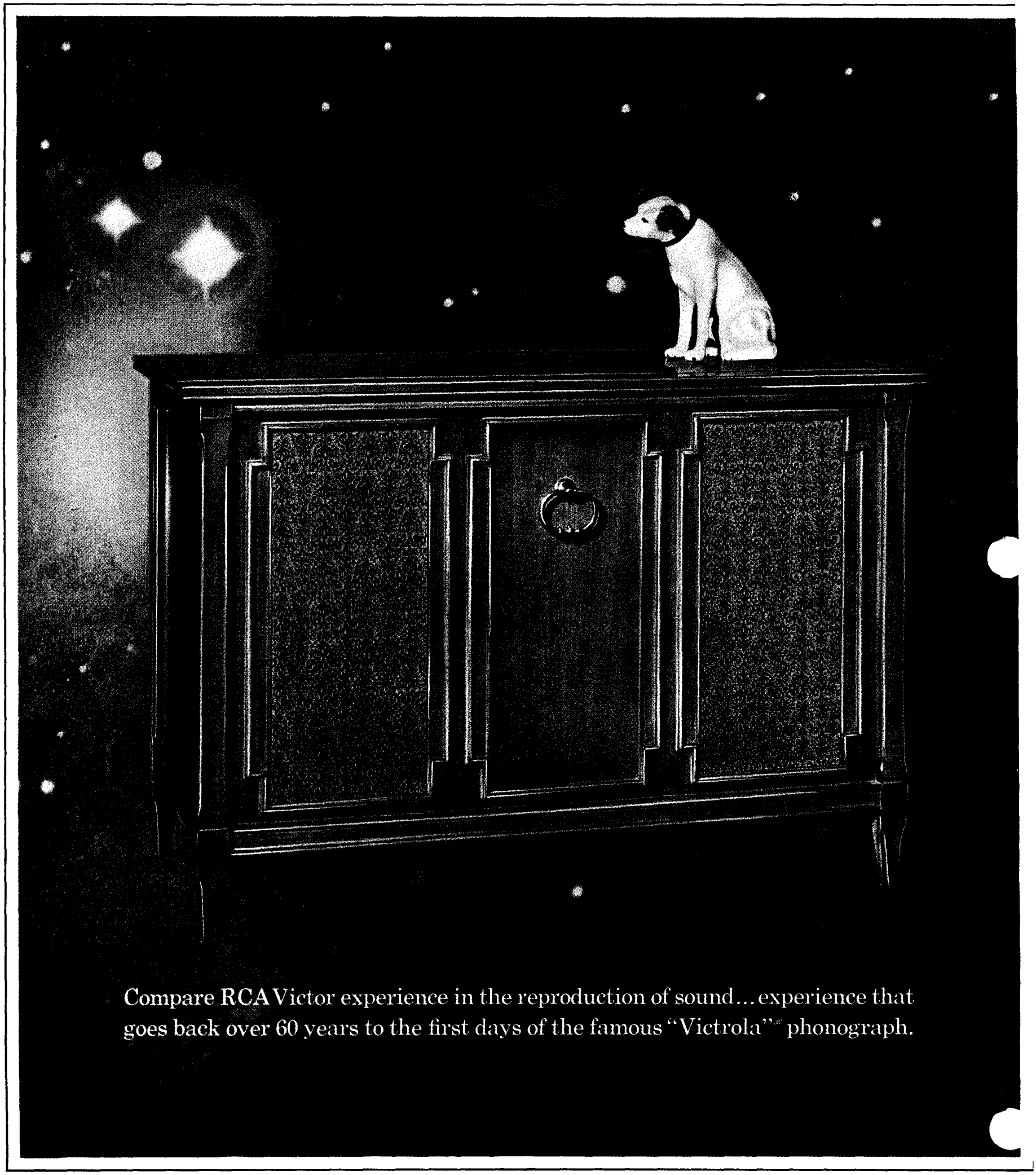
Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*



More than 30 kinds (M'm! M'm! Good!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCING NEW VISTA



Compare RCA Victor experience in the reproduction of sound... experience that goes back over 60 years to the first days of the famous "Victrola"® phonograph.

Superb sound . . . superb *styling*—the Mark XI Italian Provincial all-wood lowboy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

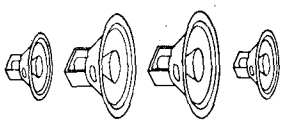
STEREOPHONIC SOUND!

So magnificent... so truly outstanding RCA Victor invites you to compare against all others

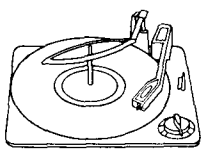
RCA Victor New Vista Stereo brings you superb *natural sound* so truly brilliant and stereophonic you have to hear it to believe it!

New Vista high-fidelity Stereo is a scientifically matched system of precise, compatible components. The beautiful result is "balanced sound" . . . natural high-fidelity realism . . . New Vista stereophonic sound!

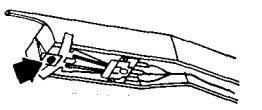
Compare, using your favorite record. Discover the true brilliance and clarity of your favorite record—*all* the natural sound it was recorded to give—monophonic or stereo. On most models, note the crisp highs and rich lows—the full-frequency range of the duo-cone Diaphonic Speakers from RCA Victor acoustic research.



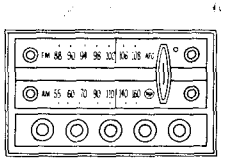
Compare record care. See how the Studiomatic Changer treasures your records with such extra care they *stay* brilliantly alive. Protects your records two ways: at the spindle, in the groove. On most models, the new Feather Action Tone Arm guards against audible record scratch—*even when it's brushed across the record.*



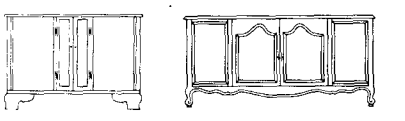
New Dusting Pad rides ahead of the stylus to clean away dust and abrasive particles that can distort sound and wear record grooves.



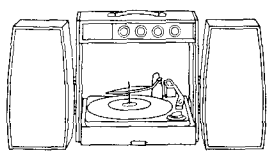
Compare FM-AM reception. With most New Vista Stereo models, you can choose the exciting new world of FM and FM stereo radio. Precision Tuners with tuned RF stage in both AM and FM bring better fringe area reception. Vernier Tuning and Automatic Frequency Control assure "locked in" tonal fidelity . . . for hour after hour of drift-free, static-free FM listening. An indicator light on FM Stereo models tells you when FM Stereo is being broadcast!



Compare cabinetry. Every New Vista Stereo instrument is designed to look as beautiful as it sounds. More than fine furniture . . . each cabinet is *acoustically designed and engineered.* Choose from sleek, long lowboys, spinet models, handsome consoles.



Compare stereo portables. And now you can take RCA Victor Stereo wherever you go . . . in a travel case 9" thin! See and hear the Mark series, with "float-down" Studiomatic Changer. "Swing Out" speaker units give you big stereo separation.



Compare experience. "Victrola" phonographs have been a cornerstone of home entertainment for over three generations. Compare RCA Victor's unequalled experience against all others. Hear for yourself why more people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind.

Compare value. Every 1964 New Vista Stereo is built with extra care that adds value beyond price. This means more lasting value and pride of ownership for you. Before you buy any stereo, listen to New Vista Stereo . . . and compare against all others you have ever heard.

RCA Victor New Vista Stereo consoles start at only $149.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer, for Diva, not shown. Slightly higher some areas West, South. Prices, specifications subject to change.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Sound

Tmk(s)®

More people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind!

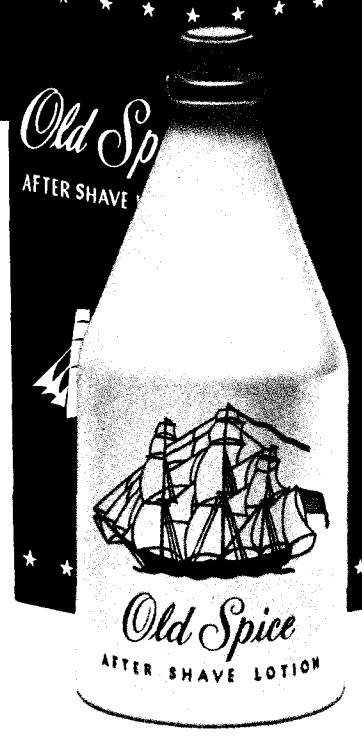
See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The one lotion that's cool, exciting

–brisk as an ocean breeze!

The one-and-only Old Spice exhilarates... gives you that great-to-be-alive feeling... refreshes after every shave... adds to your assurance... and wins feminine approval every time. Old Spice After Shave Lotion. 1.25 & 2.00



Old Spice —the shave lotion men recommend to other men!

SHULTON

A THERMOGRAPH CAN CONVICT, OR

MEDICAL DEVICE

fear that when they remove cancer tissue, some will spill off the knife and remain behind, still within the patient's body. At the Einstein Medical Center some cancer patients are thermographed after an operation. In one case the thermograph showed a hot spot still in the abdomen after an operation. This told the surgeon that residual cancer was present and it was promptly treated.

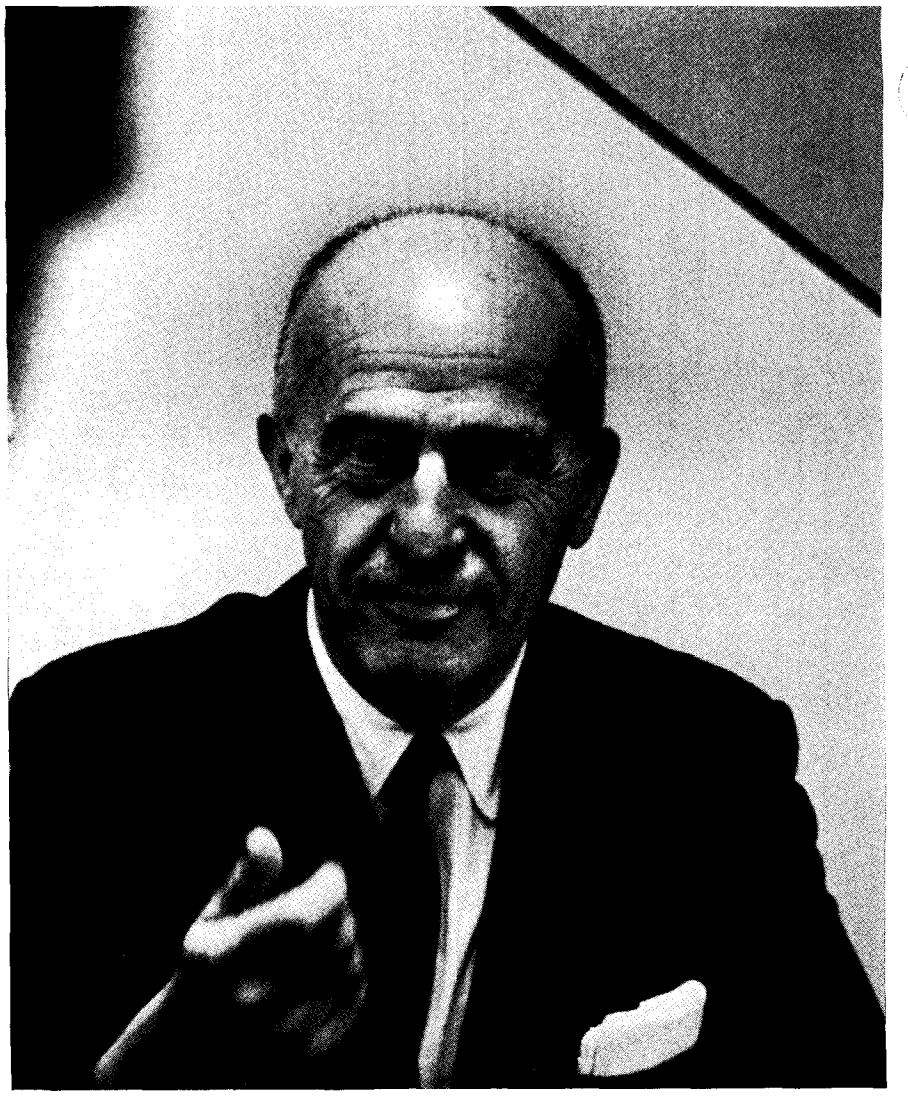
In another case at Einstein, less dramatic but more common, thermography helped a patient who had suffered a fractured femur (thighbone). After it was set, one doctor felt the patient should remain in the hospital for an additional week. But a second insisted that the fracture probably was healed and the patient should be discharged. They X-rayed the patient, but the film did not provide clear-cut evidence of whether the break was healed. Thermographed, the femur showed up cold, no longer broken. The patient was discharged earlier than he might have been if the X ray alone had been available. Thus, the thermograph has important implications for the utilization of hospital beds, cost of illness and the quality of medical care.

Then, of course, there are the patients who just keep returning to the hospital complaining of pain, but no clue can be found as to what ails them. Often these patients are disregarded as hypochondriacs ("Crocks" to some doctors and nurses). One such patient at Einstein had complained for months of a back pain, but the X ray failed to indicate any cause. His thermograph, however, revealed a hot spot in his lower back. More detailed X-ray studies indicated a slipped disc, and surgical repair was made. Since this first case many slipped discs have been diagnosed by thermograph.

Certainly thermography isn't perfect. No diagnostic tool is. And doctors recognize its limitations. Because the human lung is really an air sac, and air is not a good conductor of infrared, thermography may never be a sure method of diagnosing lung cancer, for example. There is some question, too, about whether thermographs will provide accurate information on extremely fat people. Fat tends to distort infrared waves, although Einstein doctors have obtained good thermographs of what is happening below four solid inches of fat tissue.

How far can thermography go in helping the sick? Further than anyone now suspects, according to medical experts. They foresee a glowing future for Doctor Barnes's wonderful eye.

Because thermography can detect and delineate blood-vessel blocks, it will be used ultimately to evaluate treatment in known cardiac cases. Thermograms will



Dr. Jacob Gershon-Cohen: "I'm as excited as if I were in on the early days of X ray."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EAR, ACCUSED HYPOCHONDRIACS.

into the coronary vessels to determine reatment, drug, diet or surgery is ...tually doing the patient any good. This, in turn, will tell the doctor whether he must speed or slow the therapy or alter it somehow in order to keep the patient going. The same holds true for brain tumors and blood clots in the brain, which now often prove to be fatal.

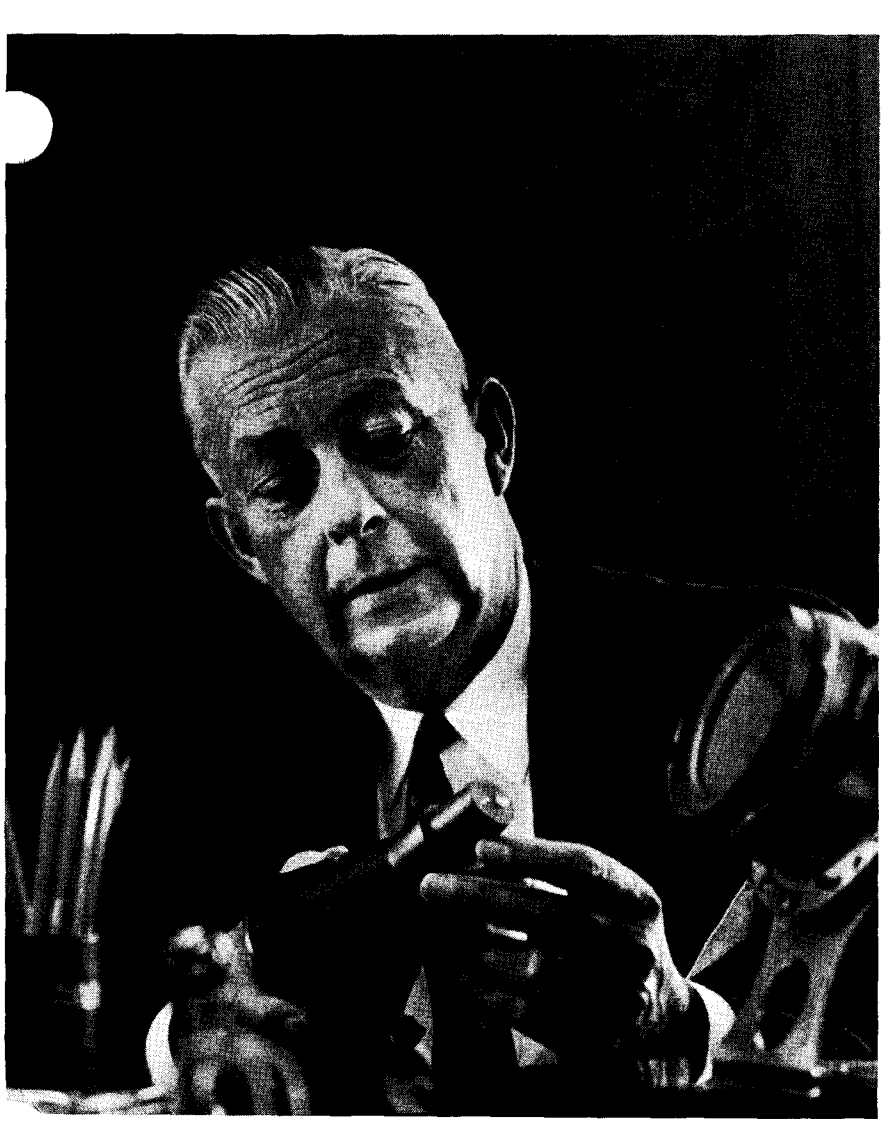
In less serious disorders thermography will be of great service. Because it shows inflammation at its very earliest stages, it can identify everything from peridontal disease (pyorrhea) to inflammatory eye, ear and stomach disorders, including acute appendicitis. In one 12-year-old patient thermography picked up a "hot appendix" seven hours before it showed up on blood tests.

Spots "hot" appendix

In one recent case, for example, a twelve-year-old boy complained one morning of abdominal pain. Although the family doctor suspected appendicitis, he found no signs of this when he tested the abdomen. Nevertheless he sent the boy to the Einstein Medical Center at noon for a thermogram and a blood test. The white blood count was normal. But the thermogram showed a "hot appendix," which got worse during the afternoon. By 6:30 p.m. the patient had a slight fever and his white blood count had risen. Convinced by all this evidence, the doctors operated and removed an acutely inflamed appendix. In this instance the "fever camera" had diagnosed the trouble several hours before the usual signs and tests had yielded any useful information.

"Thermography will become a most important device to screen for disease," says Doctor Gershon-Cohen. "I can visualize the day when instead of oral or rectal temperature appearing on the first page of every hospital patient's chart, a full-body thermographic record will appear. I wouldn't be surprised if someday there were thermography mobile units rolling up and down our streets just as there are today for X-ray detection of tuberculosis. Sure there are medical people who are cautious about thermography. But there were doubters, too, when X ray was first introduced 65 years ago."

In a sense the thermograph is a full-body thermometer. The ordinary thermometer was first conceived by Galileo in 1595, but it did not acquire its present form until late in the 19th century. "We still use that instrument which is about one hundred years old," declares Doctor Gershon-Cohen. "This at a time when space-age sensing instruments can tell you the temperature with incredible accuracy thousands of miles away. Isn't it foolish?" THE END



...mograph inventor, Dr. R. Bowling Barnes, holds over 40 patents in infrared field.

ASK...

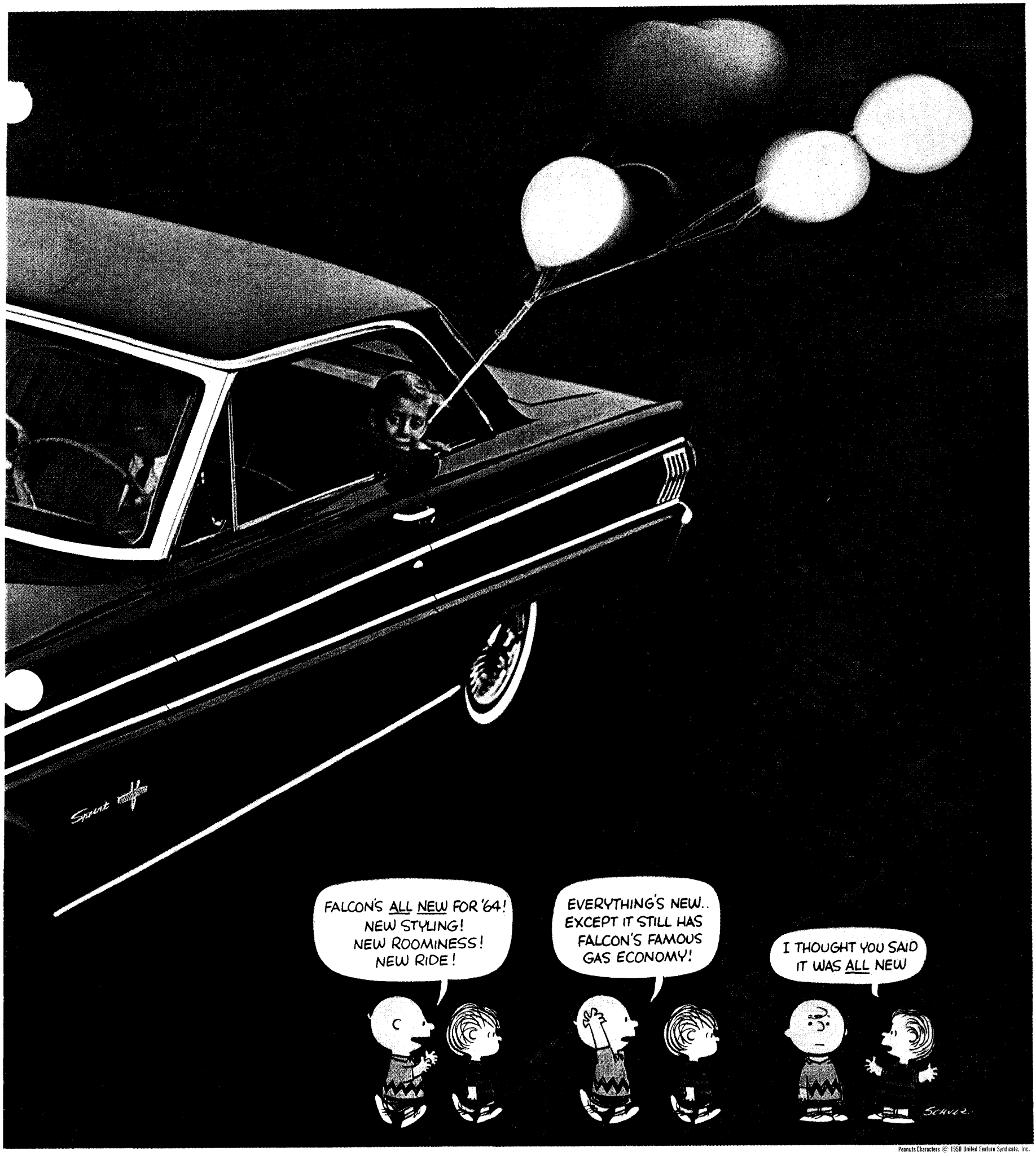
DON'T LOOK FOR PENNZOIL!

Strange but true! To get Pennzoil, you don't have to look for it. All you have to do is ask for it...everywhere...even where it's not on display! For example, your favorite gasoline stations may display only their own brand of oil; but they also have Pennzoil —to serve all their customers who ask for it. *And more people ask for Pennzoil than for any other brand!* Ask for it yourself. The car you drive today is better-made. It needs Pennzoil. This remarkable, pure Pennsylvania oil is the toughest, longest-lasting oil you can buy. And it contains Z-7, too...so it needs no other additive! Remember: the way to get Pennzoil is to *ASK* for it...at new car dealers, garages and service stations everywhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the 1964 Falcon–we've kept the economy that made Falcon famous–added new style, new comfor' and the plushest ride ever built into a compact car.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Sprint
FALCON'S ALL NEW FOR '64! NEW STYLING! NEW ROOMINESS! NEW RIDE!
EVERYTHING'S NEW.. EXCEPT IT STILL HAS FALCON'S FAMOUS GAS ECONOMY!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS ALL NEW
SCHULZ

Peanuts Characters © 1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

We kept the six that still holds the all-time Mobilgas Economy Run Record for sixes or eights because we couldn't figure out a way to beat it.

We changed everything else. The new styling is no explanation — it speaks for itself. The comfort comes from new interior design; we've repositioned front seats, steering wheel and controls for greater convenience and a roomier feeling. The smoothness of Falcon's new ride is something you have to experience to understand; it's due to improved suspensions and wider rear tread.

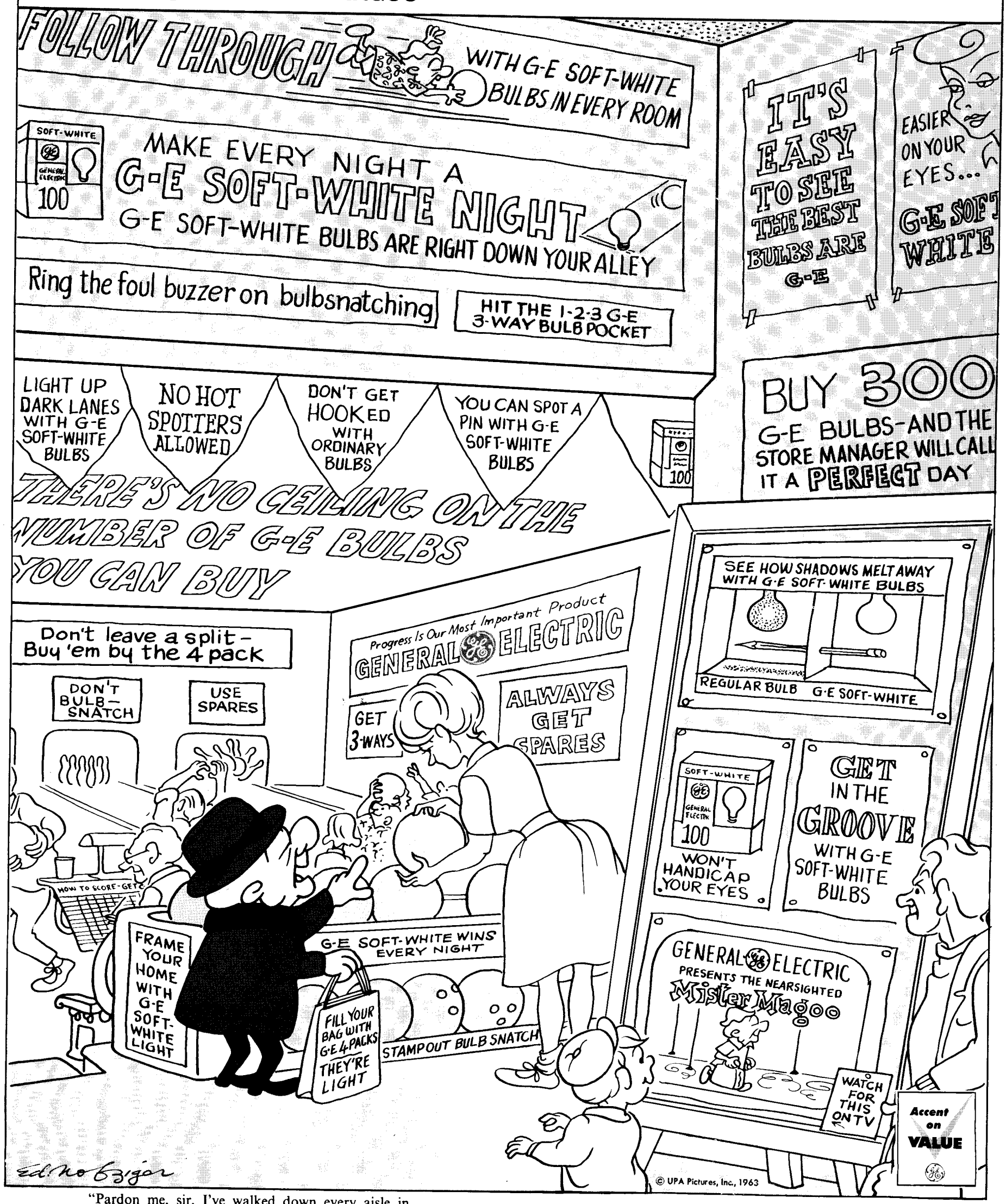
There's a new, wider choice of features in the Falcon line this year—including a V-8 that won its reputation for toughness in rugged competition on the international rally circuit. Price? Still pure Falcon. How about *that,* Charlie Brown?

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


FOLLOW THROUGH
WITH G-E SOFT-WHITE BULBS IN EVERY ROOM
SOFT-WHITE
GENERAL ELECTRIC
100
MAKE EVERY NIGHT A
G-E SOFT-WHITE NIGHT
G-E SOFT-WHITE BULBS ARE RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY
Ring the foul buzzer on bulbsnatching
HIT THE 1-2-3 G-E 3-WAY BULB POCKET
IT'S EASY TO SEE THE BEST BULBS ARE G-E
EASIER ON YOUR EYES...
G-E SOFT WHITE
LIGHT UP DARK LANES WITH G-E SOFT-WHITE BULBS
NO HOT SPOTTERS ALLOWED
DON'T GET HOOKED WITH ORDINARY BULBS
YOU CAN SPOT A PIN WITH G-E SOFT-WHITE BULBS
BUY 300
G-E BULBS-AND THE STORE MANAGER WILL CALL IT A PERFECT DAY
THERE'S NO CEILING ON THE NUMBER OF G-E BULBS YOU CAN BUY
SEE HOW SHADOWS MELT AWAY WITH G-E SOFT-WHITE BULBS
REGULAR BULB
G-E SOFT-WHITE
Don't leave a split - Buy 'em by the 4 pack
Progress Is Our Most Important Product
GENERAL ELECTRIC
DON'T BULB-SNATCH
USE SPARES
GET 3-WAYS
ALWAYS GET SPARES
SOFT-WHITE
GENERAL ELECTRIC
100
WON'T HANDICAP YOUR EYES
GET IN THE GROOVE WITH G-E SOFT-WHITE BULBS
HOW TO SCORE-GET'S
FRAME YOUR HOME WITH G-E SOFT-WHITE LIGHT
G-E SOFT-WHITE WINS EVERY NIGHT
FILL YOUR BAG WITH G-E 4 PACKS THEY'RE LIGHT
STAMPOUT BULB SNATCH
GENERAL ELECTRIC
PRESENTS THE NEARSIGHTED
Mister Magoo
WATCH FOR THIS ON TV
Accent on VALUE
Ed. Nofziger
© UPA Pictures, Inc., 1963

"Pardon me, sir, I've walked down every aisle in this store looking for General Electric Soft-White bulbs, but I always wind up at the melon counter."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S OCCURRENCE BOOK

V. S. Naipaul

V. S. Naipaul, a 31-year-old Hindu, was born in Trinidad and writes often of that locale. He currently lives in London, where he is earning a growing reputation as a critic. Three of his novels have appeared in the United States. The most recent, "A House for Mr. Biswas," was hailed by New Yorker critic Whitney Balliett as an "exceptional ironic work." A new novel, "Mr. Stone and the Knights' Companion," will be published by Macmillan early next year. Mr. Naipaul has already won two major English literary prizes, the John Llewelyn Rhys Memorial Prize and the Somerset Maugham Award.

MIDNIGHT TURNING GRAY

Peter Matthiessen

Born in 1927 and educated at Yale and at the Sorbonne, Peter Matthiessen has done everything from operating a charter fishing boat to exploring the rain forests of Peru. He has won wide recognition as a novelist and naturalist, and as a founding editor of The Paris Review. In a review of his third and most recent novel, "Raditzer," Katherine Gauss Jackson wrote: "A remarkable tour de force . . . whose sustained tension compels the reader into its world right up to the end." He is also the author of three nonfiction works: "Wildlife in America," "The Cloud Forest" and "Under the Mountain Wall."

SUCKER

Carson McCullers

With her first novel, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Carson McCullers was recognized at 22 as a major writer. In subsequent novels—"Reflections in a Golden Eye," "The Member of the Wedding" (the theater version won a New York Drama Critics' Circle Award), "The Ballad of the Sad Café" and "Clock Without Hands"—she has continued to enrich readers with her humor, compassion, irony and power. "She is a master of peculiar perception and an incomparable storyteller," says V. S. Pritchett. Edward Albee's dramatization of "The Ballad of the Sad Café" opens on Broadway this fall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Midnight turning gray

"I'll try

By Peter Matthiessen

Once, approaching the hospital by the side road through the woods, Anne Cabot was sure she would round the last bend to find it gone—not gone, precisely, but sunk back into that coarse New England hillside like a great crushed anthill, its denizens so many mad black dots darting in and out and over the dead earth. Earlier she had imagined that the season here was always autumn, and she struggled still with an idea that the inmates of Lime Rock would not only never return to the world but that in some essential way they did not exist at all.

But Lime Rock State Mental Hospital had surged out from behind the corner of the wood, awaiting her, and her heart had quickened. If the sun shines here, she had thought irrationally, it must shine everywhere.

She was always relieved to see the buildings. There were usually figures on the woods road, figures whose status or intent was never certain. Patients, a nurse had once warned her, tried now and then to get away. In all the strange faces on the grounds Anne perceived a certain secretive, sly sickness, and was glad each morning for the protection of the buildings. There the ill were organized and aboveboard and, like livestock, could be dealt with by authority.

The buildings, eleven in all, maintained a firm identity, though their shapes and functions were quite separate. The wings of each extended toward the recesses of others in a pattern like that of a puzzle pulled apart, and unless one knew one's way—as Anne, after three weeks, was certain she did not—the puzzle seemed confusing and malevolent. The roofs of the buildings were slate and steep, overhanging dark, grilled porches that were set like caves into the end walls, and the windows, hollow-eyed and barred, crouched back in brick of a reddish earthen color, a color that pervaded even the lifeless ground.

For though the Lime Rock hospital had stood for thirty years, it had not been absorbed by the countryside. Rather than creep forward to camouflage the hospital, the growth on this New England hill had shrunk away, leaving it more and more exposed. The grass was thin, and the earth maintained its excavated look. It had a violent iron smell, like blood.

This morning the smell was muted by the new November cold. Anne left her car in the yard behind the Administration Building and took a last deep breath before entering the basement by the fire door. In the converted boiler room Doctor Robel and Miss McKittredge and Harry Marvin were having coffee. Doctor Robel was putting down his cup as Anne entered; he said good morning to her before he left. Every day Doctor Robel, a queer, soft little man with a Phi Beta Kappa key, moved a little more quickly, more intensely, toward the wards, which he called "the Augean stables." The term was facetious, but Doctor Robel was not a facetious man. He used it only because he did not want people to tell him—as Miss McKittredge, or "Mac," as she was called, had told him long ago—that, for his own sake, he ought to recognize the element of hopelessness in his task.

"He's going to die here, is old Doc Robel, and he may be a patient by the time he does," Harry Marvin said.

Harry was twenty-eight, with a long cropped head and a manner not Harvard, as he imagined, but only rather effeminate. He had been a pharmacist's mate during the war, and on this slim medical background based his opinion that Anne, six years his junior, had neither the experience nor the temperament to work here.

"Mental hospitals," Mac remarked, "must settle for what they can get." She implied no criticism of Doctor Robel, but was simply stating, for the first time that day, her favorite fact. Mac was a social worker and, unlike Robel, less concerned with the patients than with their treatment at the hands of the state. "Who do we have here?" she demanded. "We have the Robels, who are too starry-eyed to see that two thirds of what their salaries should be go for mushrooms on politicians' steaks. We have the Harry Marvins, whose medical training doesn't qualify them for a job in an Old Dogs' Home. And we fill in with little student nurses and nice kids like Anne, who are overworked for nothing!"

"Well, they have *you* anyway, Mac," Anne said.

"That's true," Mac said, and grinned obligingly. Between her fingers the ever-present cigarette, goaded by a mannish thumb, flicked up and down like the tail of a nervous bird.

"I've got to get over to the Monkey House," Harry Marvin said.

Harry worked in the Children's Wards and, like Doctor Robel, had given the site of his tasks a name. Anne had once thought the term referred to the clamor of the children, that it bore a "cute-as-monkeys" context. But on her first visit, her senses explained it far more harshly.

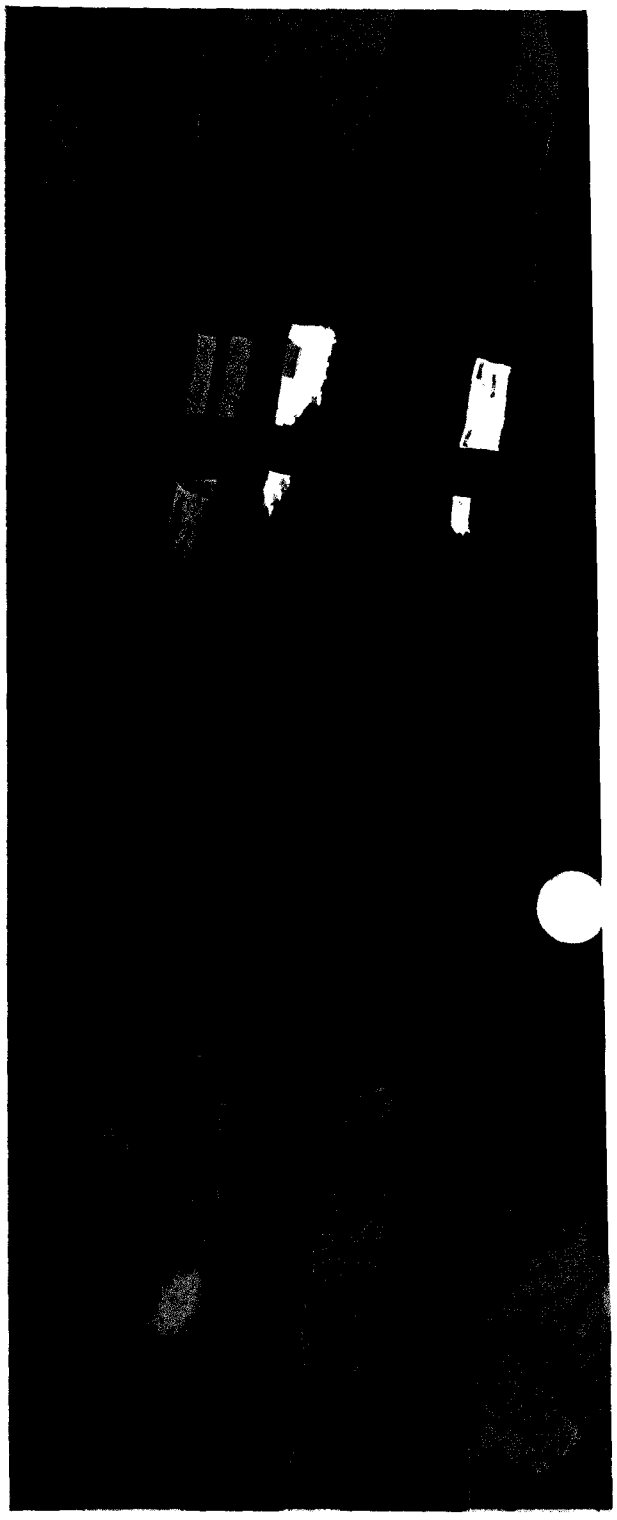
Mac's wry, wrinkled face had winced at Harry's remark, but she had said nothing. She was a practical woman, and clearly she knew that Harry Marvin, however flippant, did his work and did it very well. Nevertheless, Mac seemed to sense a danger that Anne, too, had recognized already—that if, even for one moment, they were to acknowledge the degradation of their charges, to regard them openly as unworthy of respect and love, to regard them as subhuman; if only once, in short, they were to succumb to uneasy laughter, then all pretense would disappear, and the hospital would be no longer a hospital but a prison.

Harry Marvin knew it too. Glancing at them, discomfited, he frowned. "Well, I'm off," he said. "Are you going now, Anne?"

"She hasn't had her coffee," Mac rebuked him.

"No, I don't need it, Mac." Anne's tone of breathless apology, abetted by a startled, mournful look, was characteristic of her. Inviting protection, it drew people to her, yet she felt often that she spoke too loudly, even bumptiously, and she was conscious of a certain coarseness in her gait more appropriate, as her mother had told her pointedly, to a tall boy of thirteen. She was pretty in an impermanent way, but she had not yet learned to show herself to best advantage.

Or so Harry Marvin had said, the very first time she spoke with him alone. Lonely, she had



sought him out because he was her generation and might supply a gaiety and friendship particularly essential to her here. But Harry had no time for frivolity. His was the clinical approach; during their second talk he made a number of observations on her sexual patterns—or rather, the absence of them. Looking like a doctor in his white coat, his fingertips together, he had lured her into an admission of inexperience. As a cure he prescribed his own caress, and when she refused it, without quite meaning to, he accuse her of being neurotic. His astonishment suggeste that any girl resisting him might well end her

Illustrated by Merle Shore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elp you," she told him. They were

a mistake, those words. A very bad mistake.

It was almost midnight when she arrived. Even from the road she could hear the inmates rioting.

days as a Lime Rock patient. He went on to discuss her appetites—sublimated, he assured her, because as an only child she had needed to dominate her widowed mother. Anne sought for the missing link in this diagnosis, which seemed not only a *non sequitur* but inaccurate as well. Her mother, poor but proud, had never been dominated by anybody. However, embarrassed by Harry's use of the word "appetites," and too insecure to spy insecurity in another, she had ıly nodded meekly in agreement.

In silence Anne and Harry walked now up the stairs, out the front door and along the driveway. The driveway continued down to the front gate, hidden among the elm trees near the highway. To draw less attention to the hospital's unwelcome presence in the township, the staff and visitors were encouraged to use the back road through the woods. The precaution seemed foolish, as the buildings were a landmark for miles around. But the approaches were obscure. There were few signs, and the hospital, as one came nearer, sank out of sight into the woods.

They paused before the door of Anne's Occupational Therapy Unit, which formed part of the ground floor of one of the buildings.

"I suppose Mac took offense at my reference to the Monkey House," Harry said.

"Oh, I don't think so. She knows you were only joking."

"Listen, if you don't want to get like Robel, you have to relax once in a while, that's all. And the Monkey House is the most depressing ward in the place. I mean, you always *hope* in there, and you're always disappointed. Yet so many of those kids are basically sound, or would be if only ——"

"I know!" Anne said. "Have you met Ernest Hamlin?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIDNIGHT TURNING GRAY

Harry, interrupted, shook his head in irritation. "Who's Ernest?"

"Oh, he's a patient. He comes to O.T. now." Anne spoke faster. "But, I mean, he's basically sound. I've talked to him. He says ——"

"Maybe they all are," Harry said, and turned his back to her.

"Ernest Hamlin really is, though," Anne said. She watched Harry go, then went through the outside door. The inner door required a key, and she hunted for it in her purse. As usual, she was nervous, and today, further upset by Harry Marvin, she dropped the key.

On her first visit to the Occupational Therapy Unit—and surely this unit was the mildest in all of Lime Rock, since only patients in control of themselves were permitted here—she had felt a revulsion that produced vertigo and nausea. She had had to sit, perspiring and cold. It had frightened her, that revulsion, because it was so baseless. There was nothing fearsome about the patients in O.T. Perhaps if they hadn't gazed at her in that wide-eyed way, perhaps if the ward hadn't smelled of children, of crude clay bowls, of varnish, paint, balsa wood and cardboard games, of apples, and faint urine. . . .

She was grateful for Ernest Hamlin.

He had appeared the evening before, at the weekly square dance—for Anne the most upsetting occasion of the week. It unearthed a forlorn gaiety in the patients, grotesque in its laughter without merriment, in the heavy, aimless prancing, in the pairing off of illness and of age. Here a wan old woman clutched a manic, dreaming Negro; there a smiling student nurse propped up a bashful moron; beyond, all by herself, a lank-haired catatonic in a knee-length 'Twenties frock performed stumbling pirouettes. Along the walls the others watched, despairing, giggling, excited by the din, some clapping vaguely, out of time with the piano.

"Don't you want to dance?" Anne called out to Ernest Hamlin.

"No, thank you, miss." Hamlin, a big, fair, boyish man stood poised for escape by the door to the room where shuffleboard was played. For a moment Anne had imagined him a visitor.

"I haven't seen you here before," she ventured.

He smiled then. "Oh, I'm a patient all right, miss."

"I see," she said, and flushed. "My name's Anne Cabot."

"Ernest Hamlin." He enclosed her outstretched hand in his. "I come down to do something with my hands"—he held them out and gazed at them—"so's I wouldn't go nuts."

He smiled again at her involuntary start, then sat down carefully on the edge of a folding chair.

She seated herself beside him.

"I ain't really nuts, you see, Miss Cabot, not yet anyways." He glanced pointedly at the dancers. "I guess these poor dopes claim that quite a lot."

"Nobody here is really 'nuts,' Mr. Hamlin," she blurted dutifully. "They only ——"

"You know what I mean, Miss Cabot," he told her. "Men-tally ill. I ain't really mentally ill, not yet." Again he observed the dancers, wincing. "I'll make the grade, though, one of these fine days."

"You mustn't feel sorry for yourself," Anne said. "You mustn't ——"

"No?" Ernest Hamlin said. His heavy face turned to her. It was an intelligent face, rueful, perceptive, alight with quiet humor, quite different from the other faces in the room. He was not yet dead in the way that people died here, their hair first, then their mouths and eyes, everything but their hands. At Lime Rock, hands—like infants' hands, or those of the old man frozen in his chair beside them—clung to life.

"No, maybe I shouldn't," Ernest said and changed the subject. "Do most of these folks know why they're here?"

"The ones aware of anything do. They don't believe it, most of them." She waited for him.

"Oh, I *believe* it, all right," he told her quickly. "There ain't no doubt about what *I* got. I got a piece of shrapnel sitting too close to my brain to operate, see? They can't operate. And every once in a while this shrapnel sort of acts up, like, and drives me nuts with pain—mentally ill with pain," he corrected himself. "I get so's I don't know what I'm doing even, see, and I'm destructive. I'm supposed to be dangerous, Miss Cabot, because I don't know what's going on. So this Vets' hospital, they give up on that piece of shrapnel after a while, they classify me a mental case. They got no provisions for guys like me, so they send me here. I didn't even get no chance to go on home and see my folks, or the boys in my machine shop, or nothing. And I got a mother waiting home, and sisters, and this fiancée—only she ain't waiting no more." He gazed at his hands again, big, useful hands resting idle on his knees. "I got a part interest in this machine shop at home. I'm a machinist. A damned good one, too, please pardon my language," he muttered angrily. "I worked for them there at the Vets' hospital sometimes, and the guy running the shop, the super, he said he never seen better work, that's a fact." He shook his head. "Which is why I come down here this afternoon. I thought maybe you had some tools and stuff, a lathe maybe, but there ain't nothing here but shuffleboard, and knitting needles and games for kids."

She nodded, mute.

"But anyway, they sent me up here, and I ain't really mentally ill. My fiancée wrote me a letter already. She said it would be better to make a clean break. She said it hurt her worse'n it did me." Ernest Hamlin almost smiled. "But I'm just a young guy, I got a long life ahead of me, and guess where it looks like I'm going to spend it ——" He stopped short, as if shocked anew by the realization. "God," he whispered, "I can't believe it."

Gently he set back upon her feet a fat, loose-lipped girl in baggy dungarees who had square-danced into him and fallen. The girl put her hands on her hips and swaggered with gross coyness away from him. Her dancing partner was a scraggy female who carried her head shot forward like a turkey and seemed on the point of tears.

"So I feel sorry for myself, Miss Cabot," Ernest Hamlin concluded.

Anne nodded again, overcome.

He cocked his head, alert to her emotion. "I don't want to trouble you, Miss Cabot. I figure you heard a lot of stories like mine. I mean, I guess you were just being nice listening to all that stuff, doing your job, sort of. A lot of the staff around here are pretty tough," he added.

"They have to be tough," Anne said. "That doesn't mean they're not nice."

"Yeah, I guess that's right. Like this guy they got in charge of the Disturbed Ward. They put me in there at first, with all them foul balls. Maybe you ain't never seen that ward. They got about fifteen nuts in there, the dangerous ones, except they ain't dangerous all the time, most of them. He's got some beauties in there, this guy. The first day he takes me by the arm, like a priest or something, and he says, 'C'mon, Ernest, I want you to meet the boys.' The boys are sitting around a table shelling peas; all but one. 'That's Phil,' the guy says. 'Phil's a nice fellow, but he bites. You let Phil get his teeth into you, and you're in trouble. He has to be pried off. So you'd better keep a little distance when you talk to Phil.' This Phil is sitting in the corner making a lot of racket, moaning and grunting and all. I didn't feel much like talking to him, then or later, but I did give it a whirl one day. Some conversation! I don't think he *could* talk, if you want to know the truth, Miss Cabot. He was in pretty bad shape. I mean, he *looked* bad, like a loony in the movies or something, like the way I thought they *all* looked here before I came.

"Anyway, this superintendent, or whatever you call him, he chats with Phil all the time. You'd think they was buddies from way back. And he talks to them other birds the same way. They don't look as bad as Phil, they can mostly talk and all, but they give me the creeps anyhow. When I was introduced, I said, 'Hi, boys.' Not a peep out of one of them. They all just watch me, sitting at the table with those peas. The super acts like everything is hunky-dory. 'Pull up a chair,' he says to me, 'and get acquainted.' Then one of these guys picks up a pea and rolls it across the table at me. I catch it going over the edge. 'Thanks a lot, Bill,' I says—I caught his name, see—and I eat the damn pea. This Bill flashes me a kind of smile. Then another guy starts hollering that I'm eating up all his peas. He wants to know why he's shelling in the first place, he pays his taxes, don't he? he ain't no lousy kitchen help. So this Bill gives me a big wink and knocks the other guy's bowl of peas into his lap and all over the floor. Just like that. And winks again. He *likes* me, see. And this other guy—I expected all hell to break loose, but it didn't—this other guy, he gets down on his knees and picks up all the peas one by one, and comes up grinning. Not really grinning, but watching this Bill in kind of a crafty way, like, and humming and nodding his head, and you could tell he was going to fix Bill for keeps later on, he had it all figured out. Only he never did. And then—listen, do you want to hear about all this, Miss Cabot, or do you want me to shut up?"

"No, please go on, Mr. Hamlin. I've never been in that ward. It's interesting."

"Yeah, it is." Ernest nodded. "But I appreciate you listening. I ain't had much chance to talk to nobody I could talk to. I talked some to the super in that ward, though. What a guy! He talked to me like I was the only one in there who could understand. But that's the way he talked to all of them, even Phil. I don't know what he said to the others about me. He probably said, 'Watch out for that Ernest. Boys, he's mentally ill; he'd break your back as quick as look at you.'"

Ernest burst out laughing, and the sound rose high and loud above the clamor of feet and music and broken voices. Anne stared at him, dismayed. He was laughing so violently that, in the animal closeness of the room, he had to loosen his collar. But now he coughed and stopped, as suddenly as he had begun. "No," he murmured, "I ain't the kind to hurt nobody if I can help it, you know what I mean, Miss Cabot? Even in Korea, I didn't like it." He sat for a moment in silence, then got to his feet. "Good-bye," he said, and went through the door of the shuffleboard room before she could think to call him back.

When Ernest Hamlin appeared again that afternoon, Anne felt unaccountably relieved. He wore a tie this time, of a cheap, dark-green material that bulged and twisted the collar of his denim shirt. Though the tie was in her honor, he would not approach until she was unoccupied. Then he came immediately and said, "I been thinking about what you told me last night about how I shouldn't feel sorry for myself ——" She wanted to say, "Oh, I didn't mean it; I was talking foolishly; you have every right."

"—and that's true, what you said, but I still do." He was clearly ashamed, but continued doggedly. "Why I feel sorry is, I'm so damned useless. I can't *do* nothing, even for somebody else. I just got to sit here until I rot!"

"No, listen, Mr. Hamlin ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You know, you're right—he does look like his mother."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARLBORO

COUNTRY

There's a man's world of flavor here—the clean, brisk flavor of Marlboro's famous Richmond, Va., recipe . . . pleasantly smooth through the one and only Selectrate® Filter. You get a lot to like.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SURPRISE!

Just wait till you taste Del Monte's prune juice! It's as bright and refreshing as the juice of any other fruit. That's because Del Monte® Prune Juice is light instead of syrupy; it's clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of cloying. And you'll find each glass of Del Monte is uniformly rich in the flavor and all the natural keep-fitness of fresh-cooked prunes.

DEL MONTE
the prune juice with fruit juice appeal

MIDNIGHT TURNING GRAY

"Aw, call me Ernie, will you, Anne!" he cried, throwing his big hands into the air in a gesture of pain. Then, sheepish, he followed her to the chairs at the side of the room.

"Maybe you can help us here, Ernie. The staff needs help; it's much too small. Look, I'm in O.T. with one nurse today, and two wards are coming in. We can't handle everybody properly. If you could ——"

"Sure, sure, I know. I talked to that super in the Disturbed Ward, before he got me transferred. I asked him if there wasn't something around for me to do, and he said no, they couldn't pay me nothing, there wasn't enough salary to go around as it was. He told me all he got was three grand a year himself. Can you beat that? For a job like that, locked up twelve months a year with those foul balls? Knowing they might jump him every time he turns his back? And that ain't why he's nice to them either. He's just *nice*, that guy, and he's got guts!" Ernie, excited in his admiration, had forgotten momentarily about himself. "If I ever get out of here, I'm going to talk to somebody about that three grand a year he gets! He ain't complaining, but he says himself he wouldn't do it only he's scared what sort of queer would replace him for that kind of money. So he keeps on doing it, year after year after lousy year!" He was pounding his fist into his palm, beside himself.

After a moment, Anne murmured, "Ernie, I wasn't thinking about a salaried job. I just thought you might be interested in helping out when you felt like it. It would keep you busy, and be a real contribution."

"Oh, sure. I mean, I'd be glad to help, Anne. I was thinking about a real job, though, maybe outside, mowing lawns or something. That way, if I got a little money I could send it on home. That way, I could kid myself I was helping to support my mother or something, you see?" He turned to her, his face pale. "Because another thing I figured out last night was that the best thing that could happen to me if I'm going to have to stay in this place"—and his tone suggested that he had yet to face this fact—"is that I go nuts. I mean, really honest-to-God mentally ill. Then maybe I won't care no more, and I'll get a big bang out of square-dancing with all my buddies."

"Ernie, please listen."

He shook his head, masochistic now, determined to have it out with himself. "It wouldn't be so hard. If people ain't nuts when they come into this place, they sure as hell must be by the time they ge out. You can't keep company like thi and not have some of it rub off." He nodded bitterly at an old woman across the room who was remarking, at the top of her voice, that staff members had no right to occupy themselves with just one patient, not when other patients, such as herself, needed pillows straightened behind their heads. "Hear that?" he said. "She knows I like to talk to you, need to talk to you just to keep from going under, and she's going to do her best to pull me down there with her and the rest of them. Well, maybe she'll make it yet."

"This isn't like you," Anne said, thinking to shame him into control of his dismay. Her concern was partly selfish, since his self-control, and the companionship it guaranteed, were essential to her as well.

"No, it isn't." Ernie glanced at her, as if to inquire how she knew. "I guess it's because you're kind of a doctor, like." He frowned. "You ain't, though, are you, Anne? You're just a kid trying to help these people. Well, you're helping me, whether you know it or not." Blushing, he stood up. "Forget it, OK, Anne? I ain't going to bother you no more."

"You haven't bothered me," she told him truthfully. "I like talking to you."

"Sure, sure." His back was to her, his hands in his pockets. "So how do you want me to help you out?" he said after a moment. "Should I break that old woman's neck?"

They laughed together, disheartened.

"Just talk to people, Ernie. Help *me* talk to people. I run out of words after while."

"I ought to be good at that. I never run out of words in my life, as I guess you found out." He dismissed her protest with a wave of his hand. "OK. What'll I talk to them about?"

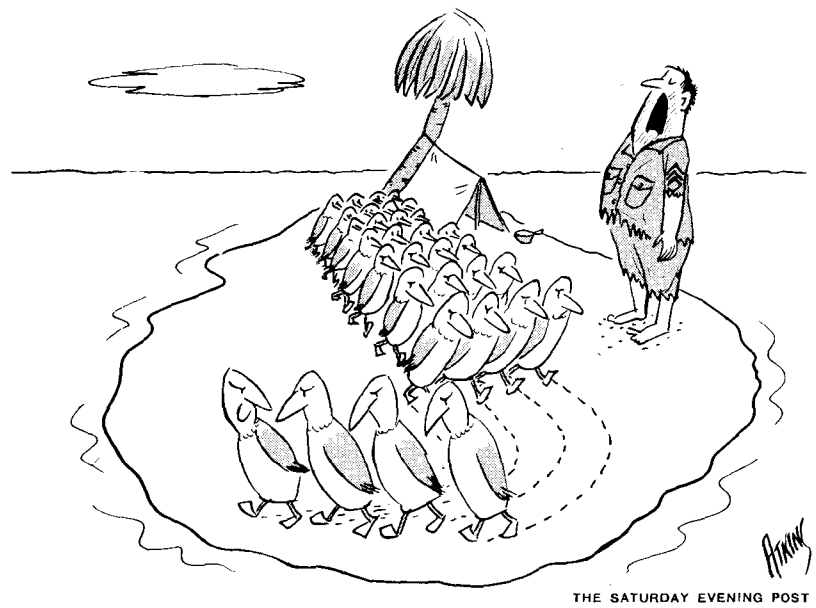
"Ernie," she said.

He looked at her, waiting.

"You mustn't feel badly about telling me everything," she began. "If I were in your shoes, they'd be dragging me around screaming."

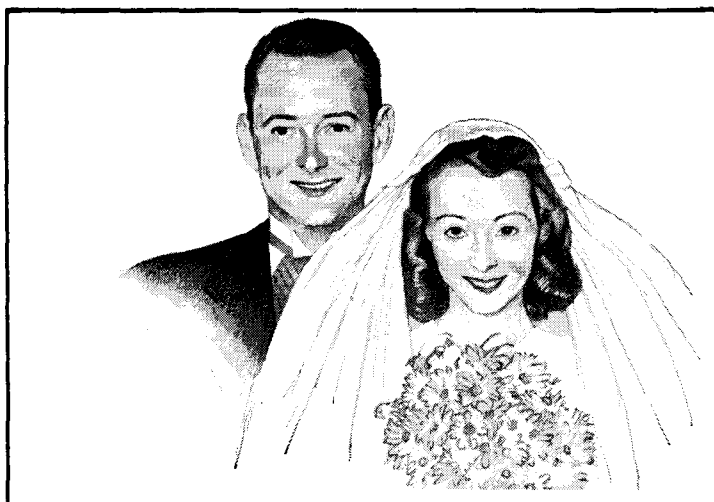
Still he waited.

"Only I guess you'll have to make the best of it. I hope you'll talk to me whenever you want." As always when she was

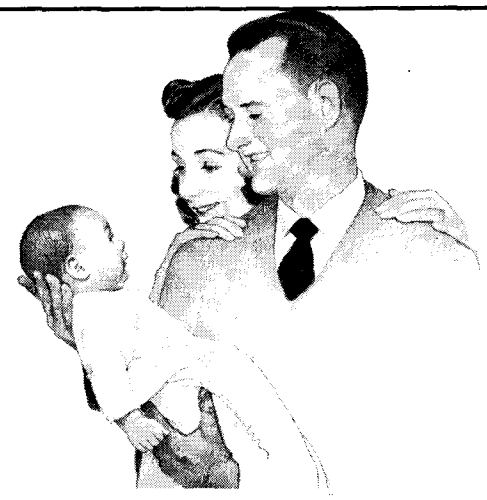


"Of all the people to get shipwrecked on our island—a drill sergeant."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



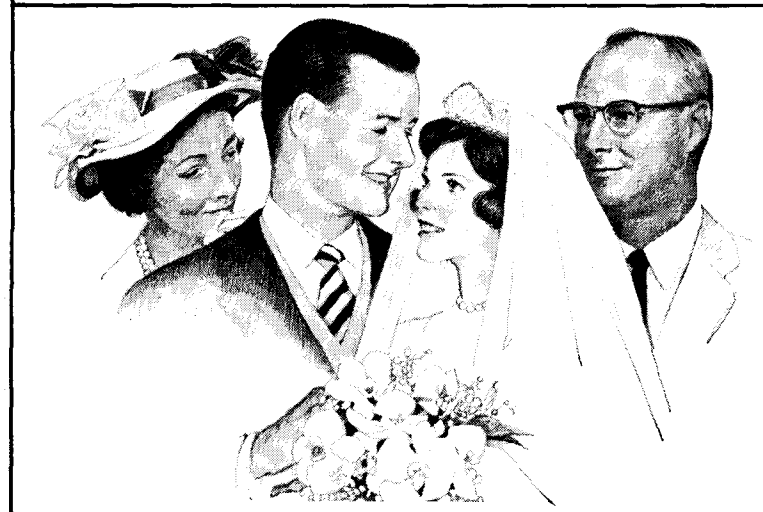
1923



1927

1943

1948



1950

1963

Is there a best year?

Some years may be very special years for you. Perhaps your honeymoon year. The year your first child was born. Or your son's graduation year. Ask your own heart.

But for you, as for this couple, they can *all* be vintage years. Bright, unburdened years.

Your Massachusetts Mutual man can help make them so. He can show you how you can stop worrying about the years ahead the day you begin a sound life insurance program.

Helping families plan their futures is the Mass Mutual man's *specialty*. Consider what his help can mean to you.

He will make a skilled evaluation of the assets you now have and tell you how much future security they can provide.

He will help you develop a realistic financial plan that will give you the confident knowledge that what you've started can be finished. The bills can be met, the mortgage paid, the youngsters can go on to college and, one day, you can retire with a guaranteed monthly income that lasts as long as you do.

And when you plan your future with a Mass Mutual man, even the fine print is your friend. Your Mass Mutual policy has many *extra* provisions without extra premiums.

The best year, then, is the year you make your family's future secure. And the sooner, the better.

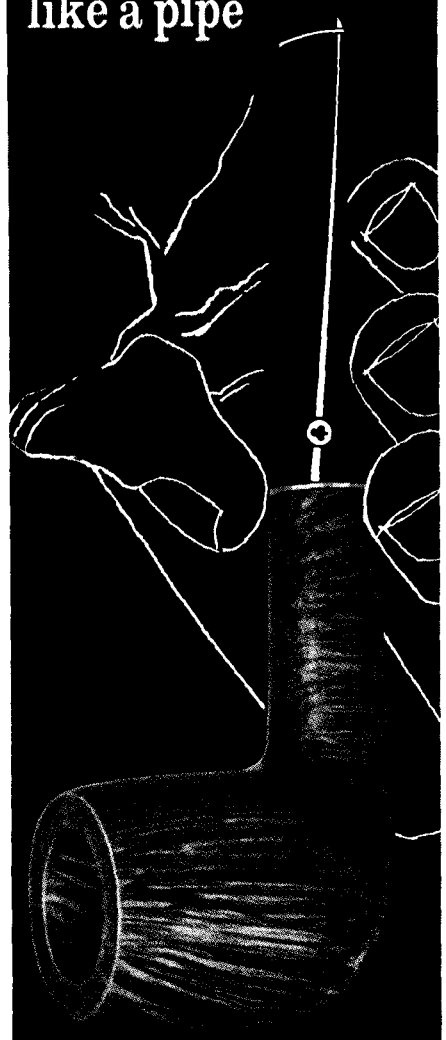
Remember, in *any* matter that affects the security of your family . . . ASK THE MAN FROM MASS MUTUAL.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS · ORGANIZED 1851

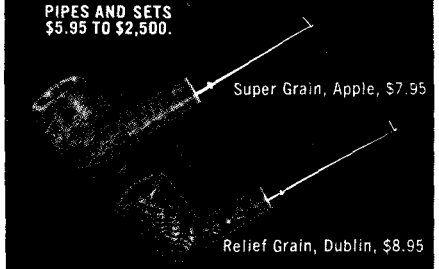
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's no smoke like a pipe



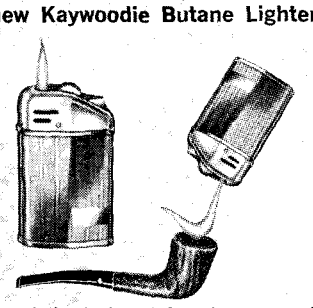
-no pipe like
KAYWOODIE

PIPES AND SETS
$5.95 TO $2,500.



Large pipe above: Straight Grain, Billiard, $100.

New Kaywoodie Butane Lighter



Specially designed for pipes as well as cigarettes. Upright for normal flame. Tilt for large soft flame that won't scorch your pipe. Only $9.95 with free miniature Butane ®Injecto-Refuel cartridge. Table model $14.95. Guaranteed for life.

KAYWOODIE

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog and sample of new imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows all shapes and styles. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Department P39.

MIDNIGHT TURNING GRAY

ill at ease, she talked faster and faster. "And I admire your courage, and I'm going to try to help you."

"Help me?"

"Yes. I don't think you belong in here. I think it's unfair." Anne regretted the impulse suddenly, afraid. "There probably isn't much I can do." She backed down before his gaze, which hardened, then softened again.

"There's nothing you can do about it, Anne. Thanks, anyway," he said gently, pretending she had not raised his hopes. He turned away again. "See you later."

Across the room, the old woman who had objected to the attention Anne was giving him observed his approach with suspicion. She drew her heels up on a rung of her chair and clutched at her skirt, as if there were water on the floor.

Anne went to Harry Marvin for advice.

"You've been too protected," he said. "You have no real knowledge of life, I mean. Why did you volunteer to work at Lime Rock? Why are you suddenly so concerned about Hamlin? Because you are interested medically in the patients? Or sociologically, even? Because you really want to help them? No. You came because your college education in the fine arts is worthless in any job that wouldn't bore you, and because you don't need a salary, and because a young girl ought to 'do something' while she waits to get married. People like you contribute nothing to society and therefore need a cause. That's why you want to help him, Anne. You need a cause."

Satisfied with his diagnosis, he walked away, as if her inquiry about Ernest Hamlin had not been of the slightest consequence. She wanted to run after him and boot him in the behind, having perceived that he had resented her interruption of his speech that morning and was sulking. Yet she was more hurt than angry. Perhaps, in his cruelty, he had been right. But was it so wrong, she thought, to want a cause? Or had he meant that her cause was selfish, false?

Unlike Mac and Robel and the others—yes, even Harry Marvin—she could not quite accept the patients as sick human beings. Before her talks with Ernest Hamlin, they had been unreal to her, and her pity—which, until Harry intruded, she believed had led her to volunteer—had remained intellectual. She had had constantly to persuade herself that these people were not prisoners committed for the crime of lunacy. Weren't there bars on all the windows? Even the patients permitted out-of-doors were supervised and could not leave the grounds; they wandered about the hillside like chickens, picking at things. Or they sat immobile on the benches, hands clenched, staring.

Her co-workers astonished her. She had read somewhere once, long ago, that the staff members of mental hospitals were scarcely more rational than the inmates, that they were largely sadists, perverts, misfits of all kinds. And in a way this nonsensical idea struck her as more plausible than the selflessness she had come upon at Lime Rock. Yes, they were an ill-assorted lot, eccentric even, some of them, but weren't the saints eccentric? It required a sort of saint, she thought, to work in a place like this for next to nothing, to rise above revulsion and sometimes fear, to love these mismade, broken creatures.

For in their separate ways, however tough or cynical or morbid, these people loved the patients. No other word described their attitude. Even the giggling student nurses, younger than Anne, were seized by the same devotion—though they were chronic sufferers from nervous strain. As Mac had once remarked, "Even the veterans here need a long weekend off now and again, but they come back." I'd never come back, Anne had thought then; if I were weak enough to quit, I'd never find strength to return.

But now, through Ernest Hamlin, she was nearing involvement in her work, and with it the dedication that sustained the others.

She sought out Doctor Robel, who glanced over Hamlin's record. "What the patient has told you is true," he began. "It's also true that he recognizes certain symptoms in advance and reports them, so that these attacks can be to a certain extent controlled. But it isn't only a matter of recurrent pain, as he believes ——"

"He's rational then, Doctor Robel? He's perfectly sane?"

"Legally, perhaps. But apart from the pain he suffers ——"

She didn't want to hear it. "Then I think you should recommend that he be released in the custody of his doctor."

Doctor Robel raised his eyebrows in alarm, as surprised as she by her new candor. "I haven't the authority, Anne. And even if I had, I wouldn't use it."

"But you've just finished saying ——"

"You won't let me finish," he said, smiling; and she sat back in her chair. "The fact remains that he has scraps of metal in the neural tissue. An operation is virtually out of the question. And that tissue may deteriorate."

"Well, until it does, I think he ought to be an outpatient. You say yourself that he reports the symptoms, and therefore isn't dangerous. So why ——"

"He reports them today. But tomorrow? He's unpredictable, you see, and therefore must be regarded as mentally ill. He might get a crucial knock on the head; his personality might change entirely. The possibilities extend from idiocy to death, Anne. We just can't tell yet what will happen."

"Does he know this?"

"Yes. I took his word for it that he wanted to know. He's a courageous man. But he can't believe it yet, poor fellow, and perhaps it's just as well."

Anne stared at him. "I can't believe it myself," she whispered. "He's so normal, so healthy. He's healthier than I am."

Doctor Robel hid from her gaze behind a shield of policy. "The hospital couldn't accept responsibility for his release." He fingered his Phi Beta Kappa key.

She said, as if in afterthought, "And isn't it a more serious responsibility *not* to take a chance and to keep a patient here unfairly?"

"Half our patients are here unfairly. You yourself must know a dozen people now at large who might replace those in your ward. Some of our eccentric old people, some of the children, some of the retarded—there'd be places for all of them in secure or unselfish homes. There's no place for Hamlin in any home."

Anne ran into Harry Marvin again outside. It was almost as if he had determined to follow and badger her. He apologized for his rudeness, however, and seemed concerned about what Doctor Robel had said.

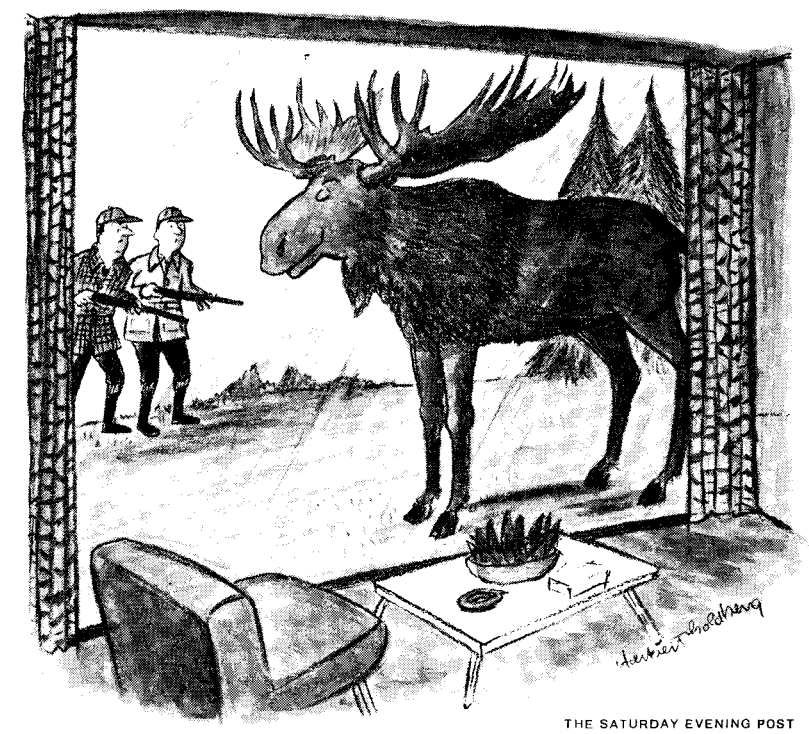
"He's right, though," Harry said. "This is a state hospital, and state appointees must place their responsibilities to the public—the voting public, that is—above the fate of this or that unimportant individual. Mental hospitals are a bum investment. They don't pay off politically, as Mac says."

"What do you mean, unimportant individual? Didn't he fight for his country? Isn't that why he's here? How can you say ——"

"You're very young, Anne, and very naïve. Nobody in Lime Rock is important, politically or otherwise, or he wouldn't be here. This Hamlin of yours is an ex-machinist. If he were an ex-alderman, or the son of an ex-alderman, or *knew* the son of an ex-alderman, or even an ex-policeman, he'd be at home. At least until he hurt somebody."

"I don't believe it!"

"I can't help that. But it's the truth. There's a kid in the Monkey House, the child of a schizo prostitute who died. He's not crazy, just frightened and confused. Who's going to speak up for him? I looked into it and got the story that the foundling homes are already overcrowded, that he might as well be left here until he's old enough to go to school. By that time he'll probably be very well qualified to stay right where he is."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAIRLANE 500—SPORTS COUPE

This is the 1964 Fairlane—its unique combination of family-size room and sports car feel will change your mind about how much car you can get at so low a price.

Check out a new Fairlane: You won't drive far before you'll want to stop—to see if you've read its modest price sticker correctly. Because inside this sensibly trim automobile lies a big surprise: real family-size room. Almost as much room, in fact, as you'd find in some of the luxury cars.

And the handling: Like a sports car. Nimble. Quick. Fun. The big, tough, optional Fairlane V-8 is so spirited it's been adapted for the Cobra sports car. And, a special version of the Fairlane engine powered the Lotus racing cars that ended the era of the traditional "Indy" cars in the last Indianapolis 500.

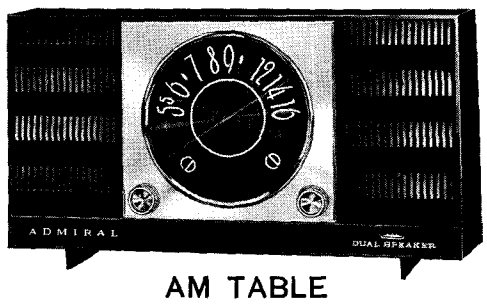
Sports-car feel . . . family-size room! Too good to be true? Hardly. Fairlane has already been proved by over a billion owner-driven miles. Test-drive a Fairlane soon. (And don't worry about that price sticker. It's not a misprint!)

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

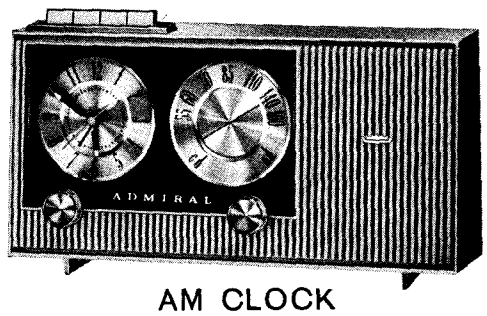
Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



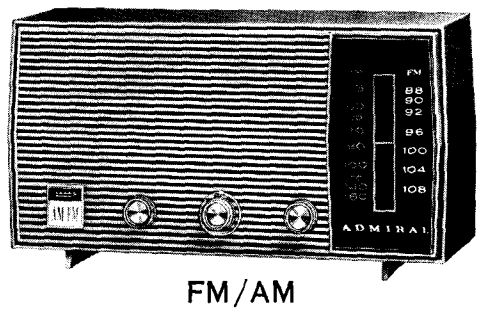
The Celebrity, Y3320 Series

AM TABLE



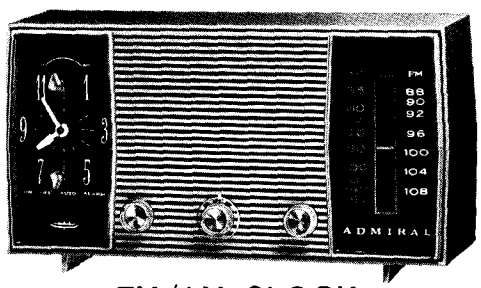
The Capri, Y3570 Series

AM CLOCK



The Shelby, Y3590 Series

FM/AM



The Dexter, Y3600 Series

FM/AM CLOCK

New, precision quality radios

Now Admiral brings you an exciting new decorator collection of radios that sound as beautiful as they look. Imagine! There are 33 Table, Clock, FM/AM, and FM/AM Clock radios with quality features like dual-speaker sound systems . . . AFC on all FM to eliminate station drift. Each is precision engineered to exacting Admiral standards of quality for unmatched performance and dependability. Each gives you smart, slim, styling. Pick your favorite color—blue, pink, beige, green, turquoise, gray, black, or white—Admiral has it! See and hear the radio you've always wanted at a budget price you'd never expect. At your quality Admiral Dealer . . . now!

ADMIRAL®

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont.

MIDNIGHT TURNING GRAY

"You just looked into it? You didn't try to do anything about it?"

"As a matter of fact, I did. But not too hard. I didn't risk losing my job over it, and that's because there are too few people like me willing to work here." He added pointedly, "Trained people, that is. I can't help here if I'm outside."

"I wish I had your self-confidence," Anne snapped, outraged.

Harry glided effortlessly over her sarcasm. "Oh, you'll have it," he said, "when you've been here a little while. And I'm glad to see you taking such an interest in a patient, by the way. Do you really care what happens to him?"

"Yes, I do. I admire him. I told him I'd try to help him, and I will."

"You *told* him that?"

"Yes."

"You've made a bad mistake."

"I know I have," Anne said, and fled before the tears came.

"Never mind Harry," Mac told her later. "He's fine with those children, but he's a little nervous about his importance here. That's why he takes it out on you. He's possessive about the place, for some reason. In fact, just between us, he's damned neurotic and no mistake."

She jammed a cigarette into her coffee cup.

"We all are, I guess. The longer you work here the more clearly you recognize the fine line between us and the patients. Sometimes there's no line at all—or rather, people cross it, back and forth, back and forth, from both sides. When you understand that, and see that mental illness is largely a matter of degree, then you can identify with the patients—and work with all your heart."

Anne nodded. "I think I know what you mean now, after talking to Ernest Hamlin."

"Perhaps," Mac said shortly. Her statement of faith had made her uncomfortable. "The other thing I wanted to say was that Harry was right—you *have* made a mistake. But we've all made mistakes here when our emotions got involved. It takes just once to learn. So forget it."

"And you think I should drop the whole thing. You can't help him either, Mac?"

"I'll give it a try," Mac said.

"I did try," she reported to Anne the next day, after she had seen the director. "Old Silvertongue said he understood the predicament of the patient, but that his own hands were tied. He said this Hamlin was committed through the Veterans' Hospital, that it might be called a Federal affair. He also said that while, of course, he was grateful for my services, I might reflect on the fact that I have no medical training and am hardly in a position to contest the decision of qualified doctors. In short, he set me straight."

Mac shrugged. "Give it up, kid. Life's too short to get angry about injustice, in this place or out of it. Robel's Augean stable is the world. I've been angry ever since I came here, fifteen years ago, and all I've got to show for it is ulcers."

Ernest Hamlin came every day to the Occupational Therapy Unit. He worked unceasingly with the other patients, who, though at first resentful of what they considered to be presumption on the part of their fellow sufferer, soon came to depend on him and were cross and quarrelsome during two days when he did not come. When he did appear Anne did not ask him where he had been, nor did she have to; his haggard face told her all she needed to know. He said only, smiling, "That was kind of a bad one," and went on to discuss grandchildren with a hazy old woman who did not realize that the very grandchildren of whom she was so proud had arranged for her to end her days at Lime Rock State Mental Hospital.

Unlike Anne, Ernest could make these people laugh. She did not quite understand how he went about it, except that he seemed to make of himself a sort of gift, a plaything. He was their friend and confessor, but he was also a scapegoat, shuffleboard victim, and the willing butt of their strange humor. The room rang with cries of "Ernie, Ernie!" as if only he, like a big, blond Peter Pan, could bring to life their makeshift games.

Anne, too, now enjoyed her work; she, too, had come to depend on Ernest Hamlin. She took such pleasure in his company that at times she forgot that he was waiting for her help. Though he never mentioned her offer or alluded to it, she sensed that his happy efforts with the patients were partly inspired by the possibility of his own deliverance—a possi-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

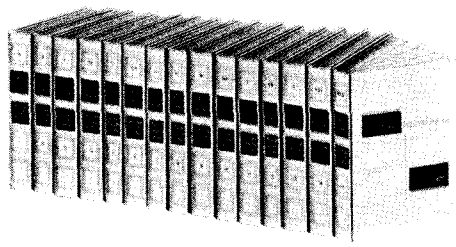
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just for California
(AND NEVADA, TOO)

CASH-FOR-COLLEGE SWEEPSTAKES

348 PRIZES IN ALL!

- **2** major 4-year scholarships
- **4** $1000 scholarships
- **10** $500 scholarships



32 sets of Compton's 15-volume Pictured Encyclopedia
(retail value of each set: $179.50)

100 Compton's Illustrated Science Dictionaries
(retail value of each: $18.95)

200 Replogle 12" World Globes in relief
(retail value of each: $9.95)

Win a 4-year college education ($6692 cash value) for your son or daughter*...16 scholarships...FREE

*or any other person of your choice. The cash value figure comes from the President's Commission on Higher Education.

Nothing to write—no puzzles or numbers involved—enter as many times as you like! Here's your chance to win prizes that would be valued by your family or any young person you know!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Use the official entry blank below, or entry blanks available at food stores, or print your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper.

2. Each entry must be accompanied either by four labels from any of these Libby's products: Corn, Peas, Pineapple, Fruit Cocktail, Peaches, Tomato Juice, Beef Stew, or by hand-drawn copies of the name "Libby's" in block letters.

3. Winners will be selected in a drawing conducted by Western Empire Direct Advertising Company, an independent judging firm whose decisions will be final. All entries become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby, and none will be acknowledged or returned.

4. This sweepstakes is open only to residents of the States of California and Nevada—and excludes all employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, its advertising agencies, and their families.

5. You may enter as many times as you wish. Mail each entry to:

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK

with four labels from any of the Libby's canned foods shown below!

LIBBY'S • P.O. BOX 41, LOS ANGELES 51, CALIFORNIA

Libby's — MOST EXPERIENCED FOOD PROCESSOR IN THE WORLD

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 30, 1963.

Enclosed are four labels from any of the following Libby products (any size can except buffet): Corn, Peas, Pineapple, Fruit Cocktail, Peaches, Tomato Juice or Beef Stew. (Or, if you prefer, enclose hand-drawn copies of the name "Libby's.")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you'd just inherited $2,474,312—where would you go?

(Where else, but to the bank!)

When your first thought is the availability and safety of your funds, make your first stop the nearest bank. The minute you put your money into a savings account it starts to earn full bank interest—*computed daily*. And whenever you want it, you *know* you'll receive the entire sum—with no red tape or disappointments. When you add up these advantages, you'll find they mean one thing: money in the *bank*.

BANK OF AMERICA

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION · MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

—first in savings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ility *she* had offered—and that he was truggling to keep from questioning her bout her progress.

And, of course, she had made no prog- she had, in fact, given up. Once, perated by her own helplessness, she ..d tried to parcel out the burden of her guilt. "What about your mother?" she had said to Ernie. "Does she come to visit you?"

He had been uncomfortable. "No," he had said. And after a moment, "The trip s kind of hard for her. She's kind of old nd she ain't got too much money, see, nd . . . Oh, I don't know, Anne, to tell ou the honest-to-God truth, I thought naybe she might make it up here once or wice, but she didn't."

"But your fiancée—wouldn't she come f you wrote to her? Or at least encourage your mother to come if she couldn't come herself."

"No, not her. She'd do just the opposite, I guess. If Ma came, she'd have to come, too, or else feel bad about staying away. She ain't mean or nothing, only a little selfish, just between you and me."

"I thought you were in love with her."

"No, I never said that. I kind of *had* to marry her, for old time's sake, because of the way we were before I went to Korea." Blushing, he added, "After knowing you, Anne, I couldn't marry her no more anyway."

She had already guessed that he thought himself in love with her; she in turn admired him, depended on him—yes, "loved" him, if that was what love was. They faced each other, breathless.

"Thanks," her voice had said, too loudly, jauntily. "You're not so bad yourself." She had inherited her mother's habit of turning beet red during moments of stress. Later she told herself that her had been selfish, that she had thus ounded her earlier crime.

"Ernie," she said another day, determined to have it out with him, "there's nothing I can do to help you. I've talked to people, and the director knows about it, even, and they all say the same thing—it has to be worked through the Veterans' Hospital."

She could not bear to look at his face until he spoke. "I know. I told you that before, Anne. I told you there ain't nothing you can do."

His voice was unnaturally calm and he was trying to smile, but some vital element was dying in his face, shifting and fading like the colors of a fish. He stood transfixed before her, unaware of a shrill voice calling from across the room, "Ernie, Ernie, come play shuffleboard! Ernie, Ernie!"

Anne began to cry, and he took her hand.

"Why am I crying?" she mumbled, enraged at herself. "I'm being so silly, Ernie. You just have to write that hospital and ask for a review of your case, that's all ——"

"That's all," Ernie said.

"—and anyhow it won't be long before they develop some safe new operating technique, so you'll be out of here in no time." She attempted a cheerful smile.

"That's right," Ernie said.

She had never seen such an expression on any face before.

Hopelessly, she plunged on. "You've got to be careful in the meantime, Ernie, bump your head! You've got to patience and courage!"

How did you know about my head?" Ernie said.

"Doctor Robel. You've got to be very careful, you've got to ——"

"Doctor Robel. He's OK, Doctor Robel," Ernie said. He sighed. "Thanks anyway for trying, Anne. I'll see you later."

"Where are you going?"

"Don't you hear them calling to me? I'm going to play shuffleboard with one of the boys."

"Ernie!"

He waited.

"Ernie, everything's going to work out fine! And afterward, you and I, maybe we can see each other—if you still want to."

She saw instantly that she had made another mistake. Instead of cheering him, she had forced him to face the facts—Doctor Robel's facts. He turned and fled.

She found a student nurse to take her place and went for a walk about the grounds, driven faster and faster until she found herself running, going nowhere, running from herself. It was well into November now, and the cold, sharp air seared her lungs.

After that day, Ernie came rarely to her ward. When he did come, he avoided her and, frightened of her own ineptitude, she did not seek him out. Yet she watched him, and he, when he imagined she was not looking, watched her. He helped less and less with the patients, and they called out to him less often, as if they now included him in their ranks. Only once she went to him, to ask him how he felt, and he said shortly, "I feel dandy." His presence in the ward inhibited her now.

She was startled, too, by an awareness of her new, assertive self, the self that had stood up to Harry Marvin, that had tried

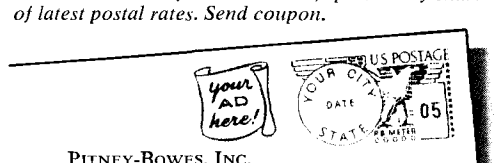
My plumber tipped me off about metered mail!... "Ollie Klumm is a good plumber—and a smart fellow too. A while back he sent me a bill that had some kind of imprint on the envelope corner, and a slogan 'Klumm for Kwality'—for crying out loud! 'Why, he's using a postage meter,' said Miss Denby. I doubt if Ollie sends out any more mail than we do. So we can thank him for wising us up on metered mail, and getting rid of stamp sticking and those pre-stamped envelopes. But I can dream up better slogans than Ollie any day!"

Made for small mailers, the little, low-cost Pitney-Bowes DM, desk model postage meter is used by more than one hundred thousand small businesses. It prints postage as you need it, right on the envelope or on gummed tape for parcel post. Always has the right stamp—you dial it. Makes mailing easy, fast. Protects your postage from loss, damage, misuse; and automatically accounts for it. And metered mail needs less time in the postoffice, can often make earlier trains and planes.

The DM costs about 30¢ a day—not much for the advantages of metered mail. Eleven other meter models, hand operated and powered. Ask the nearest of the 170 Pitney-Bowes offices for a demonstration of the meter that fits your need. Phone today.

FREE: *New booklet, "8 Questions to Ask Yourself About Your Use of the U.S. Mails," plus handy chart of latest postal rates. Send coupon.*

Pitney-Bowes
Originator of the
POSTAGE METER



PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
2853 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send free booklet and postal rate chart.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bully Doctor Robel, that had coerced poor Mac into visiting the director. The new self had given her confidence when she needed it most; she had Ernest Hamlin to thank for that. But it had also betrayed her into errors she would never before have had the courage to make, and she had Ernest to thank for that as well. His aid to her had been his own undoing.

Harry Marvin was right, she told herself. I don't belong here.

One night early in December she was awakened by the telephone. "We need everyone out here, Anne," came Harry's voice, trying not to sound excited. "We've got an emergency on our hands."

"I'll be right there," she said, but he had hung up.

She dressed and drove out to the hospital. It was almost midnight.

On the highway by the main gate a number of cars had stopped. The state police were there. One of them held up a white-gloved hand.

"Authorized personnel only, miss. Your name, please?"

"Anne Cabot. I'm a volunteer worker here. They telephoned me."

Their voices rose over a noise that resembled heavy wind. The officer consulted a list.

"No Cabot listed, miss. Authorized personnel only. You better move your car, miss, you're blocking the entrance."

"Officer, they need people up there, they telephoned me ——"

"C'mon, girlie, I told you once, no sightseers, no visitors. I got my orders. Now let's move along."

"I'm not a sightseer! I work here, I really do!" Her voice broke. She was shaking with nervousness and cold as second angry officer came forward, a then Mac drew up alongside.

"McKittredge, Miss Adelaide," Mac barked, seeing the list. "What's the matter, Anne?"

The second officer said, "Oh, hell," and waved her after Mac.

Anne drove carefully ahead, aware of milling faces, of shouting above the din that rose out of the night behind the trees. Mac's blood-red tail lights went up the hill into the darkness like two fast, angry insects. Anne's heart raced violently, and she felt sick.

There were lights in the Administration Building, but the others were dark. People ran in all directions. "They've cut the power lines," Mac shouted in Anne's ear as they trotted along the driveway.

"What's happening, what's happening!" Anne cried.

Her voice was picked up and whirled away in the avalanche of noise, a noise of endless feet in flight across a waste of concrete, of objects smashed against high iron windows, of screaming. The noise ricocheted among the buildings, breaking out to surge like wind along the barren hillside, down across the frozen winter woods, the highway, and on toward the town beyond.

Anne was sent with a student nurse to help in the Children's Ward. Forsaking the cement sidewalks, they ran together over the bare gound.

"What's happening?" Anne cried again. "What's happening?"

"Rioting!" the girl shrieked back. "It started in the Men's Wards and spre all over!" The girl was beside her with excitement, but apparently un afraid. "We've got the doors locked, though! They can't get out, but they're breaking everything, the director says. He's getting the fire trucks up there with hoses!"

The Children's Wards were nearly under control. The children had been herded into corners. Most of them were still badly frightened, and some were hysterical, running wild, hurling clothes and toothbrushes and bedpans. One little boy kicked furiously at an idiot huddled by a broken window. A big nurse reached the child, and he struck at her, cursing. This little boy was named Robert Esposito, and he still bore scars inflicted by his father before and after the day he had finally succeeded in setting fire to his school. Like most of the others, he was naked in the wintry drafts that swept the room.

Anne went on to the Women's Wards. Here again the worst was over, but the clothes of many of the women had also been ripped to pieces, and they wandered about in aimless nudity, complaining. One, catatonic, had attached herself frenziedly to another. The victim was a nice old woman known as Happy, who was often sent lollipops from home. She suffered a slight heart attack as the other woman was pried from her, and Anne Cabot, helping the frail body to a bed, smelled the forsaken age of her and knew at last the love for these poor people that the other staff members felt. "Ah, dear thank you," the old woman gasped. isn't fit for folks like us to see such te rible sights, and I thank the good Lord that my children never will."

By five in the morning even the Men's Wards were under control. Standing

Getting the Message Across...

Wausau Story

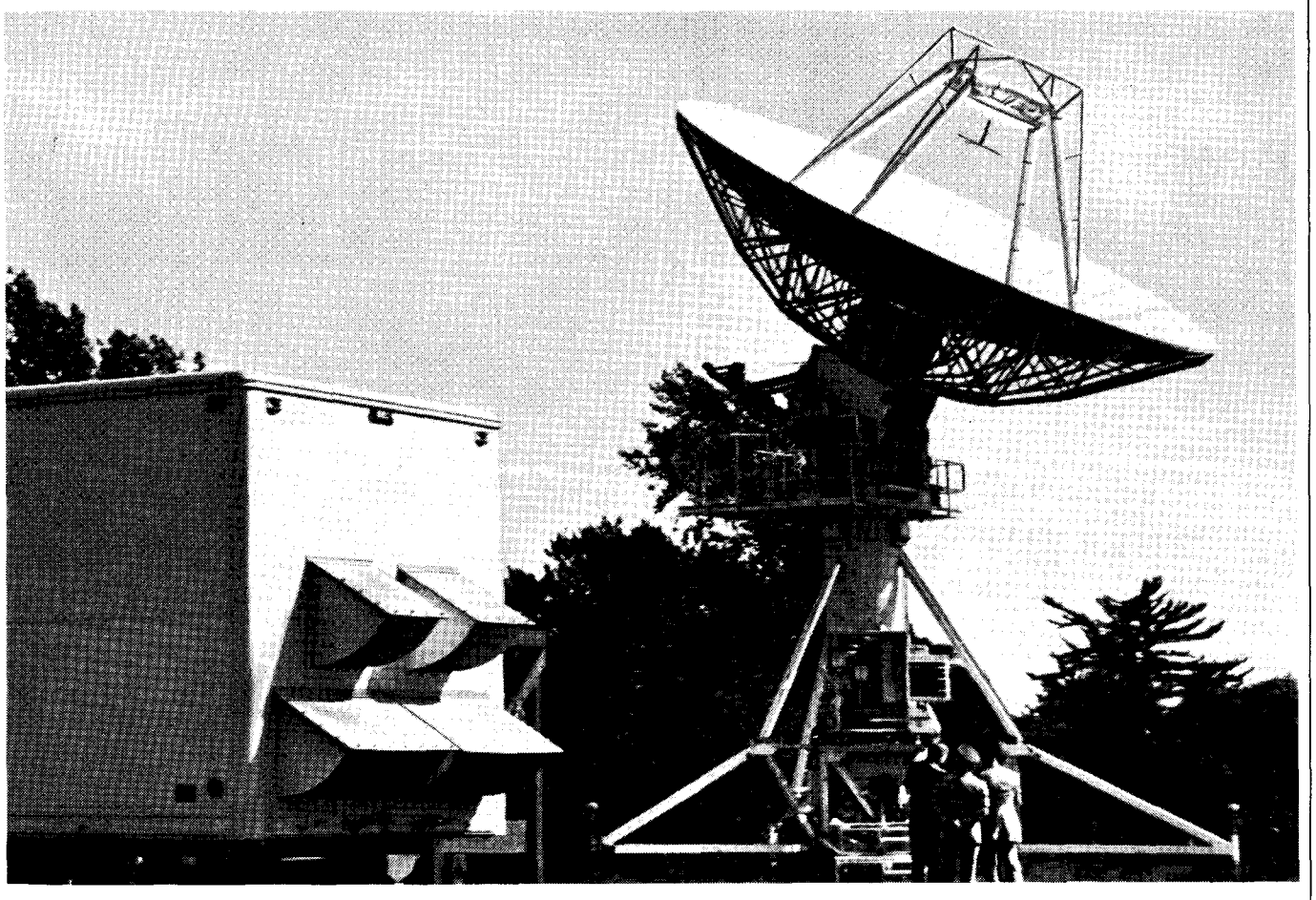
at International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation

Around the world and far out in space, information moves via International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. As research reveals new and better means of communication, ITT brings their benefits to the people of the world through its vast system of manufacturing and service facilities.

A main concern of ITT and its domestic insurer, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, is the safety of ITT System employees in more than fifty major plants, laboratories, and service facilities throughout the United States. ITT and Employers Mutuals safety specialists work in close cooperation to eliminate hazards and reduce accidents. And to keep employees regularly informed, films, posters, leaflets and memoranda explain and emphasize the need for constant care, help maintain ITT's enviable record of safety.

ITT Safety Manager Richard Lavoie (left) and Employers Mutuals Safety Representative Ernest Way (right) confer on means of communicating safety information.

Employers Mutuals' dedication to the prevention of loss is well known and one of the reasons we are called "good people to do business with." If you would like some interesting new information on getting the safety message across, drop us a line at Wausau.



New ITT universal ground station—first of its kind—is a complete, self-contained terminal for transmission to and from satellites. Its transportability and modest cost will permit any nation to share in satellite communication.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau, one of America's largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation, also writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including auto. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

145 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the cold, Anne smoked a solitary cigarette and wondered about Ernest Hamlin.

The midnight dark was turning a winter gray. Before her the fire trucks, red lights still flashing, moved across the frozen earth, their hoses nosing through the end doors of the buildings. There were still men shouting inside and pounding the bars on the upper floors, but the cries were more protesting now and less excited. At last only the occasional clanking of small metal objects against the bars and the thumping of the fire-truck pumps broke the silence of the December dawn.

In the basement of the Administration Building, Anne had coffee with Mac, Harry Marvin, Doctor Roble, and another doctor and a nurse. It was then she learned that an old man named Herbie Collins had been hurled against a wall by the rush of water from a fire hose and had died within minutes of a fractured skull.

"Poor old Collins just happened to stagger into the way," Harry said. "That hose was aimed at your friend Ernest Hamlin."

Drawn and in need of a shave, Harry was upset about Robert Esposito. The boy had been making progress, Harry said, despite the fact that twice before being sent to Lime Rock he had been hospitalized as a result of discipline by his father.

"Why Ernest?" Anne said.

"Because he started the whole business. The guy with the hose didn't know that, of course. He only saw that this big ox with a piece of pipe in his hand, pounding his head against the wall, was the man to stop. That's why."

"How is Ernie now?"

"I don't know how Ernie is," Harry aid. "I don't *care* how Ernie is either. I care about Robert Esposito and poor old Collins."

"Hamlin's hurt himself," Doctor Robel told her, and his tone was a clear rebuke to Harry. Doctor Robel stared into his coffee. "He had an attack, and he didn't give us warning. I think he knew he was going to have it. I think he hit his head on purpose. But," he said to Harry, "I don't think he started the riot on purpose. I think he just frightened the others and got them excited."

"That's right," the other doctor said. "One of my patients said this Hamlin started yelling, that he got into the washroom and wrenched this pipe loose and started breaking things. Then the whole ward got excited and started yelling for help, and the other wards picked it up. Of course, some patients joined Hamlin in pounding on the bars and breaking things. It was a release for them in a way."

"Where is he now?" Anne whispered.

"We have him under phenobarb," the nurse said briskly. "He's upstairs, in the Inpatients Room. But we're transferring him to the Disturbed Ward."

"He's going to stay there too," Harry Marvin said.

"Anne, he's hurt himself. I don't know why, but he's hurt himself. On purpose." Doctor Robel tapped a sad finger on his temple. "Probably permanently. I've talked to him already."

"Did he hurt anybody else?"

"No," Harry Marvin snapped. "That's one thing he didn't do! He was much too normal, as you know, Anne, to do anything like that."

"Harry," Mac said, "why don't you shut up?" She got up and left the room.

Anne followed her. "I'd like to see him, Mac," she said, and Mac nodded approvingly.

"Good for you, go right ahead. He's receiving in the Inpatients Room. Poor devil."

Anne climbed the stairs and went in to see Ernest Hamlin. His head was bandaged and his body was strapped to the metal cot. When she entered the room, he opened his eyes and constructed a sort of smile.

"I made it, kid," he said. "The varsity shuffleboard team." He began to laugh—a high laughter, like crying. Then he frowned. "They hurt me in there. I told you they were out to get me because I wasn't nuts like them, and now they hurt me. My head hurts, see. They knew it was dangerous for me to hurt my head, and they hurt me anyway!"

He seemed surprised.

She wanted to reach out to him, but could not. Through the window behind him she could see a fringe of trees in the east, etched black against the sharp-rising light of the winter sun. Beyond there, far away, she thought, the outside world encircles us, and pins us in.

"Who hurt you, Ernie?"

"They. Those guys. All those guys."

"The doctors, you mean? The firemen?"

"Yeah, everybody," Ernest Hamlin muttered. "Them too. All those guys."

He was staring at the white ceiling, frowning, and took no notice of her when she bent and pressed her forehead to the cool iron of his cot. THE END

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 AND 10 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • © 1962, OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ENGLISH DUAL CHIMES Circa 1840. Strikes either Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock...tick-tock...the* BOURBON *that didn't watch the clock...many long years!

EXCLUSIVE EDITION! *Rarer than rare—Old Charter at 10 years old is now available in limited bottling to Bourbon connoisseurs who relish the rare quality only extra aging gives to a fine whisky.* Send us your dealer's name, we'll see he has some.

Only a superior whisky improves with age. Old Charter—when it goes into the cask—is the finest whisky obtainable. Long years later, it emerges with all the subtle bouquet, flavor, and mellowness nature can bestow. Isn't it time you tried Kentucky's Finest Bourbon?

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST BOURBON

7 years old or 10 years old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes when a person admires you, you despise him and don't care.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Carson McCullers

Sucker

It was always like I had a room to myself. Sucker slept in my bed with me but that didn't interfere with anything. The room was mine and I used it as I wanted to. Once I remember sawing a trap door in the floor. Last year when I was a sophomore in high school I tacked on my wall some pictures of girls from magazines and one of them was just in her underwear. My mother never bothered me because she had the younger kids to look after. And Sucker thought anything I did was always swell.

Whenever I would bring any of my friends back to my room all I had to do was just glance once at Sucker and he would get up from whatever he was busy with and maybe half smile at me, and leave without saying a word. He never brought kids back there. He's twelve, four years younger than I am, and he always knew without me even telling him that I didn't want kids that age meddling with my things.

Half the time I used to forget that Sucker isn't my brother. He's my first cousin but practically ever since I remember he's been in our family. You see his folks were killed in a wreck when he was a baby. To me and my kid sisters he was like our brother.

Sucker used to always remember and believe every word I said. That's how he got his nick-name. Once a couple of years ago I told him that if he'd jump off our garage with an umbrella it would act as a parachute and he wouldn't fall hard. He did it and busted his knee. That's just one instance. And the funny thing was that no matter how many times he got fooled he would still believe me. Not that he was dumb in other ways—it was just the way he acted with me. He would look at everything I did and quietly take it in.

There is one thing I have learned, but it makes me feel guilty and is hard to figure out. If a person admires you a lot you despise him and don't care—and it is the person who doesn't notice you that you are apt to admire. This is not easy to realize. Maybelle Watts, this senior at school, acted like she was the Queen of Sheba and even humiliated me. Yet at this same time I would have done anything in the world to get her attentions. All I could think about day and night was Maybelle until I was nearly crazy. When Sucker was a little kid and on up until the time he was twelve I guess I treated him as bad as Maybelle did me.

Now that Sucker has changed so much it is a little hard to remember him as he used to be. I never imagined anything would suddenly happen that would make us both very different. I never knew that in order to get what has happened straight in my mind I would want to think back on him as he used to be and compare and try to get things settled. If I could have seen ahead maybe I would have acted different.

I never noticed him much or thought about him and when you consider how long we have had the same room together it is funny the few things I remember. He used to talk to himself a lot when he'd think he was alone—all about him fighting gangsters and being on ranches and that sort of kids' stuff. He'd get in the bathroom and stay as long as an hour and sometimes his voice would go up high and excited and you could hear him all over the house. Usually, though, he was very quiet. He didn't have many boys in the neighborhood to buddy with and his face had the look of a kid who is watching a game and waiting to be asked to play. He didn't mind wearing the sweaters and coats that I outgrew, even if the sleeves did flop down too big and make his wrists look as thin and white as a little girl's. That is how I remember him—getting a little bigger every year but still being the same. That was Sucker up until a few months ago when all this trouble began.

Maybelle was somehow mixed up in what happened so I guess I ought to start with her. Until I knew her I hadn't given much time to girls. Last fall she sat next to me in General Science class and that was when I first began to notice her. Her hair is the brightest yellow I ever saw and occasionally she will wear it set into curls with some sort of gluey stuff. Her fingernails are pointed and manicured and painted a shiny red. All during class I used to watch Maybelle, nearly all the time except when I thought she was going to look my way or when the teacher called on me. I couldn't keep my eyes off her hands, for one thing. They are very little and white except for that red stuff, and when she would turn the pages of her book she always licked her thumb and held out her little finger and turned very slowly. It is impossible to describe Maybelle. All the boys are crazy about her but she didn't even notice me. For one thing she's almost two years older than I am. Between periods I used to try and pass very close to her in the halls but she would hardly ever smile at me. All I could do was sit and look at her in class—and sometimes it was like the whole room could hear my heart beating and I wanted to holler or light out and run for Hell.

At night, in bed, I would imagine about Maybelle. Often this would keep me from sleeping until as late as one or two o'clock. Sometimes Sucker would wake up and ask me why I couldn't get settled and I'd tell him to hush his mouth. I suppose I was mean to him lots of times. I guess I wanted to ignore somebody like Maybelle did me. You could always tell by Sucker's face when his feelings were hurt. I don't remember all the ugly remarks I must have made because even when I was saying them my mind was on Maybelle.

That went on for nearly three months and then somehow she began to change. In the halls she would speak to me and every morning she copied my homework. At lunch time once I danced with her in the gym. One afternoon I got up nerve and went around to her house with a carton of cigarettes. I knew she smoked in the girls'

© 1963 by Carson McCullers

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

When Maj. Simeon Smith of West Point wrote me that he was going to make my work the subject of his doctorate thesis, I naturally gave him permission to go through my files—or trunks to be exact. I did not remember any particular manuscripts in the trunks. The major found Sucker. *I think it was my first short story; at least it was the first story I was proud to read to my family. (It never occurred to me then that anybody would actually ever print anything I wrote.) I wrote it when I was seventeen, and my daddy had just given me my first typewriter. I remember writing the story in longhand, and then painfully typing it out. I liked it then, and like it now, and I hope the readers of* The Post *will like it too. —*

Carson McCullers

Illustration by Elaine Morfogen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basement and sometimes outside of school—and I didn't want to take her candy because I think that's been run into the ground. She was very nice and it seemed to me everything was going to change.

It was that night when this trouble really started. I had come into my room late and Sucker was already sleep. I felt too happy and keyed up to get in a comfortable position and I was awake thinking about Maybelle a long time. Then I dreamed about her and it seemed I kissed her. It was a surprise to wake up and see the dark. I lay still and a little while passed before I could come to and understand where I was. The house was quiet and it was a very dark night.

Sucker's voice was a shock to me. "Pete? . . ."

I didn't answer anything or even move.

"You do like me as much as if I was your own brother, don't you Pete?"

I couldn't get over the surprise of everything and it was like this was the real dream instead of the other.

"You have liked me all the time like I was your own brother, haven't you?"

"Sure," I said.

Then I got up for a few minutes. It was cold and I was glad to come back to bed. Sucker hung on to my back. He felt little and warm and I could feel his warm breathing on my shoulder.

"No matter what you did I always knew you liked me."

I was wide awake and my mind seemed mixed up in a strange way. There was this happiness about Maybelle and all that—but at the same time something about Sucker and his voice when he said these things made me take notice. Anyway I guess you understand people better when you are happy than when something is worrying you. It was like I had never really thought about Sucker until then. I felt I had always been mean to him. One night a few weeks before I had heard him crying in the dark. He said he had lost a boy's beebee gun and was scared to let anybody know. He wanted me to tell him what to do. I was sleepy and tried to make him hush and when he wouldn't I kicked at him. That was just one of the things I remembered. It seemed to me he had always been a lonesome kid. I felt bad.

There is something about a dark cold night that makes you feel close to someone you're sleeping with. When you talk together it is like you are the only people awake in the town.

"You're a swell kid, Sucker," I said.

It seemed to me suddenly that I did like him more than anybody else I knew—more than any other boy, more than my sisters, more in a certain way even than Maybelle. I felt good all over and it was like when they play sad music in the movies. I wanted to show Sucker how much I really thought of him and make up for the way I had always treated him.

We talked for a good while that night. His voice was fast and it was like he had been saving up these things to tell me for a long time. He mentioned that he was going to try to build a canoe and that the kids down the block wouldn't let him in on their football team and I don't know what all. I talked some too and it was a good feeling to think of him taking in everything I said so seriously. I even spoke of Maybelle a little, only I made out like it was her who had been running after me all this time. He asked questions about high school and so forth. His voice was excited and he kept on talking fast like he could never get the words out in time. When I went to sleep he was still talking and I could still feel his breathing on my shoulder, warm and close.

During the next couple of weeks I saw a lot of Maybelle. She acted as though she really cared for me a little. Half the time I felt so good I hardly knew what to do with myself.

But I didn't forget about Sucker. There were a lot of old things in my bureau drawer I'd been saving—boxing gloves and Tom Swift books and second rate fishing tackle. All this I turned over to him. We had some more talks together and it was really like I was knowing him for the first time. When there was a long cut on his cheek I knew he had been monkeying around with this new first razor set of mine, but I didn't say anything. His face seemed different now. He used to look timid and sort of like he was afraid of a whack over the head. That expression was gone. His face, with those wide-open eyes and his ears sticking out and his mouth never quite shut, had the look of a person who is surprised and expecting something swell.

Once I started to point him out to Maybelle and tell her he was my kid brother. It was an afternoon when a murder mystery was on at the movie. I had earned a dollar working for my Dad and I gave Sucker a quarter to go and get candy and so forth. With the rest I took Maybelle. We were sitting near the back and I saw Sucker come in. He began to stare at the screen the minute he stepped past the ticket man and he stumbled down the aisle without noticing where he was going. I started to punch Maybelle but couldn't quite make up my mind. Sucker looked a little silly—walking like a drunk with his eyes glued to the movie. He was wiping his reading glasses on his shirt tail and his knickers flopped down. He went on until he got to the first few rows where the kids usually sit. I never did punch Maybelle. But I got to thinking it was good to have both of them at the movie with the money I earned.

I guess things went on like this for about a month or six weeks. I felt so good I couldn't settle down to study or put my mind on anything. I wanted to be friendly with everybody. There were times when I just had to talk to some person. And usually that would be Sucker. He felt as good as I did. Once he said: "Pete, I am gladder that you are like my brother than anything else in the world."

Then something happened between Maybelle and me. I never have figured out just what it was. Girls like her are hard to understand. She began to act different toward me. At first I wouldn't let myself believe this and tried to think it was just my imagination. She didn't act glad to see me any more. Often she went out riding with this fellow on the football team who owns this yellow roadster. The car was the color of her hair and after school she would ride off with him, laughing and looking into his face. I couldn't think of anything to do about it and she was on my mind all day and night. When I did get a chance to go out with her she was snippy and didn't seem to notice me. This made me feel like something was the matter—I would worry about my shoes clopping too loud on the floor, or the fly of my pants, or the bumps on my chin. Sometimes when Maybelle was around, a devil would get into me and I'd hold my face stiff and call grown men by their last names without the Mister and say rough things. In the night I would wonder what made me do all this until I was too tired for sleep.

At first I was so worried I just forgot about Sucker. Then later he began to get on my nerves. He was always hanging around until I would get back from high school, always looking like he had something to say to me or wanted me to tell him. He made me a magazine rack in his Manual Training class and one week he saved his lunch money and bought me three packs of cigarettes. He couldn't seem to take it in that I had things on my mind and didn't want to fool with him. Every afternoon it would be the same—him in my room with this waiting expression on his face. Then I wouldn't say anything or I'd maybe answer him rough-like and he would finally go on out.

I can't divide that time up and say this happened one day and that the next. For one thing I was so mixed up the weeks just slid along into each other and I felt like Hell and didn't care. Nothing definite was said or done. Maybelle still rode around with this fellow in his yellow roadster and sometimes she would smile at me and sometimes not. Every afternoon I went from one place to another where I thought she would be. Either she would act almost nice and I would begin thinking how things would finally clear up and she would care for me—or else she'd behave so that if she hadn't been a girl I'd have wanted to grab her by that white litt neck and choke her. The more ashamed felt for making a fool of myself the more I ran after her.

Sucker kept getting on my nerves more and more. He would look at me as though he sort of blamed me for something, but at the same time knew that it wouldn't last long. He was growing fast and for some reason began to stutter when he talked. Sometimes he had nightmares or would throw up his breakfast. Mom got him a bottle of cod liver oil.

Then the finish came between Maybelle and me. I met her going to the drug store and asked for a date. When she said no I remarked something sarcastic. She told me she was sick and tired of my being around and that she had never cared a rap about me. She said all that. I just stood there and didn't answer anything. I walked home very slowly.

For several afternoons I stayed in my room by myself. I didn't want to go anywhere or talk to anyone. When Sucker would come in and look at me sort of funny I'd yell at him to get out. I didn't want to think of Maybelle and I sat at my desk reading *Popular Mechanics* or whittling at a toothbrush rack I was making. It seemed to me I was putting that girl out of my mind pretty well.

But you can't help what happens to you at night. That is what made things how they are now.

You see a few nights after Maybelle said those words to me I dreamed about her again. It was like that first time and I was squeezing Sucker's arm so tight I woke him up. He reached for my har

"Pete, what's the matter with you?"

All of a sudden I felt so mad my throa choked—at myself and the dream and Maybelle and Sucker and every single person I knew. I remembered all the times Maybelle had humiliated me and everything bad that had ever happened. It seemed to me for a second that nobody would ever like me but a sap like Sucker.

"Why is it we aren't buddies like we were before? Why—?"

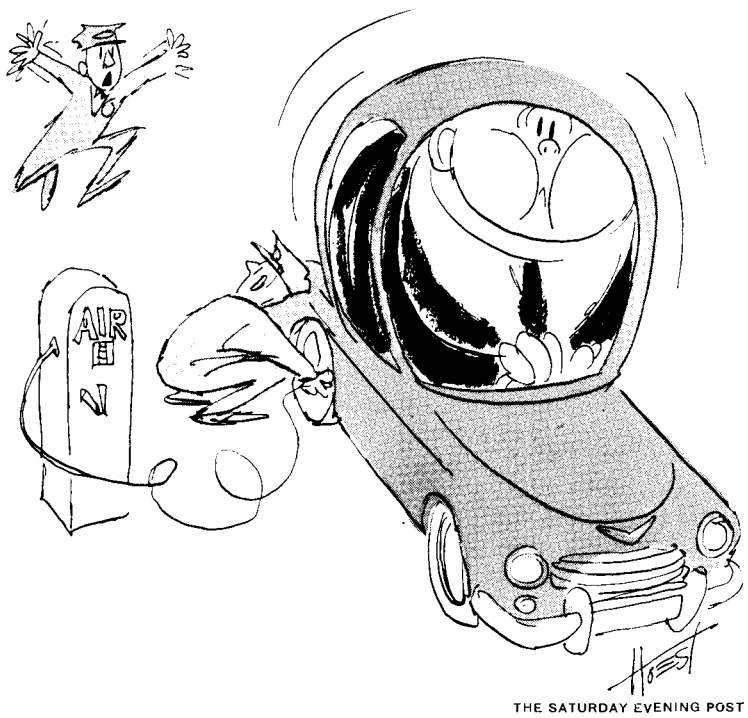
"Shut your damn trap!" I threw off the cover and got up and turned on the light. He sat in the middle of the bed, his eyes blinking and scared.

There was something in me and I couldn't help myself. I don't think anybody ever gets that mad but once. Words came without me knowing what they would be. It was only afterward that I could remember each thing I said and see it all in a clear way.

"Why aren't we buddies? Because you're the dumbest slob I ever saw! Nobody cares anything about you! And just because I felt sorry for you sometimes and tried to act decent don't think I give a damn about a dumb-bunny like you!"

If I'd talked loud or hit him it wouldn't have been so bad. But my voice was slow and like I was very calm. Sucker's mouth was part way open and he looked as though he'd knocked his funny bone. His face was white and sweat came out on his forehead. He wiped it away with the back of his hand and for a minute his arm stayed raised that way as though he was holding something away from him.

"Don't you know a single thir Haven't you ever been around at all? Why don't you get a girl friend instead of me? What kind of a sissy do you want to grow up to be anyway?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I didn't know what was coming next. I couldn't help myself or think.

Sucker didn't move. He had on one of my pajama jackets and his neck stuck out skinny and small. His hair was damp on his forehead.

"Why do you always hang around me? Don't you know when you're not wanted?"

Afterward I could remember the change in Sucker's face. Slowly that blank look went way and he closed his mouth. His eyes got narrow and his fists shut. There had never been such a look on him before. It was like every second he was getting older. There was a hard look to his eyes you don't see usually in a kid. A drop of sweat rolled down his chin and he didn't notice. He just sat there with those eyes on me and he didn't speak and his face was hard and didn't move.

"No you don't know when you're not wanted. You're too dumb. Just like your name—a dumb Sucker."

It was like something had busted inside me. I turned off the light and sat down in the chair by the window. My legs were shaking and I was so tired I could have bawled. The room was cold and dark. I sat there for a long time and smoked a squashed cigarette I had saved. Outside the yard was black and quiet. After a while I heard Sucker lie down.

I wasn't mad any more, only tired. It seemed awful to me that I had talked like that to a kid only twelve. I couldn't take it all in. I told myself I would go over to him and try to make it up. But I just sat there in the cold until a long time had passed. I planned how I could straighten it out in the morning. Then, trying not to squeak the springs, I got back in bed.

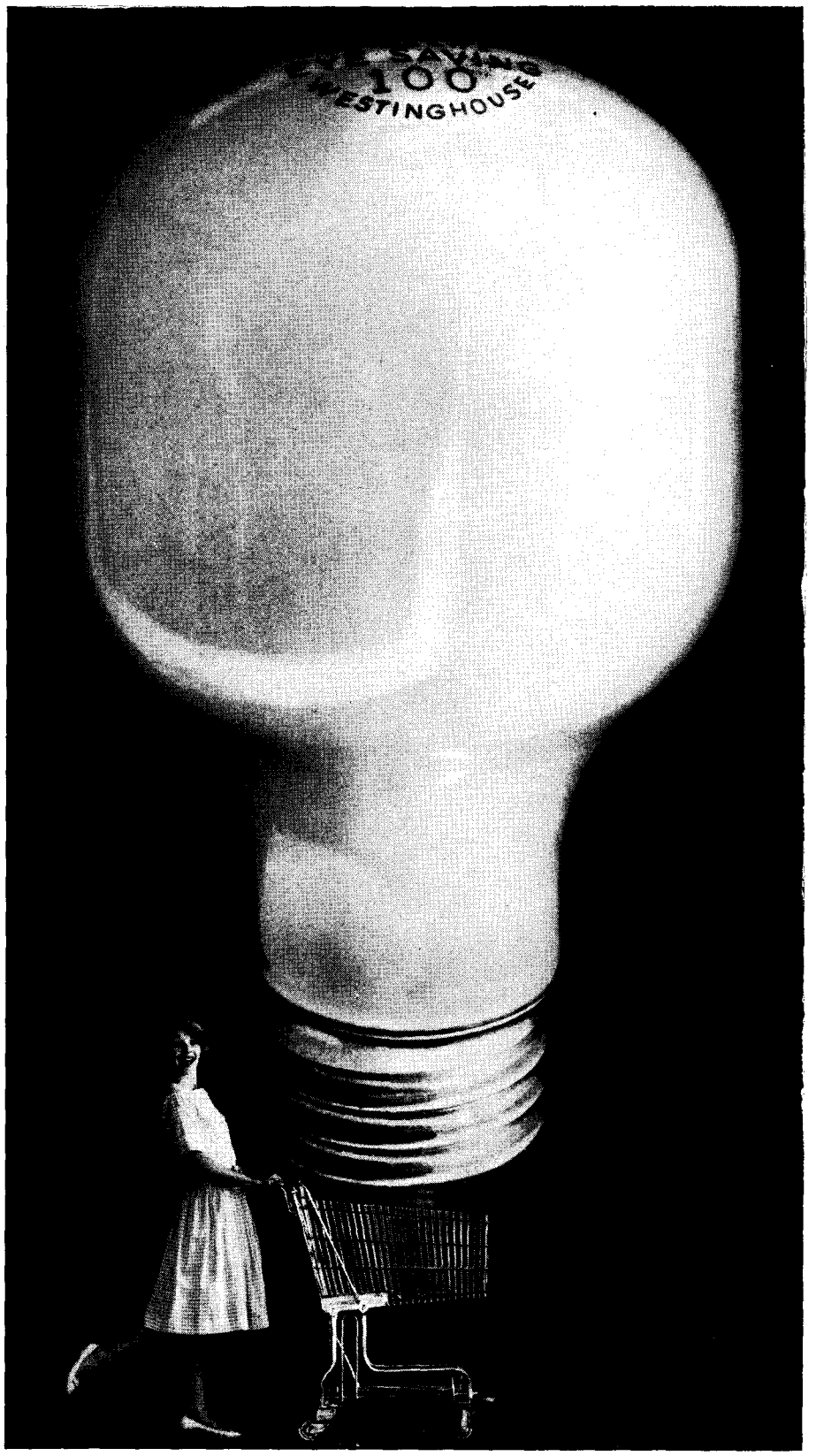
Sucker was gone when I woke up the next day. And later when I wanted to apologize as I had planned he looked at me in this new hard way so that I couldn't say a word.

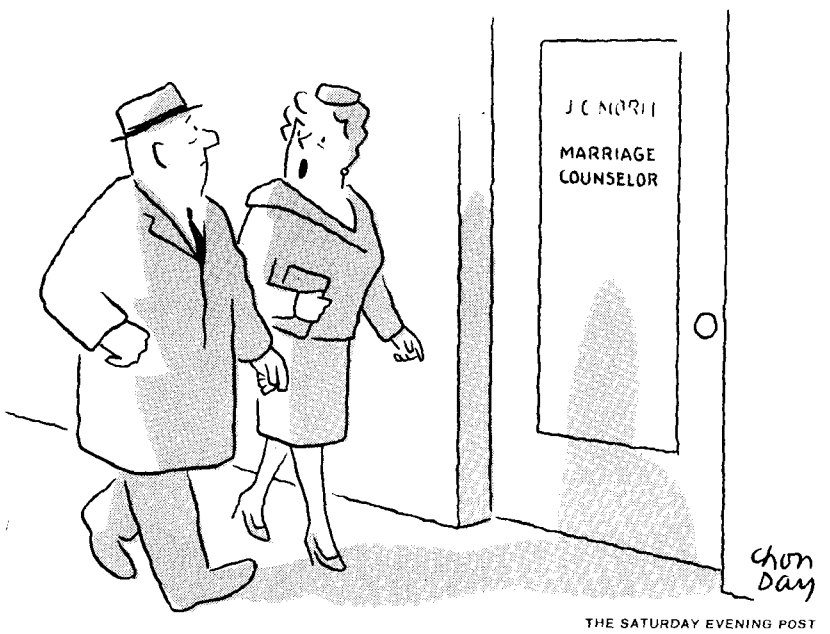
All of that was two or three months ago. Since then Sucker has grown faster than any boy I ever saw. He's almost as tall as I am and his bones have gotten heavier and bigger. He won't wear any of my old clothes any more and has bought his first pair of long pants—with some leather suspenders to hold them up. Those are just the changes that are easy to see and put into words.

Our room isn't mine at all any more. He's gotten up this gang of kids and they have a club. When they aren't digging trenches in some vacant lot and fighting they are always in my room. On the door there is some foolishness written in Mercurochrome saying "Woe to the Outsider who Enters" and signed with crossed bones and their secret initials. They have rigged up a radio and every afternoon it blares out music. Once as I was coming in I heard a boy telling something in a low voice about what he saw in the back of his big brother's automobile. I could guess what I didn't hear. *That's what her and my brother do. It's the truth—parked in the car.* For a minute Sucker looked surprised and his face was almost like it used to be. Then he got hard and tough again. "Sure, dumbell. We know all that." They didn't notice me. Sucker began telling them how in two years he was planning to be a trapper in Alaska.

But most of the time Sucker stays by himself. It is worse when we are alone together in the room. He sprawls across the bed in those long corduroy pants with the suspenders and just stares at me with that hard, half sneering look. I fiddle around my desk and can't get settled because of those eyes of his. And the thing is I just have to study because I've gotten three bad cards this term already. If I flunk English I can't graduate next year. I don't want to be a bum and I just have to get my mind on it. I don't care a flip for Maybelle or any particular girl any more and it's only this thing between Sucker and me that is the trouble now. We never speak except when we have to before the family. I don't even want to call him Sucker any more and unless I forget I call him by his real name, Richard. At night I can't study with him in the room and I have to hang around the drug store, smoking and doing nothing, with the fellows who loaf there.

More than anything I want to be easy in my mind again. And I miss the way Sucker and I were for a while in a funny, sad way that before this I never would have believed. But everything is so different that there seems to be nothing I can do to get it right. I've sometimes thought if we could have it out in a big fight that would help. But I can't fight him because he's four years younger. And another thing—sometimes this look in his eyes makes me almost believe that if Sucker could he would kill me. THE END



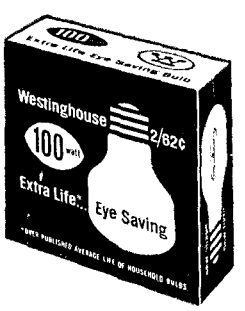


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, remember, let me do the talking."

BIG BULB BUY!

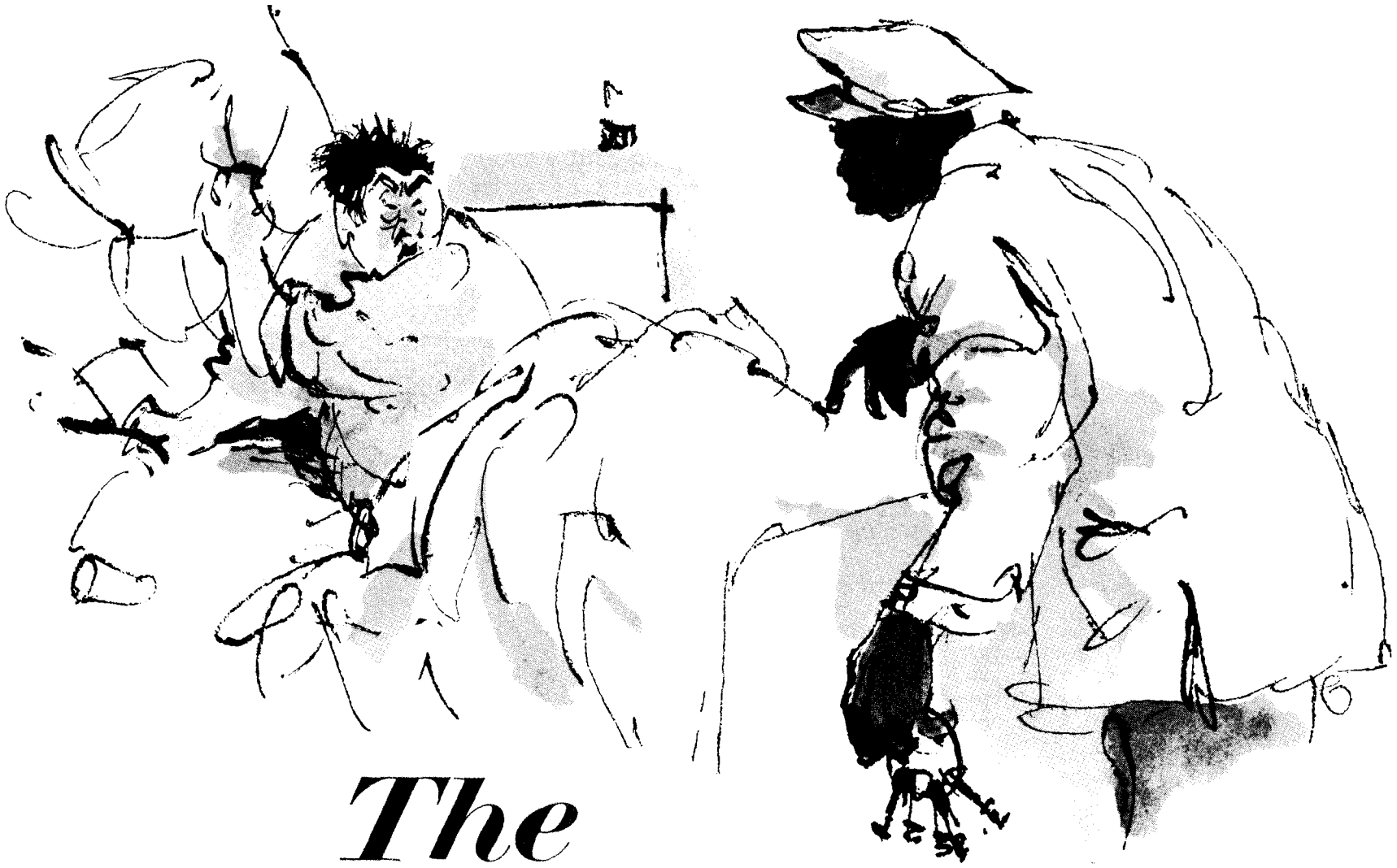
New Shape Westinghouse Eye Saving Bulbs give you three big values! 1. Extra Life—over published average life of household bulbs. **2.** Smart New Shape. **3.** Glare-free Eye Saving light.



We never forget how much you rely on Westinghouse

Westinghouse Lamp Division, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Bloomfield, N.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The night watchman's occurrence book

By V. S. Naipaul

The manager wanted reports of what went on in the hotel at night. Alas, he got them.

21st November
10.30 p.m. C.A. Cavander take over duty at Casablanca Hotel all corrected.

CESAR ALWYN CAVANDER

7 a.m. C.A. Cavander hand over duty to Mr Vignales at Casablanca Hotel no report.

CESAR ALWYN CAVANDER

22nd November
10.30 p.m. C.A. Cavander take over duty at Casablanca Hotel no report.

CESAR ALWYN CAVANDER

7 a.m. C.A. Cavander hand over duty to Mr Vignales at Casablanca Hotel all corrected.

CESAR ALWYN CAVANDER

This is the third occasion on which I have found C.A. Cavander, Night Watchman, asleep on duty. Last night, at 12.45 a.m., I found him sound asleep in a rocking chair in the hotel lounge. Night Watchman Cavander has therefore been dismissed.

Night Watchman Hillyard: This book is to be known in future as "The Night Watchman's Occurrence Book." In it I shall expect to find a detailed account of everything that happens in the hotel each night. Be warned by the example of ex-Night Watchman Cavander.

W.A.G. INSKIP, MANAGER

Mr Manager, remarks noted. You have no worry where I am concern sir.

CHARLES ETHELBERT HILLYARD,
NIGHT WATCHMAN

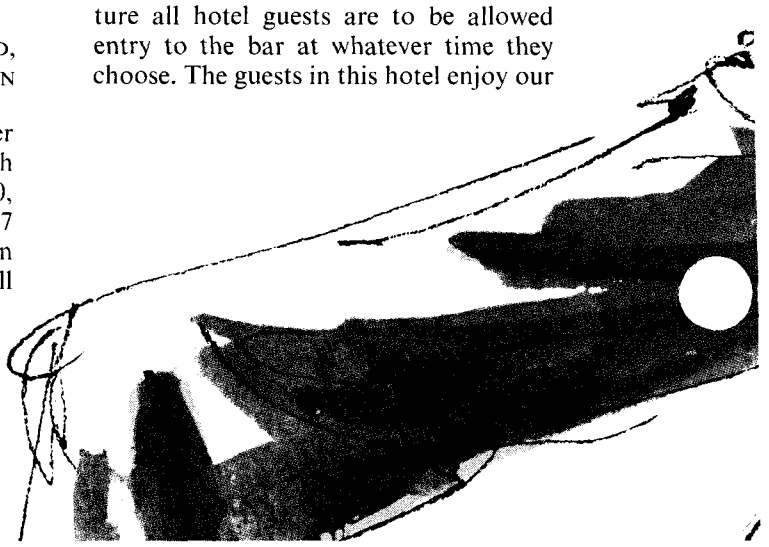
23rd November
11 p.m. Night Watchman Hillyard take over duty at Casablanca Hotel with one torch light 2 fridge keys and room keys 1, 3, 6, 10, and 13. Also 25 cartoons Carib Beer and 7 cartoons Heineken and 2 cartoons American cigarettes. Beer cartoons intact Bar intact all corrected no report

CHARLES ETHELBERT HILLYARD

7 a.m. Night Watchman Hillyard hand over duty to Mr Vignales at Casablanca Hotel with one torch light 2 fridge keys and room keys 1, 3, 6, 10, and 13. 32 cartoons beer. Bar intact all corrected no report

CHARLES ETHELBERT HILLYARD

Night Watchman Hillyard: Mr. Wills complained bitterly to me this morning that last night he was denied entry to the bar by you. I wonder if you know exactly what the purpose of this hotel is. In future all hotel guests are to be allowed entry to the bar at whatever time they choose. The guests in this hotel enjoy our



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidence. They are free to take what they wish. They will sign for it. It is your duty simply to note, in these pages, what they do in fact take. This is one reason why the hotel provides a certain number of beer cartons (please note the spelling of this word). W.A.G. INSKIP

Mr Manager, remarks noted. I sorry I didn't get the chance to take some education sir.

CHAS. ETHELBERT HILLYARD

24th November.
11 p.m. N.W. Hillyard take over duty with one Torch, 1 Bar Key, 2 Fridge Keys, 32 cartoons Beer, all intact. 12 Midnight Bar close and Barman left leaving Mr Wills and others in Bar, and they left at 1 a.m. Mr Wills took 16 Carib Beer, Mr Wilson 8, Mr Percy 8. At 2 a.m. Mr Wills come back in the bar and take 4 Carib and some bread, he cut his hand trying to cut the bread, so please dont worry about the stains on the carpet sir At 6 a.m. Mr Wills come back for some soda water It didnt have any so he take a ginger beer instead. Sir you see it is my intention to do this job god sir, I cant see how Night Watchman Cavander could fall asleep on this job sir.

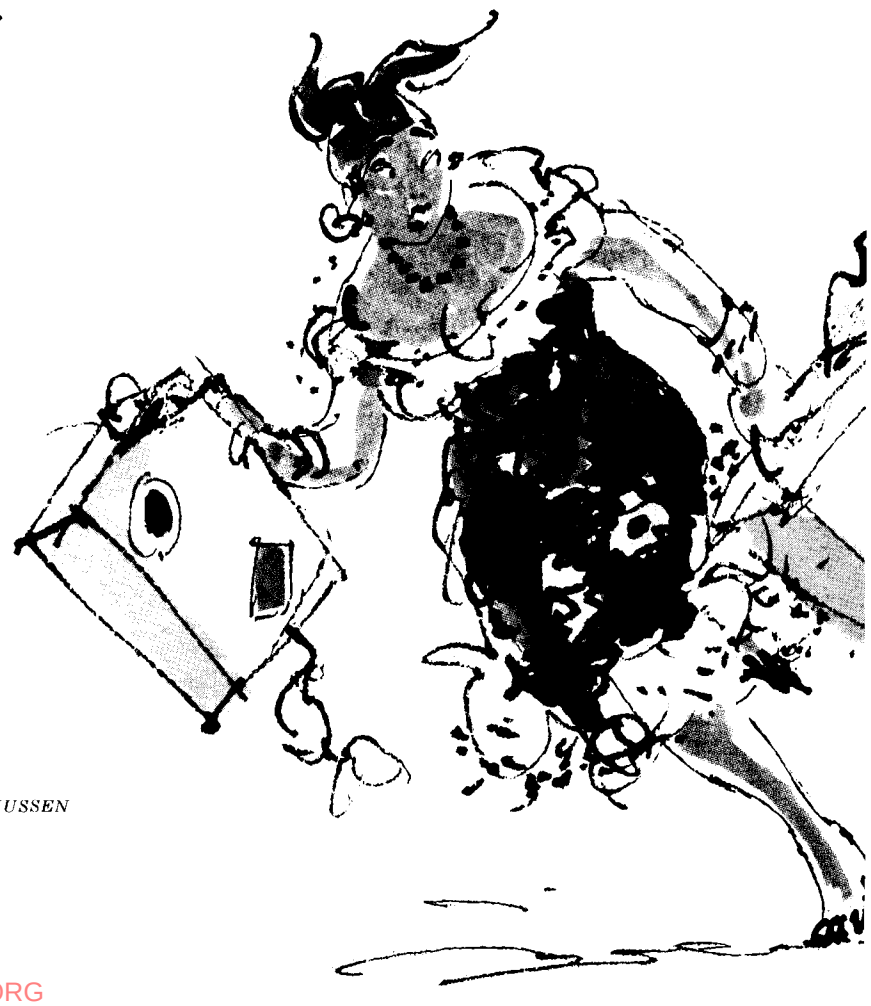
CHAS. ETHELBERT HILLYARD

You always seem sure of the time, and guests appear to be in the habit of entering the bar on the hour. You will kindly note the exact time. The clock from the kitchen is left on the window near the switches. You can use this clock but you MUST replace it every morning before you go off duty. W.A.G. INSKIP

Noted

CHAS. ETHELBERT HILLYARD

25th November
Midnight Bar close and 12.23 a.m. Barman left leaving Mr Wills and others in Bar. Mr Owen take 5 bottles Carib, Mr Wilson 6 bottles Heineken, Mr Wills 18 Carib and they



ILLUSTRATED BY DES ASMUSSEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCCURRENCE BOOK

left at 2.52 a.m. Nothing unusual. Mr Wills was helpless, I don't see how anybody could drink so much, eighteen one man alone, this work enough to turn anybody Seventh Day Adventist, and another man come in the bar, I don't know his name, I hear they call him Paul, he assist me because the others couldn't do much, and we take Mr Wills up to his room and take off his boots and slack his other clothes and then we left. Dont know sir if they did take more while I was away, nothing was sign for on the Pepsi Cola board, but they was drinking still, it look as if they come back and take some more, but with Mr Wills I want some extra assistance sir.

Mr Manager, the clock break. I find it break when I come back from Mr Wills room sir. It stop 3.19 sir.

CHAS. E. HILLYARD

> More than 2 lbs. of veal were removed from the Fridge last night, and a cake that was left in the cupboard was cut. It is your duty, Night Watchman Hillyard, to keep an eye on these things. I ought to warn you that I have also asked the Police to check on all employees leaving the hotel, to prevent such occurrences in the future.
>
> W.A.G. INSKIP

Mr Manager, I dont know why people so anxious to blame servants sir. About the cake, the cupboard lock at night and I dont have the key sir, everything safe where I am concern sir. CHAS HILLYARD

26th November

Midnight Bar close and Barman left Mr Wills didnt come, I hear he at the American base tonight, all quiet, nothing unusual.

Mr Manager, I request one thing. Please inform the Barman to let me know sir when there is a female guest in the hotel sir. C.E.HILLYARD

> This morning I received a report from a guest that there were screams in the hotel during the night. You wrote All Quiet. Kindly explain in writing.
>
> W.A.G.INSKIP

WRITE EXPLANATION HERE:

EXPLANATION. Not long after midnight the telephone ring and a woman ask for Mr Jimminez. I try to tell her where he was but she say she cant hear properly. Fifteen minutes later she come in a car, she was looking vex and sleepy, and I went up to call him. The door was not lock, I went in and touch his foot and call him very soft, and he jump up and begin to shout. When he come to himself he said he had Night Mere, and then he come down and went away with the woman, was not necessary to mention.

Mr Manager, I request you again, please inform the Barman to let me know sir when there is a female guest in the hotel. C.HILLYARD

27th November

1 a.m. Bar close, Mr Wills and a American 19 Carib, and 2.30 a.m. a Police come and ask for Mr Wills, he say the American report tht he was robbed of $200.00, he was last drinking at the Casablanca with Mr Wills and others. Mr Wills and the Police ask to open the Bar to search it, I told them I cannot open the Bar for you like that, the Police must come with the Manager. Then the American say it was only joke he was joking, and they try to get the Police to laugh, but the Police looking the way I feeling. Then laughing Mr Wills left in a garage car as he couldnt drive himself and the American was waiting outside and they both fall down as they was getting in the car, and Mr Wills saying anytime you want a overdraft you just come to my bank kiddo. The Police left walking by himself.

C.HILLYARD

> Night Watchman Hillyard: "Was not necessary to mention!!" You are not to decide what is necessary to mention in this night watchman's occurrence book. Since when have you become sole owner of the hotel as to determine what is necessary to mention? If the guest did not mention it I would never have known that there were screams in the hotel during the night. Also will you kindly tell me who Mr. Jimminez is? And what rooms he occupied or occupies? And by what right? You have been told by me personally that the names of all hotel guests are on the slate next to the light switches. If you find Mr. Jimminez's name on this slate, or could give me some information about him, I will be most warmly obliged to you. The lady you ask about is Mrs. Roscoe, Room 12 you very well know. It is your d to see that guests are not pestered by unauthorized callers. You should give no information about guests to such people, and I would be glad if in future you could direct such callers straight to me.
>
> W.A.G.INSKIP

the Chanel look

yours to sew in your slimmer SEGO size

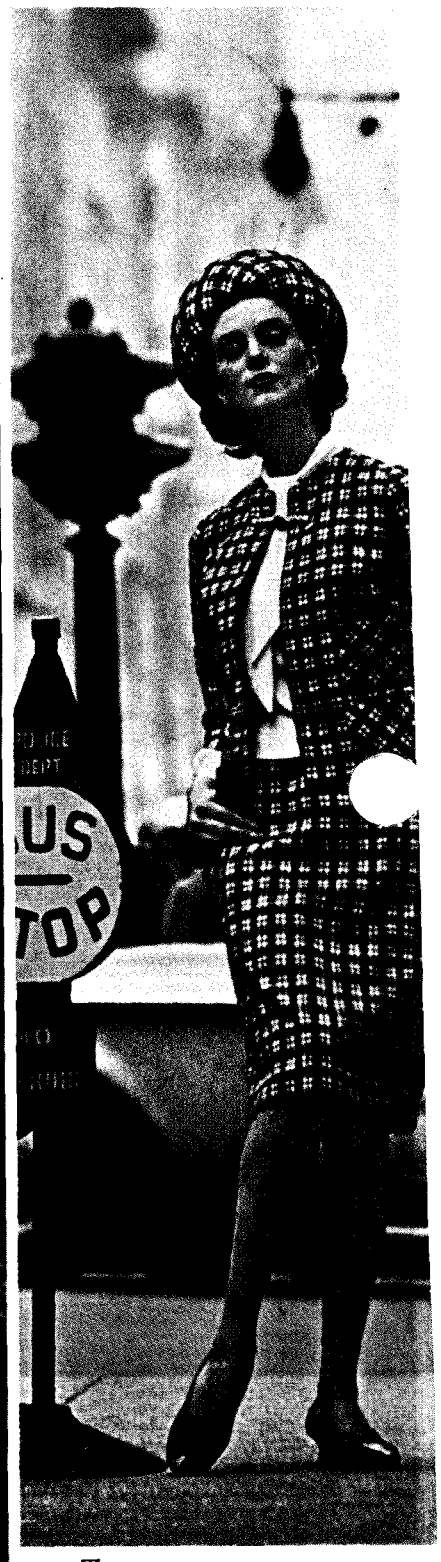
Day-and-night versions ...all from one pattern designed just for SEGO® Diet Food by the

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Jacket, skirt, blouse, ascot and shirt-cuffs included; in sizes 10 to 16 for just 75¢. There's an order blank at your favorite store's special SEGO display.

Or send 75¢ to: SEGO Pattern Offer Dept. 42, P.O. Box 888, St. Louis 88, Mo.

Sportive: in wide-wale corduroy, the soft almond green lit with regimental brass buttons. We lined the jacket to the edge in the lime-y shantung of the sleeveless blouse and shirt-cuffs, which baste inside jacket sleeves. The slender ascot is typically Chanel.



Town: hunt for a spanking plaid like our red-white-and-black wool. Echo one of the colors in a silk overblouse and shirt-cuffs. Clasping the jacket with a long gold bar pin is a Chanel touch. Buy an extra bit of plaid for a hat (ours is by Sally Victor).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir was what I ask you two times, I don't know what sort of work I take up, I always believe that nightwatchman work is a quiet work and I dont like meddling in white people business but the gentleman occupy Room 12 also, was there that I went up to call him, I didnt think it necessary to mention because was none of my business sir. C.E.H.

28th November
12 Midnight Bar close and Barman left at 12.20 a.m. leaving Mr Wills and others, and they all left at 1.25 a.m. Mr Wills 8 Carib, Mr Wilson 12, Mr Percy 8, and the man they call Paul 12. Mrs Roscoe join the gentlemen at 12.33 a.m., four gins, everybody calling her Minnie from Trinidad, and then they start singing that song, and some others. Nothing unusual. Afterwards there were mild singing and guitar music in Room 12. A man come in and ask to use the phone at 2.17 a.m. and while he was using it about 7 men come in and wanted to beat him up, so he put down the phone and they all ran away. At 3 a.m. I notice the padlock not on the cupboard, I look inside, no cake, but the padlock was not put on in the first place sir. Mr Wills come down again at 6 a.m. to look for his sweet, he look in the Fridge and did not see any. He took a piece of pineapple. A plate was covered in the Fridge, but it didnt have anything in it. Mr Wills put it out, the cat jump on it and it fall down and break. The garage bulb not burning. C.E.H.

You will please sign your name at the bottom of your report. You are in the habit of writing Nothing Unusual. Please take note and think before making such a statement. I want to know what is meant by nothing unusual. I gather, not from you, needless to say, that the police have fallen into the habit of visiting the hotel at night. I would be most grateful to you if you could find the time to note the times of these visits. W.A.G.INSKIP

Sir, nothing unusual mean everything usual. I dont know, nothing I writing you liking. I dont know what sort of work this night watchman work getting to be, since when people have to start getting Cambridge certificate to get night watchman job, I aint educated and because of this everybody think they could insult me.

CHARLES ETHELBERT HILLYARD

29th November
Midnight Bar close and 12.15 Barman left leaving Mr Wills and Mrs Roscoe and others in the Bar. Mr Wills and Mrs Roscoe left at 12.30 a.m. leaving Mr Wilson and the man they call Paul, and they all left at 1.00 a.m. Twenty minutes to 2 Mr Wills and party return and left again at 5 to 3. At 3.45 Mr Wills return and take bread and milk and olives and cherries, he ask for nutmeg too, I said we had none, he drink 2 Carib, and left ten minutes later. He also collect Mrs Roscoe bag. All the drinks, except the 2 Carib, was taken by the man they call Paul. I dont know sir I dont like this sort of work, you better hire a night barman. At 5.30 Mrs Roscoe and the man they call Paul come back to the bar, they was having a quarrel, Mr Paul saying you make me sick, Mrs Roscoe saying I feel sick and then she vomit all over the floor, shouting I didn't want that damned milk. I was cleaning up when Mr Wills come down to ask for soda water, we got to lay in more soda for Mr Wills, but I need extra assistance with Mr Wills Paul and party sir.

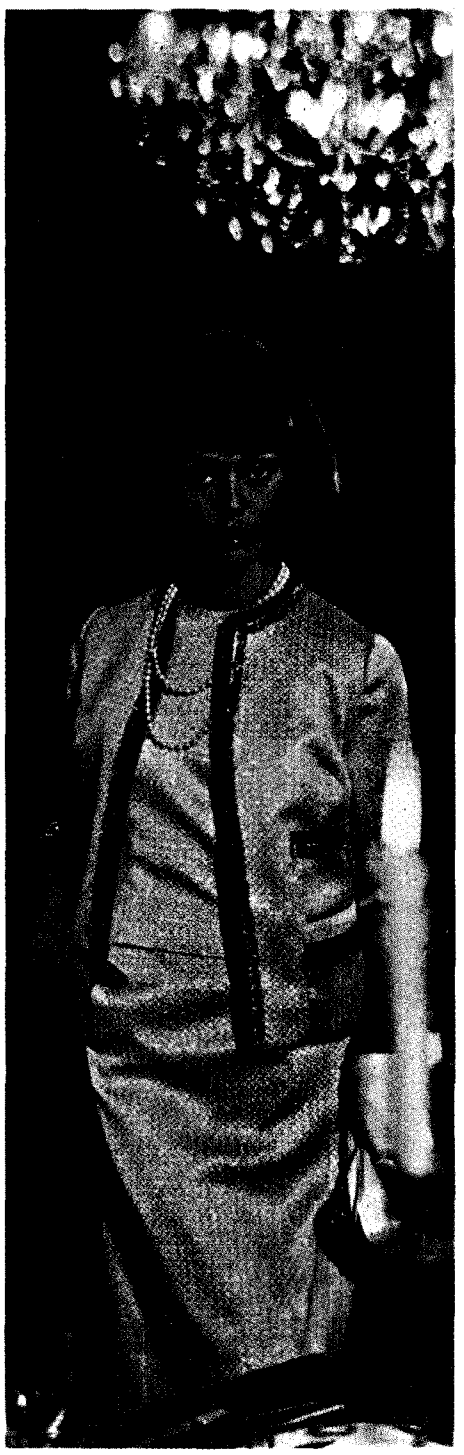
The police come at 2, 3.38 and 4.52. They sit down in the bar a long time. Firearms discharge 2 times in the back yard. Detective making inquiries. I dont know sir, I thinking it would be better for me to go back to some other sort of job. At 3 I hear somebody shout Thief, and I see a man running out of the back, and Mr London, Room 9, say he miss 80 cents and a pack of cigarettes which was on his dressing case. I don't know when the people in this place does sleep.

CHAS. ETHELBERT HILLYARD

Night Watchman Hillyard: A lot more than 80 cents was stolen. Several rooms were in fact entered during the night, including my own. You are employed to prevent such things occurring. Your interest in the morals of our guests seems to be distracting your attention from your duties. Save your preaching for your roadside prayer meetings. Mr. Pick, Room 7, reports that in spite of the most pressing and repeated requests, you did not awaken him at 5. He has missed his plane to British Guiana as a result. No newspapers were delivered to the rooms this morning. I am again notifying you that papers must be handed personally to Doorman Vignales. And the messenger's bicycle, which I must remind you is the property of the hotel, has been damaged. What do you *do* at nights?

W.A.G.INSKIP

Elegant: in shimmering white-and-gold cloque. We rimmed the jacket and pockets with turquoise grosgrain and by-the-yard gold fringe. The sleeves turn back to reveal the brilliant turquoise satin lining. Without the jacket, it's an elegantly simple overblouse dress.



Late-Day: in robin's-egg blue tweed, the jacket necklaced and braceleted with black braid edged in narrow velvet ribbon. The black ·ta lining matches the blouse, with its long ascot. Make it ... your best color, for everything from luncheon on.

It's the look that looks best on a slender figure . . . the easy, young look of Chanel, to make in anything from corduroy to elegant evening fabrics. By the time you finish the last stitch, you can be on your way to slenderness, with SEGO.

SEGO coaxes you on to success with more help than any other 900-calorie diet food. Two ounces more . . . and more protein, more help for your will power. And with delicious flavor variety: Chocolate, Vanilla, Orange, Banana, Strawberry, Pineapple, Chocolate Malt to drink chilled, and two hot soup flavors.

This very day you can start sipping away the pounds with SEGO. So order your pattern in a smaller size.

PET
MILK COMPANY
MILK PRODUCTS DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

The last thing you'll need is power steering.

Power steering is for cars that are hard to steer.

Heavy cars, with big engines in front to push around.

With a rear-engined Volkswagen, you'll have no use for power steering.

Or power brakes.

Or optional, higher-powered engines.

Which is just as well.

They're not available.

On the other hand, we do have some extras you can't avoid:

A four-speed stick shift. Bucket seats. A heater/defroster. A windshield washer.

Because you can't avoid them, we don't charge any extra.

If you insist on paying more, we have a few things to offer:

A sunroof. Leatherette interior. A radio. Whitewall tires. A side-view mirror.

And if that's still not enough, maybe you should look at something fancier.

More power to you.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCCURRENCE BOOK

Please don't ask me sir.

Relating to the damaged bicycle: I left the bicycle the same place where I meet .. nothing took place so as to damage it.

.. ways take care of all property sir.

.. out the papers sir, the police and them read it and leave them in such a state that I didnt think it would be nice to give them to guests. I wake up Mr Pick, Room 7, at 4.50 a.m. 5 a.m. 5.15 a.m. and 5.30. He told me to keep off, he would not get up, and one time he pelt a box of matches at me, matches scatter all over the place. I always do everything to the best of my ability sir but God is my Witness I never find a night watchman work like this, so much writing I dont have time to do anything else, I dont have four hands and six eyes and I want this extra assistance with Mr Wills and party sir. I am a poor man and you could abuse me, but you must not abuse my religion sir because the good Lord sees All and will have His revenge sir, I don't know what sort of work and trouble I land myself in, all I want is a little quiet night work and all I getting is abuse. CHAS. E. HILLYARD

November 30th

12.25 a.m. Bar close and Barman left 1.00 a.m. leaving Mr Wills and party in Bar. Mr Wills take 12 Carib, Mr Wilson 6, Mr Percy 14. Mrs Roscoe five gins. At 1.30 a.m. Mrs Roscoe left and there were a little singing and mild guitar playing in Room 12. Nothing unusual. The police came at 1.35 and sit down in the bar for a time, not drinking, not talking, not doing anything except watching. At 1.45 the man they call Paul come in with Mr Macpherson of the *S.S.Camaguey*, they was both falling down and laughing .. never anything break and the man .. call Paul say Fireworks about to be- .. ell Minnie Malcolm coming the ship just dock. Mr Wills and party scatter leaving one or two bottles half empty and then the man they call Paul tell me to go up to Room 12 and tell Minnie Roscoe that Malcolm coming. I dont know how people could behave so, the thing enough to make anybody turn priest. I notice the padlock on the bar door break off it hanging on only by a little piece of wood. And when I went up to Room 12 and tell Mrs Roscoe that Malcolm coming the ship just dock the woman get sober straight away like she dont want to hear no more guitar music and she asking me where to hide where to go. I dont know, I feel the day of reckoning is at hand, but she not listening to what I saying, she busy straightening up the room one minute packing the next, and then she run out into the corridor and before I could stop she she run straight down the back stairs to the annexe. And then 5 past 2, still in the corridor, I see a big red man running up to me and he sober as a judge and he mad as a drunkard and he asking me where she is where she is. I ask whether he is a authorized caller, he say you dont give me any of that crap now, where she is, where she is. So remembering about the last time and Mr Jimminez I direct him to the manager officer in the annexe. He hear a little scuffling inside Mr Inskip room and I make out Mr Inskip sleepy voice and Mrs Roscoe voice and the red man run inside and all I hearing for the next five minutes is bam bam bodow bodow bow and this woman screaming. I dont know what sort of work this night watchman getting I want something quiet sir like the police. In time things quiet down and the red man drag Mrs Roscoe out of the annexe and they take a taxi, and the Police sitting down quiet in the bar. Then Mr Percy and the others come back one by one to the bar and they talking quiet and they not drinking and they left 3 a.m. 3.15 Mr Wills return and take one whisky and 2 Carib. He ask for pineapple or some sweet fruit but it had nothing.

6 a.m. Mr Wills come in the bar looking for soda but it aint have none. We have to get some soda for Mr Wills sir.

6.30 a.m. the papers come and I deliver them to Doorman Vignales at 7 a.m.

CHAS. HILLYARD

Mr Hillyard: In view of the unfortunate illness of Mr Inskip, I am temporarily in charge of the hotel. I trust you will continue to make your nightly reports, but I would be glad if you could keep your entries as brief as possible.

ROBT. MAGNUS, ACTING MANAGER

1st December

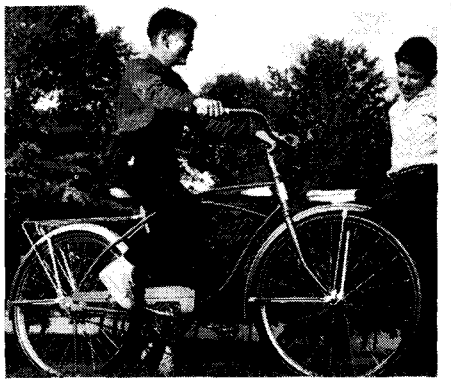
10.30 p.m. C.E.Hillyard take over duty at Casablanca Hotel all corrected 12 Midnight Bar close 2 a.m. Mr Wills 2 Carib, 1 bread 6 a.m. Mr Wills 1 soda 7 a.m. Night Watchman Hillyard hand over duty to Mr Vignales with one torch light 2 Fridge keys and Room Keys 1, 3, 6, and 12. Bar intact all corrected no report.

C.E.H.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hate house calls. Do you know how much this thing weighs?"



I EARNED MY BIKE... YOU CAN TOO

Yes, you can easily earn a deluxe bicycle like this beauty . . . This exciting, brilliantly finished bicycle is equipped with gleaming chrome rims, headlight, kickstand, chain guard and rear carrier—and the boy's and girl's models come in three sizes—20", 24" and 26".

To earn YOUR bike, send us seven 2-yr. **Saturday Evening Post** subscriptions sold at the full U.S. price of $10.95 each to people outside your own home. Both new and renewal subscriptions count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and specify bike size and model. We'll arrange for prompt shipment of your bicycle.

This offer good in Continental U.S. only, until October 31, 1963
Sorry, no bicycle may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
882 Independence Square Phila., Pa. 19105

Know what to do when you must take charge in time of loss

Write for your free copy of "My Duty."
The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. SEP. 963, Columbus 1, Ohio

WHEN CORN PAIN BEARS DOWN!

GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

EASY TO USE LIQUID DISSOLVES CORNS *FAST!*

Easy to apply medicated liquid brings safe, painless relief. "Get that corn" with GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover.

Are you using the most modern way to relieve hemorrhoids?

You can be sure—with The PAZO Formula in convenient suppository form . . . most modern way to shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery. Here's why . . .

MODERN IN FORM. PAZO suppositories are ideal for today's active people. Foil-wrapped, handy to carry in pocket or purse, simple to use wherever you go. Stainless, pure-white . . . no messy applicator, no messy stains.

MODERN IN FORMULA. Some products claim all-purpose ingredients which are expected to do many jobs. PAZO suppositories, however, are a scientifically developed *combination* of tested ingredients . . . each chosen for its ability to do one *primary* job with full-strength effectiveness.

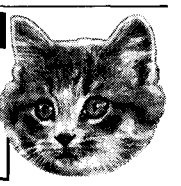
Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Petroleum Jelly
Pile Tissue Shrinkage	X	X	
Lubrication	X	X	X
Antiseptic Action	X	X	
Pain Relief	X		
Itch Relief	X		

Use the most modern way to soothe and shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery . . . PAZO suppositories. Ask for . . .

THE PAZO® FORMULA HEMORRHOID SUPPOSITORIES
ALSO AVAILABLE IN OINTMENT FORM

Mounties PHOTO CORNERS
LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!
10c & 25c SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

KITTY LITTER®
Keeps Kitty Safe, Clean, Indoors
ABSORBS • DEODORIZES
Trackproof, sanitary cat box filler. Makes pet care easier. Obtain at pet counters.
Send for folder on "Cat Care"



LOWE'S, INC., Dept. L-42, Cassopolis, Michigan

SAVOGRAN Kwikeeze
CLEANS PAINT BRUSHES FAST

AT PAINT OR HARDWARE STORES
THE SAVOGRAN CO., NORWOOD, MASS.

4.8% CURRENT RATE PER ANNUM WITH INSURED SAFETY
DIVIDENDS PAID QUARTERLY

FIDELITY *Federal*
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
Box 1631-29 • Glendale 5, California
Just minutes from the center of Los Angeles
Assets over $260 million

INSURED

R. M. RIGGLE, *Assistant vice president*
Please send information about your association.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____
STATE_____
(PLEASE PRINT) 29

VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil

HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •
PROVED 10 years — 600 persons University Experiments
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES — only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.
Send NOW for FREE book #7

PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.

Liquid & Capsules

VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

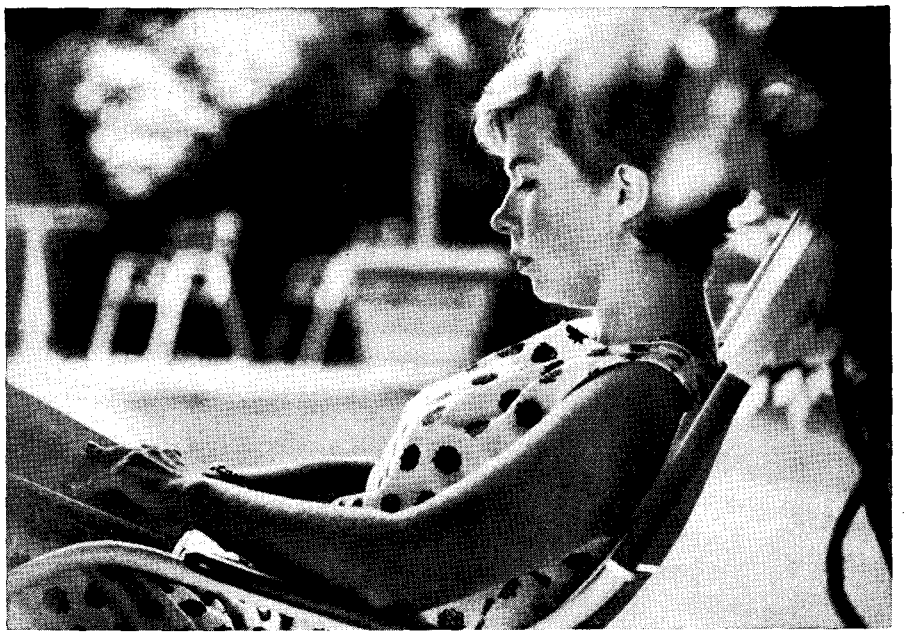
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christina on the grounds of the summer palace. "She's popular not because she's a princess," says a friend, "but because you soon forget she's one."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROYAL CO-ED CHRISTINA PREPARES TO ENTER RADCLIFFE.

PRINCESS FROM SWEDEN



By Edward Behr

At any college the unofficial curriculum—*no tuition and no final* grades—includes a course in advanced girl-watching. Even at Harvard, where the students from neighboring Radcliffe were once scorned as neuter objects in horn-rimmed glasses, the scholars now pay proper attention to the flocks of girls cooing and chattering through the falling leaves of the once-puritan Yard. This fall they may pay particular attention to one new girl in the junior class, a quiet blonde with the cool good looks of a Hitchcock heroine. She also has something that no movie star can equal. She is Princess Christina, granddaughter of King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden.

Christina—known as "Titi" to her friends—is 20 years old, the youngest and brightest of four royal sisters, a top scholar at the French school in Stockholm. She had thought of applying to Radcliffe for a long time, and finally did so after talking with Harvard biologist J. D. Watson, who visited Stockholm last December to receive a Nobel Prize. "I wouldn't say I encouraged her to come here," says Watson, smiling; "no more, at least, than any pretty girl."

I went to visit Christina with photographer Jerry Cooke not long ago at the Swedish summer palace of Solliden, on the island of Öland in the Baltic Sea. It's a very quiet country estate and the only person who watched our progress through the royal grounds was a good-looking 17-year-old boy on a bicycle. He wore a sports shirt and a pair of faded jeans, and he grinned at us as our driver nearly ran him down. He was Carl Gustaf, the crown prince, the youngest of the royal family and Christina's only brother.

Punctually, at three P.M., Christina appeared from nowhere in a Volvo, guarded by two elegant spaniels that bolted out of the car before her. I bent down to stroke one of them.

"I shouldn't do that if I were you," the princess said in perfect English. "They're rather nervous." One of the spaniels snarled, and I drew my hand away. "They belong to my sisters," Christina added. "I'm terrified of them myself."

Christina looked fine, in a pink blouse and blue Capris. She has a warm and clear complexion, and a quiet smile of secret amusement. Her walk, her voice, her way of sitting in a chair, all impart a mood of alert repose. She is said to be a talented mimic. Mme. Kosslovsky, her ballet teacher in Stockholm, claims that if she were not a princess she could become a professional dancer. Her friends say she could be a first-class professional actress.

We walked around the grounds of the palace, which is really not a palace at all, but a rambling, two-story villa built in the style of the Italian Renaissance. It sits in a garden of graveled paths and shaded walks and lawns. She was taking it easy for a month, Christina explained, after a fairly grueling year of school. On top of a heavy load of language, history and literature courses, she had just finished a thesis on modern Swedish music. Inside the house we sat in a simply furnished room with a view of the gardens and the sea beyond.

I asked her if she looked forward to visiting America. Yes, she said, she'd love to tour the United States, though she hopes to do so "incognito." "I want to see it all. Washington, the Museum of Modern Art, the South—especially the West Coast, which I've read so much about. I've had an enormous curiosity about America since I was a child. I love your American authors—Henry James, and Fitzgerald, and Faulkner. And I want to hear your jazz." When she talks, Christina chooses her words with care—all princesses are taught that—and she turns her blue eyes directly to the person she talks to.

"What do you plan to study?" I asked.

"Well, history. And music, of course. Music's a favorite interest of mine."

Does she play a musical instrument? "The piano," she replied. "But no jazz, unfortunately. I haven't learned as yet to play anything later than Ravel." Would she be willing to play something for us? "Certainly," she said, and walked, with that quiet ballet motion, to an upright piano on the farther side of the room. She played a few bars of Mozart—and played it very pleasantly, easy and fluent, with no unnecessary flourishes.

"And your Radcliffe decision—did this bother the royal court at all?" I asked.

She didn't turn her eyes away, but she met the question with silence. (A friend later told me that "it wouldn't have mattered what anyone at court thought. When Christina makes up her mind to do something, she usually does it.")

From some of her friends in Stockholm I had heard that Christina is immensely popular—"Not," as one of them put it, "because she's a princess, but because you soon forget that she is one." Does she often go to parties? "Oh, I love parties. The jazz and dancing, of course. But it's been a busy year. My studies this year were quite demanding."

"Have you any plans to marry?" I asked.

She laughed at this. "No, none for the time being."

A whiz on the water

Unlike her sister Birgitta, a dedicated sportswoman, Christina is not indiscriminately fond of all sports, but she likes to ski on snow and water. Jerry Cooke, who had been silent for most of the interview, suddenly had a bright idea. "Will you take us water-skiing?" he asked.

Christina thought for a moment, then laughed and said, "Yes, I'd love to." At this, we crossed the French doors into the garden, where we met the court chamberlain, Erik Drakenberg, a former colonel in the Swedish army. Christina told him about our expedition. "In that case," he said, "I simply must get hold of the crown prince. He's the only one who really understands that boat." The crown prince joined the party, the five of us piled into Christina's Volvo, and she drove us down to the water. As luck would have it, the sky clouded over in 10 minutes, and a heavy breeze chopped the water into rough, cold whitecaps. Skiing was out of the question.

"We'll take the boat out anyway," said the prince, and he zipped off its tarpaulin. We took off from the pier with the crown prince at the wheel and Christina seated calmly beside him, her blond hair blowing over her forehead as the boat leaped and shook in its rush across the water. Twenty minutes later, back on the pier, Cooke and I were somewhat dizzy. Christina looked as imperturbable as when we toured the palace gardens.

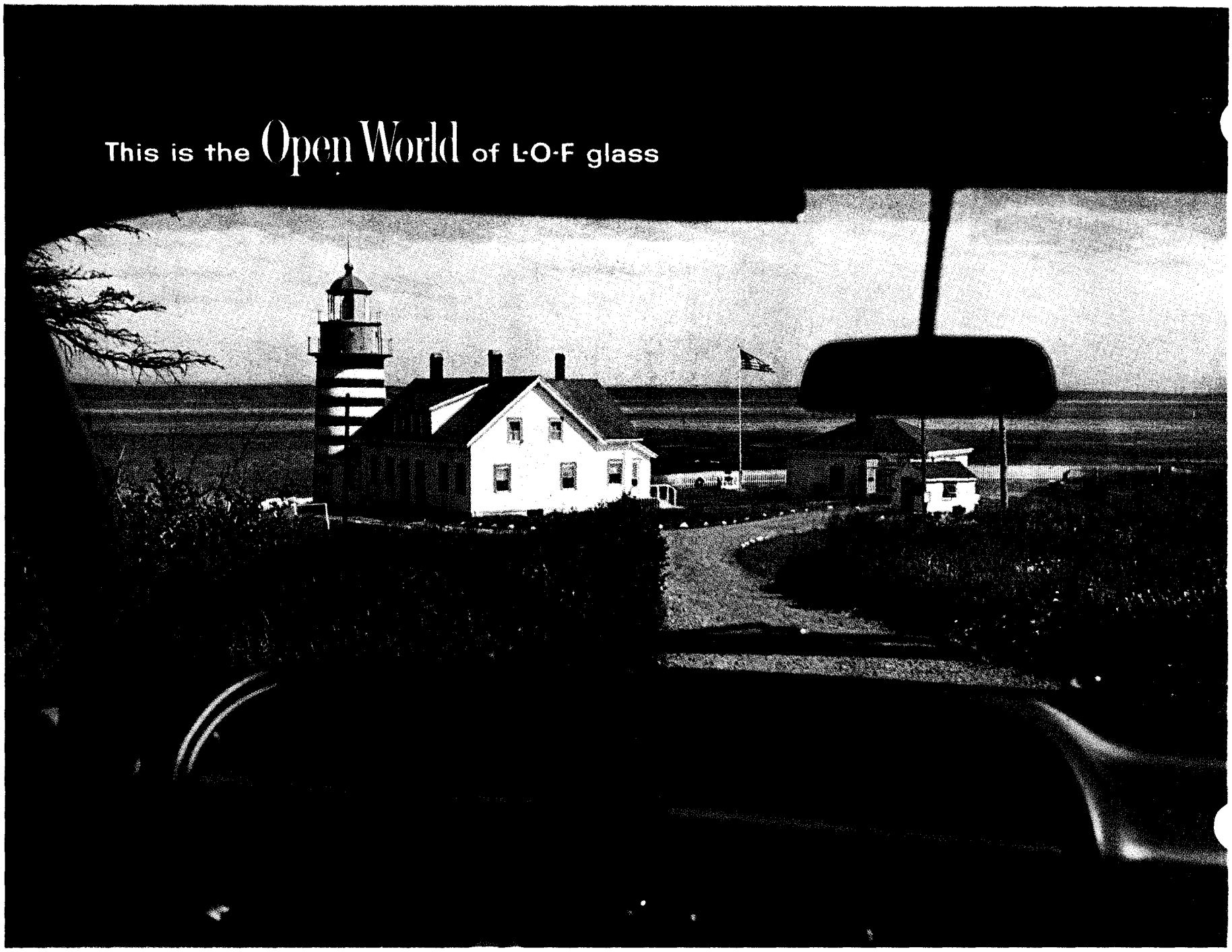
I asked the prospective Radcliffe girl about the problems of being a princess. The Swedes have strong egalitarian traditions and would never tolerate either the remoteness or the high upkeep of the Belgian or British royal families.

"Yes," she said, "it's rather different in our country. The king doesn't even wear the crown in his coronation anymore. Since 1907 it has been placed on a table next to the throne. Everyone sort of looks at it." She paused. "And it's different for women too. Only men can inherit the throne in Sweden. Once a princess, always a princess."

Christina's simplicity and sense of proportion have been a notable trait in her family for generations. The royal line, in fact, was founded barely 150 years ago by the son of a family of French weavers, Jean Bernadotte, who joined the French army as a lowly grenadier and worked his way up the ranks to become one of Napoleon's greatest generals. Evidently the Radcliffe authorities expected someone more grandiose, for they wrote to the Swedish court asking whether Princess Christina would wish to live in her own house with her own retinue. Christina wrote back herself. "I had heard," she said, "that Radcliffe students lived in community houses, sometimes sharing a room, and made their own beds. I told them I hoped to live in one of these houses, and be treated like any other student." She has been assigned a single room in Holmes Hall, one of the big red-brick dormitories on the Radcliffe campus.

It is her modesty that makes Christina the unusual princess that she is. And this quality was best summed up, perhaps, in a remark she made as we were leaving. "You know," she said solemnly, "Radcliffe is one of the best and most famous of all women's colleges, and I was terribly proud to get in." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



See America in your automobile. See such sights as West Quoddy Head Light, Maine, easternmost point in the U.S.A.
And see it all, *clearly*—through L·O·F Laminated Safety Plate Glass.

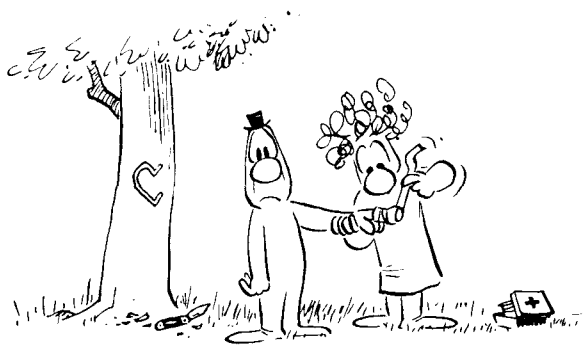
America never looked better **than through a windshield of L·O·F Safety Plate Glass. First—you get a *big* look. The wider, higher L·O·F windshield has opened up your world at the wheel. Second—you get a *comfortable* look. To produce the smooth surfaces needed for clear, undistorted vision, L·O·F precision-grinds and rouge-polishes the plate glass for every windshield. And if you're bothered by sun heat and glare, L·O·F even helps you there—with windshields of tinted and shaded Safety Plate Glass. These are three reasons why you'll find L·O·F Safety Glass in more cars than any other brand.**

Look for this trademark

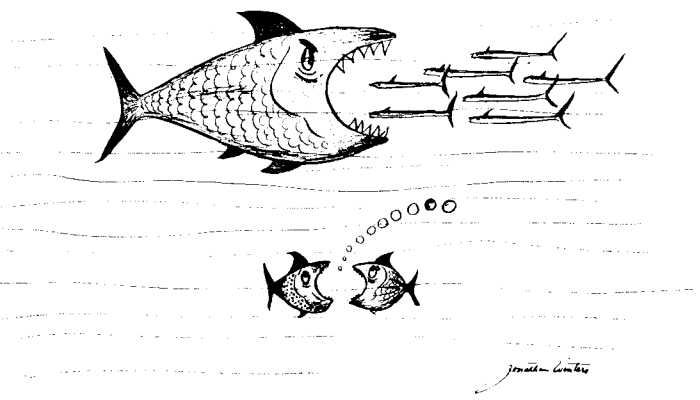
Look for this trademark **(L·O·F) on the glass of the next car you buy, and ask for it if you ever have to have glass replaced. Then go look at America. You'll see it never looked better.**

Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company
Toledo 2, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



post scripts

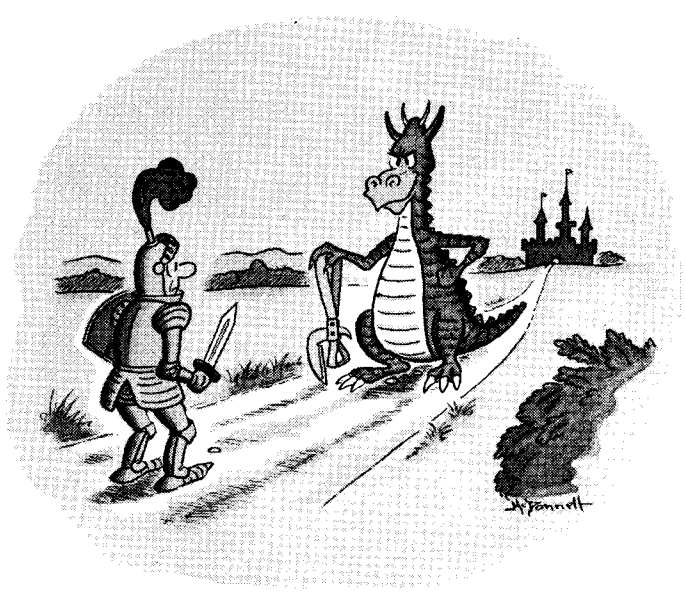


"See what happens to conformists?"

ROOM SERVICE

The rumpus room is where we've stored
A tricycle and ironing board,
A little freezer, paints, machines,
And tightly bound, old magazines.
Our rumpus room has other things:
Two mattresses with inner springs,
An extra roaster, a football pump—
And, of course, no place to rump.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF



"Say, you don't happen to be a tenor, do you?"

"What a day! I struck out twice, dropped a fly ball, broke th' chain on my bike an' Marcia Wilson's in love with me."

"You must come over and see my new French provincial!"

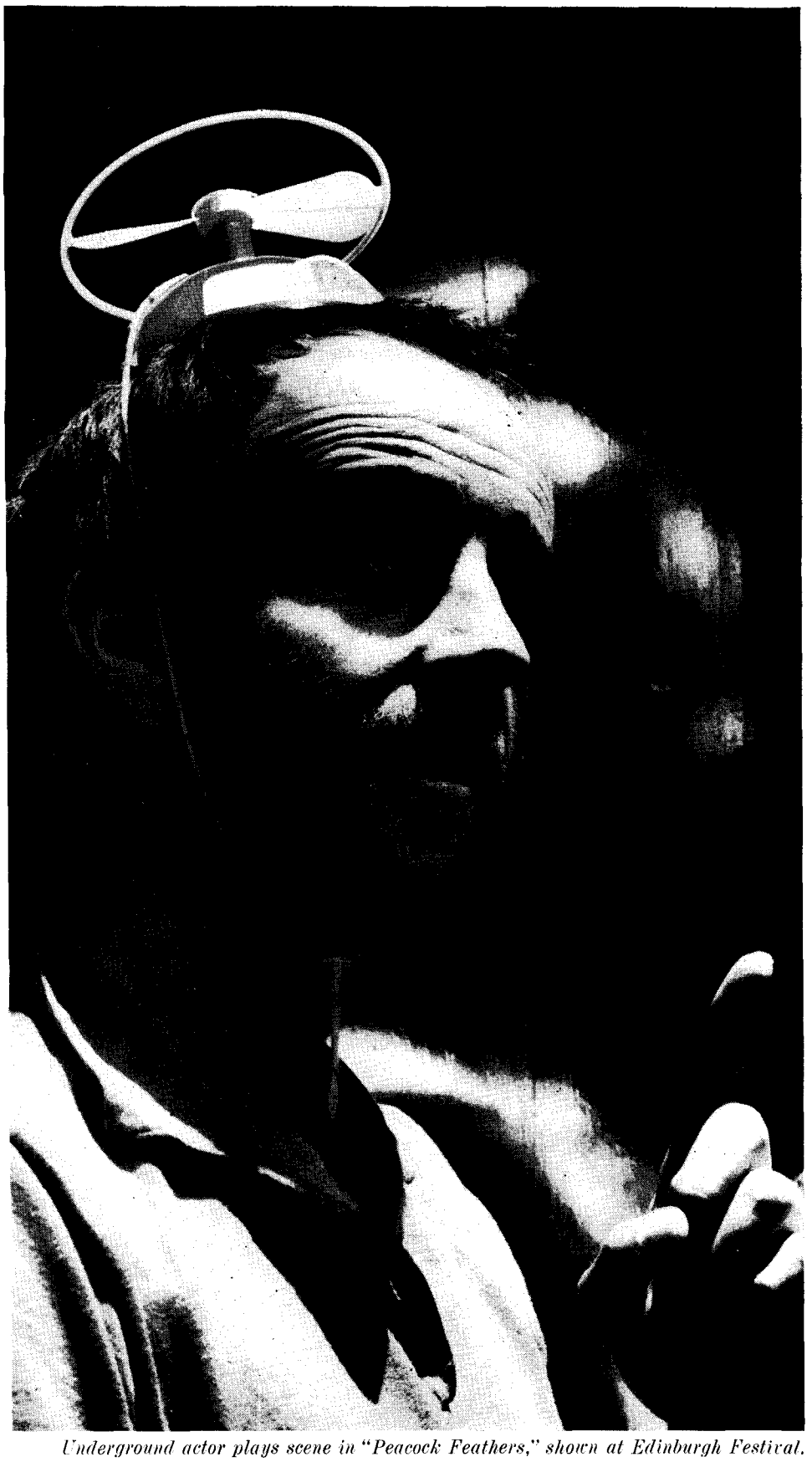
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By PETE HAMILL

EXPLOSION IN THE MOVIE UNDERGROUND

Defying Hollywood, young film-makers battle scoffers, debts and the law to turn out pictures for a growing audience.

Would-be DeMille shoots in New York hotel



Underground actor plays scene in "Peacock Feathers," shown at Edinburgh Festival.

The battered auto swung noisily into New York's Fulton Fish Market, hesitated for a moment, then jerked and croaked to the curb. A girl and a lean-faced companion in monk's robes stepped from the car onto the sidewalk, shooting anticipatory glances at three furtive-looking companions in the rear seat. "Action!" yelled one of the men in the back of the car. The girl and the "monk" began to walk, while a camera, lodged in the lap of one of the men in the auto, filmed the couple's movements.

Within minutes, a group of uninvited longshoremen sidled over. "Beatniks," growled one beefy longshoreman as he poked his head in the car, "Looka the beatniks looking at the boidie." Others in the gathering crowd took up the cry. One dockwalloper playfully jabbed the tip of a knife against one of the men in the car and another pierworker produced a mackerel which he stuffed down the shirt of one of the auto's occupants. Discretion almost immediately won over valor, and the girl, the "monk" and their three companions fled in the car. A rain of fish, crabs and epithets followed, marking an inauspicious end to another thrilling episode in the unfolding saga of an American phenomenon known as the Underground Cinema.

"I suppose someone could have been hurt," said Jonas Mekas, a soft-voiced, 40-year-old former Lithuanian poet, who was one of the men in the car. "But in the Underground, we're used to these things."

The Underground Cinema is one of the most controversial—and talked about—topics in the American motion-picture industry today. Directors, actors, producers and critics have alternately hailed it as a savior or termed it a gigantic hoax. As a sort of Off-Broadway of the dream industry, the Underground now includes most of the low-budget film-makers in this country, and has way stations in Chicago, Denver, Detroit, San Francisco, and even that suburb of Cloud Cuckoo Land, Los Angeles.

"We're finally making the movies into what they should have been in the first place," says Ken Jacobs, a 30-year-old New Yorker, whose first film, *Little Stabs at Happiness*, attempts to capture the moods of the big city with gaily colored dance sequences. "I mean art, of course."

Since it is apparently an axiom that art springs from poverty, most of the Underground moviemakers pride themselves on being graduates of the plain-pipe-rack school of film-making. They have made pictures for as little as $63 or as much as $10,000. Mekas, in fact, was making a $6,000 feature of his own, called *Guns of the Trees*, when he visited the Fulton Fish Market in search of a mere three minutes of film. He got two and a half before the longshoremen arrived. That being show biz in the Underground Cinema, he figured he was ahead.

There is no question that the current ferment in the Underground Cinema borders on the astounding. More than 50 feature-length films have been produced in the past two years, along with hundreds of shorts, and this summer 22 features were in the works in New York City alone. This becomes more astonishing when one realizes that the motion picture has always been the most expensive of all art media. "A movie can be made," says Mekas, "and still be art, for the price of a Brooks Brothers suit."

Most observers, however, feel that the young film-makers could probably lear some lessons from the Brothers Brool Many of the new films are poorly tai-lored—amateurish and ill-conceived visual essays. In content, they may range from simple abstract games, replete with gaudy colors and tawdry technique, to undigested intellectual clichés about this-being-a-world-we-never-made. But if the Underground is still not a New Wave, it is decidedly more than a ripple. In fact, the Ford Foundation, taking note of all the activity, recently announced it is considering grants of as much as $150,000 next year to creative film-makers.

Happily—or curiously—the audience for such films is growing too. The Film-Maker's Cooperative, a New York organization which acts as a distributing arm of the Underground, reports that movies from its catalogs have been seen in more than 100 cities in the past year and a half. Their primary showcases are film societies and college campuses, but increasingly, theaters also are beginning to book them. Hundreds were turned away this summer at a festival of Underground films in a New York church, and regular weekly showings at a New York movie house have attracted full houses.

It must be admitted that many of the films almost defy description. Some weave a thin line of plot; some seem to disdain plot entirely. Some employ young actors or friends of the film-makers; some consist entirely of geometric shapes which bump, jiggle, flap, glide, flit, hop, leap-frog or simply melt away. Everything from The Bomb to folk singers to th granddaughter of The Wolf Man m wind up as stuffing for a single film.

In Denver, for example, one of the heroes of the Underground—a moon-faced, moustached, 30-year-old named Stan Brakhage—is living in an abandoned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Methyl—® trademark for antiknock compound

You're always welcome... even if it's just to clean up a few little problems.

Anytime you want to get off of the road—and get some of the road off of you, stop at the sign of the Chevron. We check our restrooms as often as possible to keep them neat and properly equipped.

Of course, when you do need gas, we hope you'll try one of the three Chevron gasolines. Why three? So you can choose a gasoline made to fit the requirements of *your* car—without paying for extra power you can't use.

All three gasolines have Methyl* power—a research breakthrough in antiknock compounds that stands up under the extreme temperatures of high compression engines. Unlike others, Methyl spreads evenly to all cylinders, giving uniform antiknock performance. And it combines with all the other ingredients required for the best performance a car can deliver.

For the very highest-powered cars, use **Custom,** highest-powered gasoline in the West. For all other high-compression cars, fill up with **Supreme.** For cars designed to run on regular, choose **Chevron.**

You'll get proof that we take better care of your car.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

CHEVRON DEALERS · STANDARD STATIONS, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theater working on a four-hour feature to be called *Dog Star Man*. It deals with nothing less than the mystery of the creation of the universe, and there are some fanatic Brakhage adherents who claim he may solve it.

On a less cosmic scale there is a group of San Franciscans involved in an organization known as Canyon Cinema. Some of its members, such as 24-year-old Bruce Baillie, are plowing the social-protest garden; others, such as Christopher MacLaine, are almost totally involved in what they call "film poetry."

In New York a former graphic artist named Stan Vanderbeek is using animated films to turn out pointed satire. In a Vanderbeek film, landscapes suddenly become women's chests, rockets turn into autos, men traverse treadmills of superhighways. His short films—*Science Friction, Achoo Mr. Kerooochev, Wheels #2*—are among the best to come out of the Underground.

For a long while the new films—like many of their makers—lacked humor, but with Vanderbeek leading the way, comedies now are popping up everywhere. Among the nuttiest is *Diane the Zebra Woman*, a 24-minute short by Sheldon Rochlin and Diane Cramer. They describe it simply as "a movie about a girl who is really a zebra."

Raising money to fashion the films is no comedy, however, and most of the Undergrounders have turned to either charity or odd jobs to finance films. One 22-year-old spent the summer selling hot dogs at New York's Polo Grounds and now talks of making "an epic poem about Casey Stengel." Another filmmaker works as an usher in a movie house, a job, he says, which "is like a lawyer going to law school." A third was employed, until recently, in the sporting-goods department of Macy's, while a fourth brags that he supports his "movie habit" by shoplifting from the same store. ("I once walked out of there with four overcoats on. Crazy.")

Since few of the Undergrounders have cash, they have been forced to improvise. Last year a 26-year-old New Yorker named Ron Rice returned from San Francisco with a picture called *The Flower Thief* that he had made for $800. "I made it out of war-surplus machine-gun film," he explained, a soft voice belying his fierce Zapata-style moustaches. "It was the kind they built into the wings of fighter planes to record hits."

Rice's picture was the first recorded hit of the Underground Cinema. After a premiere at Cinema 16, the nation's largest film society, the 70-minute film opened at a New York art theater and was reviewed by all the major media. His picture chronicled the odyssey of a beleaguered idiot—police beat him, political lunatics try to kill him, women spurn him. The photography was frequently overexposed, and the sound track a garish blur of modern jazz, Debussy, fragments of sociology lectures and hillbilly music, but *The New York Times* declared warmly that "in the highly specialized area of experimental films, he has produced a major work."

One of the new film-makers who scoffs at Rice for what he feels is a murky approach is a 31-year-old former radar technician, Bill Powers. "Guys like him give you sausage and tell you it's steak, when it isn't even good sausage to begin with," Powers says acidly.

Powers feels that most of the so-called "film poets" are kidding themselves, and that without a firm grounding in their craft, their pictures will always be second-rate. His own pictures, *The Fight Game* and *Monday Morning*, are among the most "crafted" movies traveling the Underground circuit. The first is a study of boxers in training, with shots of mechanical prizefighters in a penny arcade intercut with actual training scenes in a gym. The sound track is the clackety-clack of skipping rope. Nothing else. The film is surprisingly effective.

Monday Morning follows an advertising man, complete with straw hat, seersucker suit and attaché case, out of the subway at New York's Central Park. He seems defeated, weary—and it is only Monday. Suddenly he looks at his watch, discovers he is two hours early, and turns into the park. He darts behind a rock and emerges without his jacket, skimmer and attaché case. The music comes up bouncy and lyrical as the man capers across the meadows. The picture ends with the man going behind the rock, donning his Madison Avenue uniform and strolling into the city. A clock says it is 10 minutes to nine. The man smiles.

Powers works in a printing plant as an advertising designer to support his compulsion, as he calls it, to make movies. He was trained as a painter and still photographer before turning to film two years ago. He lives alone in a two-room New York apartment, furnished sparsely with bookcases, record players, couch, drawing table, work bench and a movieola.

Powers recently spent a weekend which illustrates the problems that low-budget movie-makers frequently encounter. He went to a midtown camera shop on Friday afternoon to rent a movie camera, sound-recording equipment and lights, and to buy film. Total cost: $118. He made arrangements for some friends to help him with the equipment, and then contacted some actors for a feature film he was planning, called *The Downtown Fare*. They were to meet late Saturday afternoon and drive to an abandoned factory section on the West Side of Manhattan. He then rented a car to transport actors and equipment. Cost: $18. Everyone assembled at the appointed time and prepared to go out to the site. Naturally, it rained.

"We drove over there anyway," he said. "It was a light rain, and we thought, what the hell, maybe it will clear."

It cleared two hours later. Powers set up his sound equipment, checked his meter readings, set up his lights, slung the camera into a harness that hung from his shoulders and got ready to shoot. Naturally, the cops came.

A New York City ordinance requires that anyone using a tripod while shooting on the city streets must have a permit. Powers didn't have a permit, but he wasn't using a tripod either. That was academic, said the cops. "It's professional equipment, ain't it?" one cop bellowed. "Now scram."

The next day, Sunday, it rained again. Powers returned the equipment Monday morning with exactly 12 seconds of film in his hands. It cost $136 to shoot.

"You see," Powers said later, "this is the sort of thing that drives us nuts. The big outfits have bundles of dough. They could hire a whole police department if they have to shoot on the streets. But for us, this street-permit thing is like asking a painter to pay a sunset tax for the right to put one on canvas."

Jonas Mekas and Powers agree about the unfairness of the law, but in any argument over movies, they would be poles apart. Powers, who has been studying directing at a New York drama school, represents those in the Underground who believe in a "made" movie, and who intend to go on to full, larger-budget films if they get the chance.

Mekas believes that technique is absolutely the absolute last consideration of the artist as film-maker. And in the past six months he has turned more and more to a group of pseudobeat movie-makers as the hope of the future. All work out of New York's Lower East Side, and all are friends. They sleep on one another's pads, borrow one another's equipment, eat one another's food.

One of the prime figures in the Mekas group is Jack Smith, whose output includes *Flaming Creatures*, a sophomoric exercise in the kind of sex that Henry Miller dealt with 30 years ago. New York State refused to license it and as a result, when it was shown in a New York theater, there was no admission charge.

Another member of the Mekas group is Ken Jacobs, a young man from the Bronx with a fast mouth and bright, quizzical eyes. Jacobs recently edited a 25-minute short called *Blond Cobra*. In the film, Jack Smith danced on a Manhattan rooftop with a child's doll as a companion. "It's beautiful," says Jacobs. "It's Zen absurd poetry. It's mad." The picture is broken up by long stretches of dead-black screen, accompanied by Smith's voice telling fraternity-house stories that presumably are meant to be shocking. It might not be mad, but it is certainly maddening.

Almost all members of the Underground pay homage to certain film-makers who pioneered the movement. Most begin with Maya Deren, a beautiful woman who wrote a learned book on voodoo, made *Meshes of the Afternoon* in 1943, and who was still working when she died of a cerebral hemorrhage in 1961. Jonas Mekas also noted the James Agee-Helen Levitt-Sidney Meyers film, *The Quiet One* (1949), Morris Engel's *The Little Fugitive* (1953) and Lionel Rogosin's *On the Bowery* (1956).

"But the real beginning was *Shadows*," says Mekas, referring to a filmed improvisation that began in the drama classes of actor-director John Cassavetes. A story about a Negro girl who passes for white, *Shadows* was filmed in New York's streets, and packed a spontaneity that carried it past its murky, self-consciously arty photography.

Shadows got a number of people working, especially after it began to make money (original investment: $15,000). Mekas turned up with *Guns of the Trees*, and still photographer Robert Frank made the first beat film, *Pull My Daisy*. After that, the dike broke.

"There's no reason why anyone can't make a movie," said Mekas, and by last summer he was hailing the work of a New Yorker, David Wise, who made a lighthearted short called *Short Circuit*. David Wise is eight years old.

Despite the current delirium of activity, it is difficult to tell just where the Underground Cinema is going. Mekas claims the battle has just begun, and he could be right. The angry young moviemakers include a number of people with talent, as well as pretentious pseudo-artists, half-baked actors, and simple sensation seekers. But they have established themselves, and they have located an audience. By creating a lot of noise, and some excitement, they have pumped some badly needed adrenalin into a medium with tired blood.

"This *is* the new generation of American film-makers," comments one New York critic. "A lot of this stuff is garbage. But this so-called Underground is giving these kids a place to be bad. Who knows. Maybe they will produce a new American cinema. At least it won't be Debbie Reynolds or Doris Day, sailing into a saccharine sunset." THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Coffee for you, Buster!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

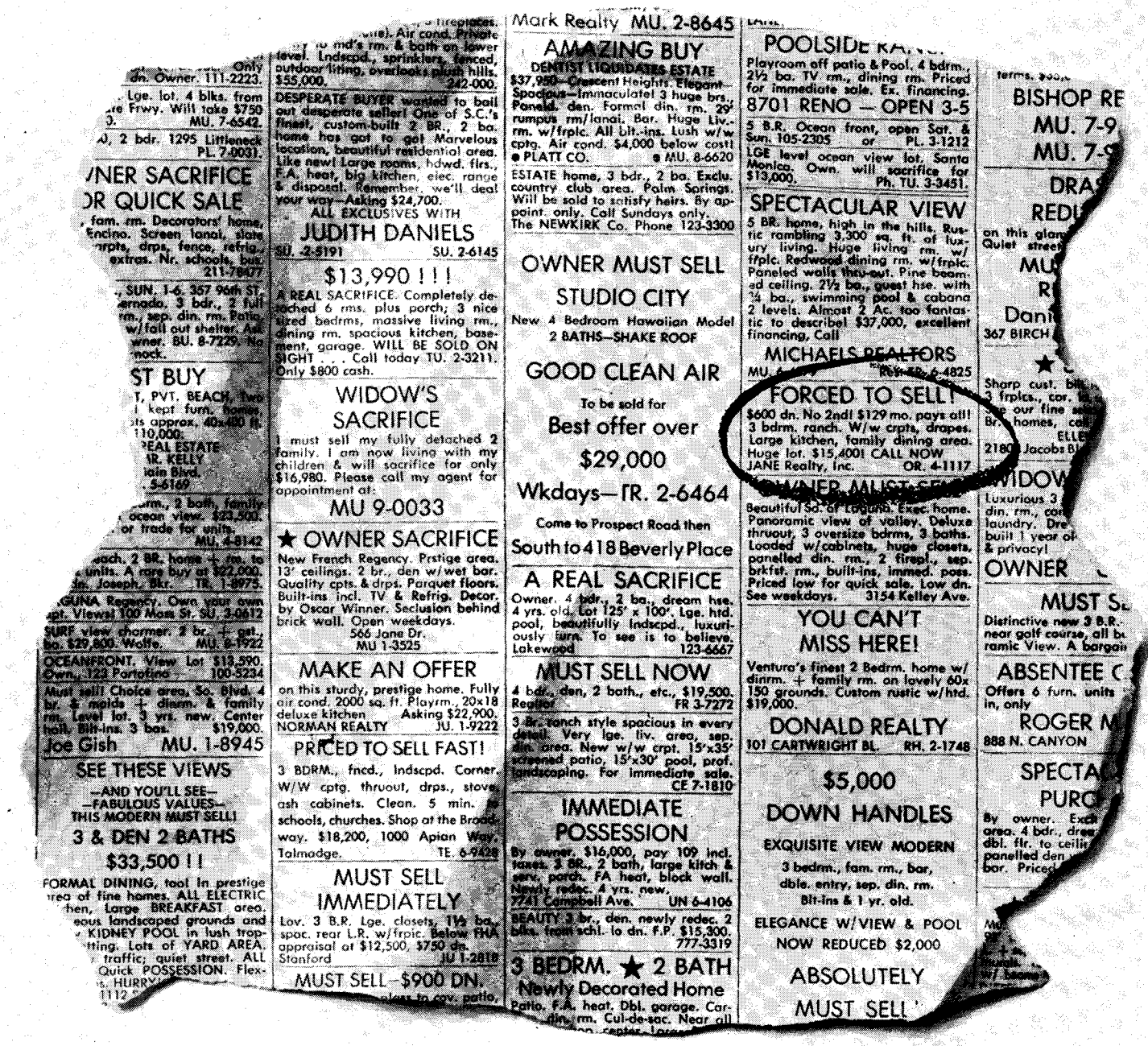
"I'll call you every night"

Long Distance is such an easy, reassuring way for you to keep in touch while you're away from home. It's mighty comforting, for folks at both ends of the line. Why not call soon and see?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

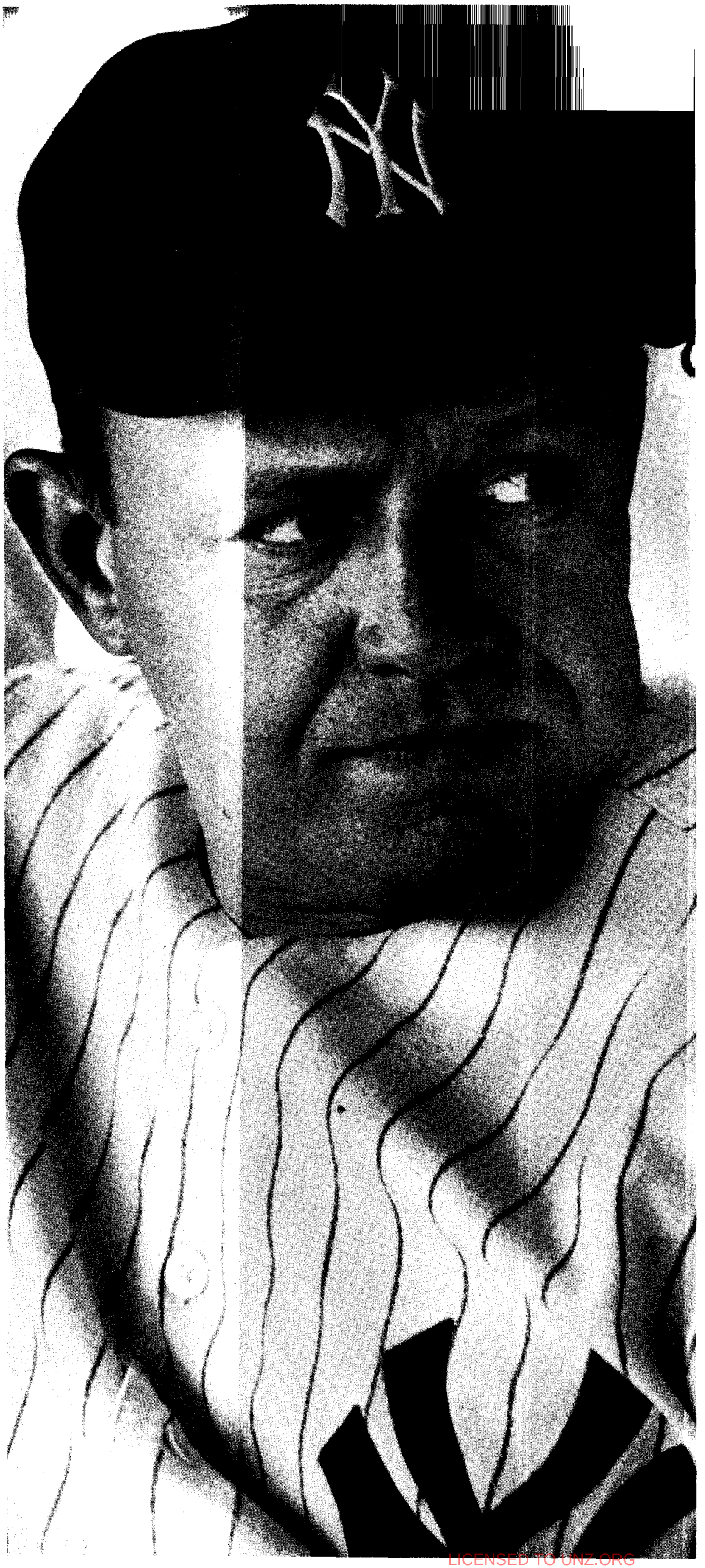

Mark Realty MU. 2-8645
AMAZING BUY
DENTIST LIQUIDATES ESTATE
$37,950—Crescent Heights Elegant—Spacious—Immaculate! 3 huge brs., Paneled den. Formal din. rm. 29' rumpus rm/lanai. Bar. Huge Liv.-rm. w/frplc. All blt.-ins. Lush w/w cptg. Air cond. $4,000 below cost! ● PLATT CO. ● MU. 8-6620
ESTATE home, 3 bdr., 2 ba. Exclu. country club area. Palm Springs. Will be sold to satisfy heirs. By appoint. only. Call Sundays only. The NEWKIRK Co. Phone 123-3300
OWNER MUST SELL
STUDIO CITY
New 4 Bedroom Hawaiian Model
2 BATHS—SHAKE ROOF
GOOD CLEAN AIR
To be sold for
Best offer over
$29,000
Wkdays—FR. 2-6464
Come to Prospect Road, then
South to 418 Beverly Place
A REAL SACRIFICE
Owner. 4 bdr., 2 ba., dream hse. 4 yrs. old. Lot 125' x 100'. Lge. htd. pool, beautifully lndscpd., luxuriously furn. To see is to believe. Lakewood 123-6667
MUST SELL NOW
4 bdr., den, 2 bath., etc., $19,500. Realtor FR 3-7272
3 br. ranch style spacious in every detail. Very lge. liv. area, sep. din. area. New w/w crpt. 15'x35' screened patio, 15'x30' pool, prof. landscaping. For immediate sale. CE 7-1810
IMMEDIATE POSSESSION
By owner, $16,000, pay 109 incl. taxes. 3 BR., 2 bath, large kitch & serv. porch. FA heat, block wall. Newly redec. 4 yrs. new. 7741 Campbell Ave. UN 6-4106
BEAUTY 3 br., den, newly redec. 2 bths. front schl. to dn. F.P. $15,300. 777-3319
3 BEDRM. ★ 2 BATH
Newly Decorated Home
Patio, F.A. heat. Dbl. garage. Carpet, din. rm. Cul-de-sac. Near all
POOLSIDE RANCH
Playroom off patio & Pool. 4 bdrm., 2½ ba. TV rm., dining rm. Priced for immediate sale. Ex. financing.
8701 RENO — OPEN 3-5
5 B.R. Ocean front, open Sat. & Sun. 105-2305 or PL. 3-1212
LGE level ocean view lot, Santa Monica. Own. will sacrifice for $13,000. Ph. TU. 3-3451.
SPECTACULAR VIEW
5 BR. home, high in the hills. Rustic rambling 3,300 sq. ft. of luxury living. Huge living rm. w/ frplc. Redwood dining rm. w/frplc. Paneled walls thru-out. Pine beamed ceiling. 2½ ba., guest hse. with ¾ ba., swimming pool & cabana 2 levels. Almost 2 Ac. too fantastic to describe! $37,000, excellent financing, Call
MICHAELS REALTORS
MU. 4-[illegible] REv. 4-[illegible] 6-4825
FORCED TO SELL!
$600 dn. No 2nd! $129 mo. pays all! 3 bdrm. ranch. W/w crpts, drapes. Large kitchen, family dining area. Huge lot. $15,400! CALL NOW
JANE Realty, Inc. OR. 4-1117
OWNER MUST SELL
Beautiful Sd. of Laguna. Exec. home. Panoramic view of valley. Deluxe thruout, 3 oversize bdrms, 3 baths. Loaded w/cabinets, huge closets, panelled din. rm., 2 firepl., sep. brkfst. rm., built-ins, immed. poss. Priced low for quick sale. Low dn. See weekdays. 3154 Kelley Ave.
YOU CAN'T MISS HERE!
Ventura's finest 2 Bedrm. home w/ dinrm. + family rm. on lovely 60x150 grounds. Custom rustic w/htd. $19,000.
DONALD REALTY
101 CARTWRIGHT BL. RH. 2-1748
$5,000
DOWN HANDLES
EXQUISITE VIEW MODERN
3 bedrm., fam. rm., bar, dble. entry, sep. din. rm. Blt-ins & 1 yr. old.
ELEGANCE W/VIEW & POOL
NOW REDUCED $2,000
ABSOLUTELY
MUST SELL
terms.
BISHOP RE
MU. 7-9
MU. 7-9
DRA
REDU
on this glam
Quiet street
MU
R
Dani
367 BIRCH
★
Sharp cust. bl
3 frplcs., cor.
our fine
Br. homes, ce
ELLE
2180 Jacobs Bl
WIDOW
Luxurious 3
din. rm., co
laundry. Dre
built 1 year o
& privacy!
OWNER
MUST S
Distinctive new 3 B.R.
near golf course, all b
ramic View. A bargai
ABSENTEE
Offers 6 furn. units
in, only
ROGER M
888 N. CANYON
SPECTA
PURC
By owner. Exc
area. 4 bdr., dre
dbl. flr. to ceili
panelled den
bar. Price
Only
dn. Owner. 111-2223.
Lge. lot. 4 blks. from
re Frwy. Will take $750
0. MU. 7-6542.
0, 2 bdr. 1295 Littleneck
PL. 7-0031.
NER SACRIFICE
OR QUICK SALE
fam. rm. Decorators' home,
Encino. Screen lanai, slate
rpts, drps, fence, refrig.,
extras. Nr. schools, bus.
211-7977
SUN. 1-6. 357 96th ST.
rnado. 3 bdr., 2 full
rm., sep. din. rm. Patio,
w/fall out shelter. Ask
wner. BU. 8-7229. No
nock.
ST BUY
T, PVT. BEACH, Two
kept furn. homes
ts approx. 40x80 ft.
110,000.
REAL ESTATE
IR. KELLY
lain Bird.
5-6169
rm., 2 bath, family
ocean view. $23,500.
or trade for units.
MU. 4-8142
each. 2 BR. home + rm. to
units. A rare buy at $22,000.
n. Joseph, Bkr. TR. 1-9975.
GUNA Regency. Own your own
pt. View! 100 Mora St. SU. 3-0612
SURF view charmer. 2 br., 1½ bat.,
ba. $29,800. Wolfe. MU. 8-1922
OCEANFRONT. View Lot $13,990.
Owner. 123 Portofino 100-5234
Must sell! Choice area. So. Blvd. 4 br. & maids + dinem. & family rm. Level lot. 3 yrs. new. Center hall. Blt-ins. 3 bas. $19,000.
Joe Gish MU. 1-8945
SEE THESE VIEWS
—AND YOU'LL SEE—
—FABULOUS VALUES—
THIS MODERN MUST SELL!
3 & DEN 2 BATHS
$33,500 ! !
FORMAL DINING, tool In prestige area of fine homes. ALL ELECTRIC kitchen, Large BREAKFAST area. Beautiful landscaped grounds and KIDNEY POOL in lush trop-setting. Lots of YARD AREA. traffic; quiet street. ALL Quick POSSESSION. Flex-
HURRY
1112
fireplaces. Air cond. Private md's rm. & bath on lower level. Lndscpd., sprinklers, fenced, outdoor lighting, overlooks plush hills. $55,000. 242-000.
DESPERATE BUYER wanted to bail out desperate seller! One of S.C.'s finest, custom-built 2 BR., 2 ba. home has got to go! Marvelous location, beautiful residential area. Like new! Large rooms, hdwd. firs., F.A. heat, big kitchen, elec. range & disposal. Remember, we'll deal your way—Asking $24,700.
ALL EXCLUSIVES WITH
JUDITH DANIELS
SU. 2-5191 SU. 2-6145
$13,990 ! ! !
A REAL SACRIFICE. Completely detached 6 rms. plus porch; 3 nice sized bedrms, massive living rm., dining rm. spacious kitchen, basement, garage. WILL BE SOLD ON SIGHT . . . Call today TU. 2-3211. Only $800 cash.
WIDOW'S SACRIFICE
I must sell my fully detached 2 family. I am now living with my children & will sacrifice for only $16,980. Please call my agent for appointment at:
MU 9-0033
★ OWNER SACRIFICE
New French Regency. Prstige area. 13' ceilings. 2 br., den w/wet bar. Quality cpts. & drps. Parquet floors. Built-ins incl. TV & Refrig. Decor. by Oscar Winner. Seclusion behind brick wall. Open weekdays.
566 Jane Dr.
MU 1-3525
MAKE AN OFFER
on this sturdy, prestige home. Fully air cond. 2000 sq. ft. Playrm., 20x18 deluxe kitchen Asking $22,900.
NORMAN REALTY JU. 1-9222
PRICED TO SELL FAST!
3 BDRM., fnced., lndscpd. Corner. W/W cptg. thruout, drps., stove, ash cabinets. Clean. 5 min. to schools, churches. Shop at the Broadway. $18,200, 1000 Apian Way, Talmadge. TE. 6-9428
MUST SELL
IMMEDIATELY
Lov. 3 B.R. Lge. closets, 1½ ba. spac. rear L.R. w/frplc. Below FHA appraisal at $12,500, $750 dn. Stanford JU 1-2818
MUST SELL—$900 DN.
to cov. patio.

Will your house be for sale or for keeps?

Our Mortgage Cancellation Plan can make the big difference. If your mortgage outlives you, Nationwide completes the payments at once. This way, your family is guaranteed a home, free and clear. (Or your wife has an income if she wants to rent; an asset she owns outright if she wants to sell.) Here's vital protection, yet it hardly dents the budget. Example: a man age thirty with a $10,000, 20-year mortgage, pays an average of just $32 a year, based on estimated dividend scale. It costs so little because we insure the balance of your mortgage, and your protection decreases with your debt. So you pay for no waste coverage. See your Nationwide agent. He'll show you how to keep your home in the family, your family in their home.

INSURANCE BY NATIONWIDE
LIFE/HEALTH/GROUP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE MAN IN THE PIN-STRIPED SUIT RALPH HOUK

By Ed Linn

When Ralph Houk, the manager of the New York Yankees, walks out onto the field to take out a pitcher, he has a dumpy, lumpy look about him, not unlike a bag of old laundry—hardly unusual since everybody above the age of 30 looks ridiculous in a baseball uniform except, of course, Casey Stengel on whom it glows like motley. Houk always strolls out, running one hand along the side of his neck as if he were rather embarrassed to be holding up the game, a radical departure from the somewhat more folksy style of Stengel, his predecessor, who came out there doing the Old Soft Shoe.

Seated in the manager's office, Ralph Houk looks altogether different. He seems much taller—he is just under six feet—and with his wavy hair, warm smile and quick, open laughter, he reminds you of nothing quite so much as Bob Richards delivering that Wheaties commercial.

Both of the faces Houk presents to the public are misleading, and nothing is quite so misleading as the depreciatory little cackle with which he ends so many of his sentences. He is not an anonymous, self-effacing man. He is confident and dominating. Nor is he noticeably easy-going. He is a sharply focused, hard-driving, highly competitive ex-brawler, with a trigger temper he is always fighting to control.

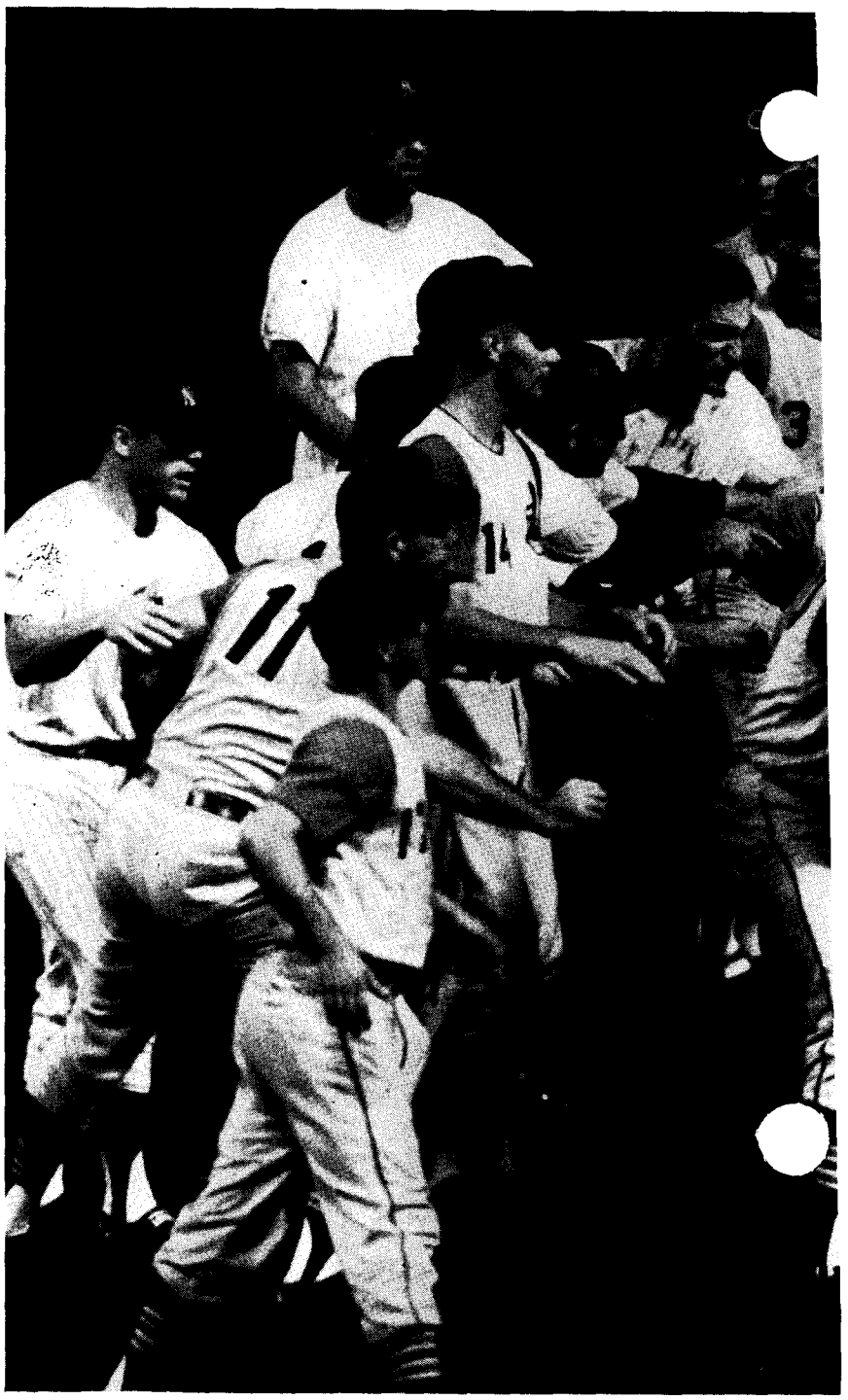
While baseball fans knew him in his playing days—if they knew him at all—only as one of those bullpen catchers who never gets into a game, he was widely known in inner circles as the hard-drinking, quick-swinging "Major," the toughest guy in the game. In those days of wine and roses, his drinking buddies on the Yankees used to enliven a dull evening in the neighborhood bar by nudging Ralph in the ribs and muttering, "Hey, did you see that? I don't like the way that guy is looking at you, Ralph."

Ralph, sorely offended, would stalk over and chalk up another TKO.

All rookies, as part of their orientation lectures, were told the story of the time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The umpire is named John Rice, and he has called a close one against the Yankees. The man with the temper: Houk.



■ "YOU HAD TO KNOW HIM TO UNDERSTAND," SAYS THE COLONEL. "HE ACTUALLY ENJOYED FIGHTING."

Houk and a few of his teammates got themselves into a barroom argument with hoodlums. ("Let's not kid ourselves," Ralph says. "It was a place where we shouldn't have been.") One of the hoods pulled a gun, and Ralph leaped over a barstool, yanked it away from him and knocked him cold.

Ralph Houk had played with guns before, for "Major" is not an honorary title. During World War II he was an officer with the 89th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, attached to the Rangers. What that means is that when you saw those maps with the sweeping arrows showing the farthest point of penetration in France and Germany, the man at the tip of that arrow was frequently Lieutenant Houk. (He made captain at the very end of the war and was discharged as a major.) Before the discharge, he had been awarded a Silver Star and a Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster. Houk was also the man who carried a sealed message through German lines to beleaguered Bastogne to inform Gen. Anthony McAuliffe that help was on the way.

Today Ralph takes the position that the stories about his war exploits have been overblown. He had, he insists, at least the requisite amount of fear. But his commanding officer, Col. Caesar Fiore (Ret.), remembers him as a man who came back from every tough action, grinning broadly. "You had to know this fellow to understand the smile," Colonel Fiore has said. "You see, he actually enjoyed fighting."

Civilians have, on occasion, been permitted to witness that enjoyment too. While Ralph was managing at Denver, the top Yankee farm, his club and St. Paul got themselves into a beanball contest. With Houk's Denver club at bat, Max Macon, the St. Paul manager, came to the top of the dugout and whistled loudly, a clear signal ordering his pitcher to knock down the batter, Rance Pless. Pless shouted back a warning that if he went down, he was charging Macon, not the pitcher. The pitch undressed Pless, but before he could get to the St. Paul dugout, Houk was there, swinging.

"Houk had Macon down and he had a headlock on him," one of the players who was there says, "and he was just battering away at him with delight. But what I remember most is that after they finally pulled the two of them apart I couldn't take my eyes off Ralph because, you know, he looked as if he were in ecstasy."

Now the Yankees are surrounded by such an aura of power and glory that Yankee Stadium—green and massive and almost forbidding—is the only field in the country where it seems right and proper to play *The Star-Spangled Banner*. A wild man, with a manic glint in his eye, would hardly seem to be the best possible prospect to become their manager and wear the august pinstripes of the Yankee uniform. Yet, when you think about it, there is no real conflict between the Ranger and the Organization Man. The Army is, after all, the most massive of all organizations. And, if you want to approach it from the other side, there is almost as much regimentation in the Yankee system as there is in the military.

The Yankees saw the military-organization aspect of Houk long before the thought of managing had ever occurred to him. Ralph, a native of Lawrence, Kans., was 34 years old in the winter of 1953 when Lee MacPhail, then the Yankee farm director, asked him casually whether he had ever thought of becoming a manager. "Contrary to a lot of things I've read since," Houk says, "I hadn't. But Lee suggested I might do well to start thinking about it, and after we'd talked about it a few more times I was really interested."

"He's been leading men all his life," Yankee president Dan Topping says, in explaining why he tapped Houk to follow the flamboyant Stengel. "That war record, which was a hell of a record, had us thinking about him from the time he came back. And then, during the Denver period, he showed us he was a good organization man. He not only developed the players, he kept the New York office informed. He sent back the best reports I've ever seen."

Houk became the Yankee manager first because the organization no longer felt it could depend on Stengel. "A contract with Casey didn't mean anything anymore," Topping says. "Casey was always talking about quitting." Stengel had signed a two-year contract a few weeks after the 1958 season ended, "but," says Topping, "for a couple of months there we didn't know whether we had a manager or not. We decided right then that we would never be put in that position again." Houk, then a coach, was told only that the Old Man couldn't last forever, and "the guy on the ground floor is going to have an edge."

The Stengel era in New York ended as Bill Mazeroski hit a ninth-inning home run to beat the Yankees in the seventh game of the 1960 World Series. "If we had swept the Pirates in four straight games," Topping says, "Ralph Houk would still have been our manager the next year." The organization can depend upon the Major.

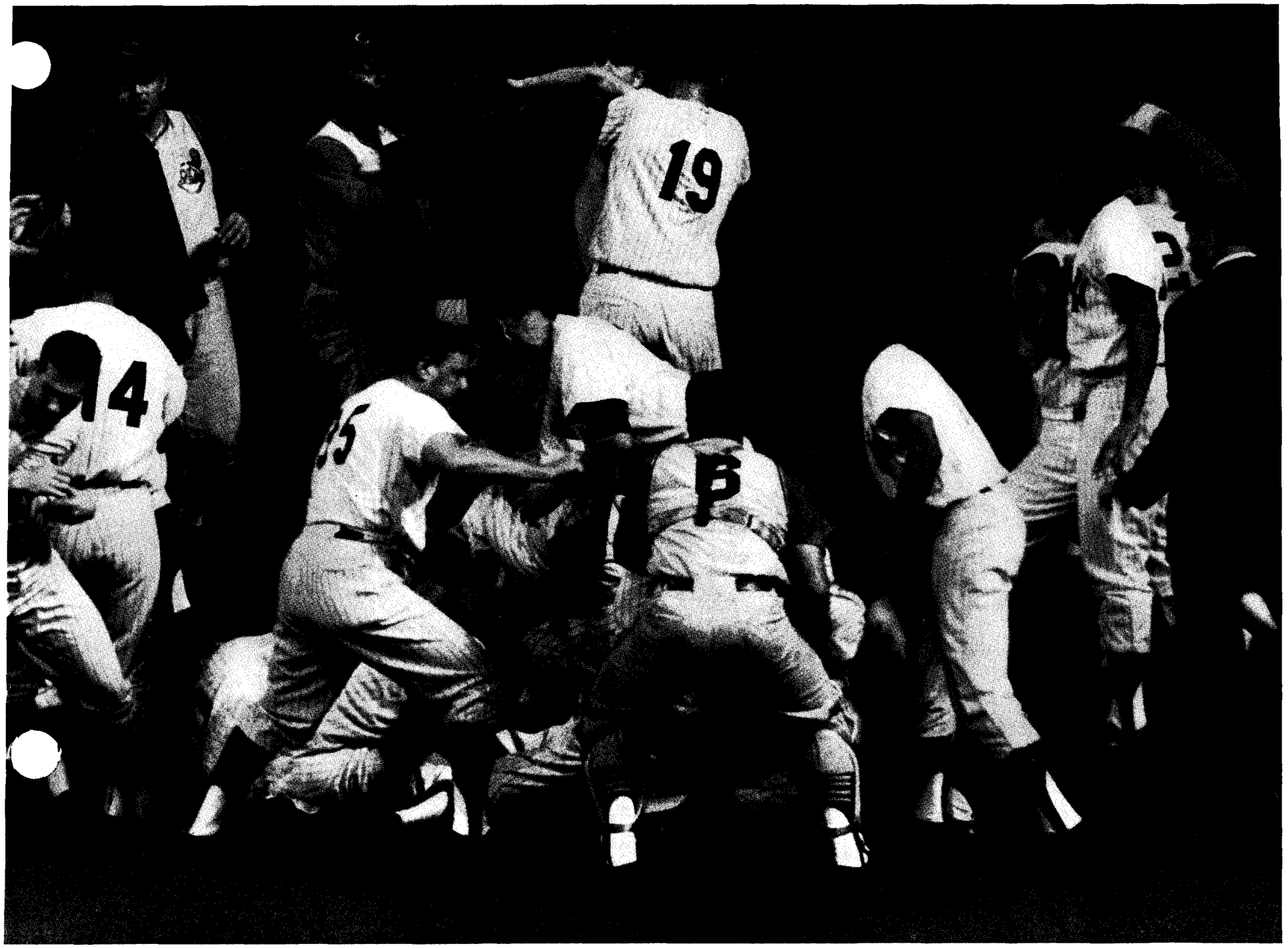
Houk himself sees a direct line running between the orderly room and the manager's office. "It would be foolish to compare the problems you have during the war with the problems in baseball," he says, "but men are men, no matter what they're doing. Some need a kick in the pants and some need a pat on the back."

Leadership is possibly best defined as the overwhelming belief that through your own abilities and your own personality and, most important of all, your own luck, one way or another you will win. Ralph doesn't like to get into definitions himself. "If I have any philosophy at all," he says, "it's that a leader has to have confidence in his men before they're going to have confidence in him. Maybe that *is* a throwback to the Army training. But, you know, I'm one of those guys who believes that you can only be yourself. I think it's a great mistake to analyze what you're doing that closely, because once you let yourself become self-conscious about it you're going to stop doing what comes naturally."

Confidence is his key word. After a first unsuccessful swing around the American League in his freshman year as manager, he called his players together and told them, "Well, we've seen them all now. Have you seen anybody better than *us*?"

On the other hand, nothing annoys him quite so much as the widespread opinion that the Yankees romped home in his first two seasons. Houk likes to point out that in his first season the Yankees didn't take over the lead until July and were only one and a half games ahead of Detroit on September 1. Last year the Yankees managed to blow a hefty five-game lead in August and had to come roaring down the stretch again. If nobody pays any particular attent
to him, it is because no matter how c
the American League race may be ...
September, nobody except visionaries, dreamers and epic poets really expects anybody except the Yankees to win.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just a quiet evening at Yankee Stadium when Cleveland was in town, and someone had thrown a knockdown pitch. In the middle: No. 35, Houk.

Houk's great crisis came this year when Mickey Mantle broke his ankle. With the Yankees, as with the Army, there is, as a matter of high policy, no such thing as an indispensable man. The only flaw that could be found in this policy was that in two of the three World Series the Yankees had lost under Casey Stengel, Mantle had been hobbled by injuries. Tom Greenwade, the great Yankee scout, had confided to friends, "With Number Seven out, those guys have never felt they could do it."

Houk called another meeting in the clubhouse and told his players coldly, "If we can't win without him, there's a lot of you guys being overpaid."

The Yankees won this year's pennant largely without Mantle, largely without Roger Maris, without Yogi Berra as a full-time player, without any real hitting—and without competition.

[illegible], of course, there is a rub. Since the [illegible]can League seems to consist of the New York Yankees and one great swamp, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Yankees would win under any manager. Houk shows no disposition to argue the point. "I don't know how important a manager is," he says, "and I don't think the other nineteen managers know either."

What surprises you most as Houk talks about the value of the manager is that he does not even mention strategy or tactics. Houk manages strictly by the book—so much so that old Houk players have found that they can sit by the television set and call every move. Stengel, who sometimes managed by the sound of voodoo drums, was thought of primarily as a brilliant strategist. Houk has admittedly never made an intuitive move in his life.

"The main function of a manager," he says, "is organizing the team in the spring. That means being sure you keep the right twenty-five men. It means keeping every position well protected so that you have a twenty-five-man unit. Once the season begins, the most important thing becomes the organization of your pitching staff."

He is such a fanatic about pitching that he frequently has his rotation set three weeks in advance, even though he is perfectly aware that sore arms, bad weather and other foul acts of man and God are going to upset it. Ralph keeps meticulous records on every phase of the game, but nothing to compare to the day-to-day, almost hour-to-hour tracking of his pitchers. Houk not only records every *batting-practice* assignment, he very carefully notes how each pitcher looked in batting practice, traditionally meaningless to everyone but hitters.

Not a day goes by that he doesn't discuss problems with his pitching coach, Johnny Sain. "I can't expect either Sain or the pitchers to know what I've got in mind two days from now, so I have to let him know what I want done today. And I want to know what every pitcher on the club is doing every day. Sain works with them physically, of course, and once I've finished talking, he'll tell me anything he has on his mind and we'll discuss it and reach an agreement . . ."

Suddenly, Houk chewed down on his cigar and began to chuckle, as if he had just pulled some kind of a joke on himself. "I was trying to think of an example to show what Sain might disagree with me about," he explained, "and I just realized it hasn't ever happened. But you've got to admit that it sounds good in theory."

You've also got to admit that Houk has surrounded himself with coaches who have no great ambition to become managers themselves. This does not necessarily mean that he believes in keeping his flanks protected, but only that he believes the organization runs much more smoothly when everybody knows his place.

To call Houk an organization man, then, is like calling Richard Burton a mere corner Casanova. All managers are, to a greater or lesser degree, organization men these days. Most of them, however, are little more than field technicians, dominated by the organization.

The Los Angeles front office gives Walter Alston the players and accepts full responsibility for the success or failure of the team. But in all matters where human relations are involved—baseball and marriage being as good examples as any—the interplay of personalities determines where the power lies. Buzzy Bavasi, the Dodger general manager, is so much the strong man in Los Angeles that he even reaches into the clubhouse to tell his manager who to pitch. With the Yankees it is Houk, the manager, who reaches into the front office to control the players who will be coming to him.

Roy Hamey, the general manager, is an old Yankee organization man himself,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With helmet, cigar and knife, a younger Houk grins. He won three combat medals.

trained in their minor-league system. Hamey, who has a gruff manner encrusted over a helpful, unpretentious spirit, does not even put in a waiver claim without going over the list with Houk. "What's the sense?" Hamey asks. "You're just kidding yourself if you bring in a player Ralph doesn't want."

Still, Houk does have one great fear which sometimes overcomes even the needs of the ball club. He is deathly afraid of being accused of what he calls "pushing the panic button." So much so that when his relief pitching and second-line starts collapsed in August, 1962, he flatly refused to call up any replacements.

Hamey, a man with a working ulcer, recalls those days with wonder. "I have to call him a super—optimist, twenty-four hours a day, every day of the week. I kept telling him, 'Gee, don't you think we ought to look for another pitcher?' and he kept saying, 'It's all right. We're in good shape. There's no problem.' I've never worked with anybody who had the ease and confidence this fellow has."

This year, with the Yankees leading by eight games at the end of July, Ralph retired veteran first-baseman Dale Long so that he could bring up Tom Metcalfe, a young relief pitcher. If the Yankee pitching was going to collapse again, Ralph already had his extra pitcher sitting on the bench and nobody could possibly accuse him of "pushing the panic button."

Houk's temper is supposed to have been the one thing the Yankees were worried about before they named him to succeed Stengel. This sounds good since baseball players, for reasons which are vague, are supposed to provide ennobling examples for the youth of the country, not, perhaps, a markedly noble lot themselves. The truth of the matter is that the Houk temper—or at any rate, the Houk temperament—is probably what got him the job. Baseball is a competitive and combative enterprise. The pitcher who will throw his fast ball under a hitter's chin is viewed with an admiration exceeded only by that shown for the pitcher who will aim it right between the batter's eyes. The manager who can lick any of his players, singly or in pairs, is looked upon with a similar awe.

It is not unthinkable, then, that one of the reasons his players respect him so highly is that it is so much more agreeable to respect him than to tangle with him. "I think the players *are* a little scared of him," Bob Fishel, the Yankee publicity man, says. "I know I am. When he comes and asks me to get him something quick, I find myself getting it for him very, very quick."

Houk is not willing to concede that the temper, or the rumors of temper, is an asset in any way. "It's a handicap I've been fighting all my life," he maintains. "The things I find myself regretting, as I look back, are the things I've done when I was mad. That's why I don't talk to a player about any mistake until the day after the game."

His greatest asset, by unanimous agreement, is his ability to win not only the admiration and respect of his players but also their friendship. And once again there is the military parallel. In a front-line, rangerlike outfit such as Houk's, barracks discipline is very quickly dispensed with. Still, the line between the man who gives the orders and the man who takes them must be maintained. Mark Freeman, an ex-Yankee pitcher who played under Houk at Denver, is a master of arts in psychology. "Right from the beginning," Mark says, "he had the most amazing ability to walk that thin line between friendship and authority. I have never seen a manager who commanded such respect, and there was not a player who hadn't had him put his arm around him and kid him."

If Ralph comes across a young player slapping on the after-shave lotion (without benefit of TV cameras), he will elbow him and cackle, "I know what you're up to. I lived there too, buddy. Have a good time." And the player is perfectly aware that Ralph does want him to have a good time—and that he also wants him to be in shape to play the next day.

All of the players—and particularly the young ones—know they can come to him with their problems and never fear that one word will go beyond the office walls. It is also true that when they come to him for permission to go home so they can straighten out some personal crisis, Ralph puts his arm around their shoulders—sympathizes, commiserates and advises—and makes it clear that they are far better off remaining with the club. "In the long run," he tells them, "the best way you can help yourself and your family is to help the New York club win the pennant."

This is not for one moment to impute any lack of sincerity to Houk. (We wouldn't dare.) He believes so strongly that everything must be subordinated to the best interests of the team that the player, unpacking his bags, believes it too.

On the other hand, Houk will rarely make a move affecting a player's career without consulting the player himself. Casey Stengel had always operated on the theory that Whitey Ford was not strong enough to pitch every fourth day. Houk suggested that Ford start in the regular rotation and go as far as he could. Whitey immediately won 25 games, thereby ruining his reputation as the best pitcher never to win 20 games in a single season. Whitey, a left-handed wit, through whose lips the usual baseball clichés seldom pass, points out that he takes himself out of the ball game as often as Houk does. "We have an understanding unique in baseball," Ford says. "I take his word and he takes mine."

Houk consults his younger men too. The Yankees are doing something novel with Phil Linz, who came up last year as a shortstop after leading two minor leagues in hitting. When Linz lost out in the battle to fill a regular job, Houk told him, "Now I'm leaving it up to you. Would you rather go down to Richmond and play regularly or would you prefer to stay here and sit on the bench?"

"I looked at him," Linz says, "and I was shocked. I wasn't used to a manager asking me my preference. I told him I wanted to stay, much as I would have loved to play every day. I just couldn't get over his consideration for me. There's nothing in the books that says a manager has to ask a player what he likes."

Last spring Houk had Linz working out at third base and second base, and next spring they have agreed that Phil will concentrate on the outfield so that he can become an all-purpose utility man, ready to fill in at any of six positions.

If there is one reason above all others why the players swear by Houk, it is that he will never criticize them to the press. "Players are men here as far as he's concerned," says Clete Boyer, a charter member of the Houk fan club. "Casey used to go to the papers, and you'd read the next day how lousy you are. Ralph takes up for the players more than anybody."

No Yankee does wrong

Ralph's protective coloration is not only touching, it is sometimes downright funny. No Yankee outfielder ever throws to a wrong base, no Yankee pitcher ever looks bad and no Yankee batter is ever benched for not hitting. This tenderness does not endear him quite as much to the press as it does to his players. Writers tend to judge the people they write about by the kind of quotes they deliver—just as managers tend to judge batters by their base hits. Stengel, despite his crochety moments, was magnificently quotable. Houk tends to be amiable and dull.

Houk warned reporters from the start that if they put him in a position where he had either to rap one of his players or lie to the press, he would lie. "I know I'm not good copy," he says. "I know they call me a Pollyanna. But if a player has lost a game for us, the writers can see it as well as I can. I'm not telling them not to write about it. I just don't see why they should ask me to say it for them. The player feels bad enough without picking up the paper the next morning and reading that the manager said he blew the game.

"But," Ralph says, "I think the writers know that they can ask me any *other* kind of question, no matter how rough, and I'll answer it as honestly as I can."

And then, somewhat surprisingly, . . . adds, "We all know the press can make or break you. Maybe it isn't fair but it's true. They've treated me very well. The first year, I wasn't comfortable with the writers. Maybe one of the reasons I protect the players is because I feel more at home with ballplayers than with writers. But I know them better now, and I think I'm improving."

There was little doubt that Houk was really saying that, if being interviewed and making speeches came with the job, he would put aside his charts and forget for the moment how Ralph Terry looked the last time he pitched batting practice, and give it his best shot. For Ralph Houk is, above all else, a man who functions, a man who gets the job done. The temper, which is now pretty much under control, has to be smoldering somewhere, but Ralph seems to be able to expend it, for the most part, in the 18-hour day he puts in as the Yankee manager.

He has, he says, no other interest during the season and precious few other interests during the winter. At the end of the season, he goes off on a three-week vacation to his fishing camp in Florida. Just before spring training begins, he takes another two weeks. "Other than that I devote all my time to my job. I'm thankful I have it. I like the organization. I'm well paid."

Security is the word constantly on his lips, so much so that he can look back upon an amputated baseball career without regret. (In a little over seven years Ralph played in only 91 major-league games and came to bat only 158 times. "I always thought I was a better player than most people thought I was," he says, "but everything's turned out so well for me that it would be almost ungrateful to look back with any regrets that I never had the chance to prove it. I can see now that spending all that time in the bullpen gave me a chance to learn a lot about baseball."

Before he succeeded Stengel, Houk had two firm offers to manage other clubs. "I discussed one job quite thoroughly with my wife, and we felt we had more security here. It's tough to leave an organization you've been with all your life."

Security he has, for the Yankees have never run a cut-rate operation. He has just completed a two-year contract calling for $50,000 a year, and with three pennants under his belt he will probably be jumped to $70,000. Dan Topping says, "I would guess he can do anything he wants in baseball; I know he can do whatever he wants to do here."

That would seem to mean that Houk can move up into the front office when Hamey retires, if that's Ralph's ultimate ambition. We will end up, one fears, with a good, gray Ralph Houk, efficient, punctual, secure.

But one can at least hope that every now and then the manic gleam will return to his eye, and he will become again, for just a moment, the wild and frantic Major whom everybody openly admired and secretly feared.

One of Houk's favorite expressions is "I can only be myself."

Everybody gives up a little of himself though, except those dreamers, visionaries and epic poets who keep thinking that this is the year the Yankees are going to lose the pennant. We all know what happens to them. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The umpire is still John Rice and his call against the Yankees still stands. But now the debate grows somewhat more lively. "Shall we do the twist?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

THE FUNNY (?) PAPERS

Time was when the most serious crisis in the funny papers occurred when Maggie walloped Jiggs with a rolling pin or Ignatz hurled a brick at Krazy Kat. But nowadays, with such notable exceptions as Blondie, Peanuts and Gasoline Alley, nearly every comic strip is fraught with cosmic significance.

Dan Flagg rescues a beautiful undercover agent from Castro's Cuba. A Khrushchev-like figure shows up in Pogo. Steve Canyon is south of the border investigating Chinese Communist infiltration of Mexico. Little Orphan Annie's Indian friend has discovered uranium on the reservation, and Buz Sawyer's wife and child are hostages on a ship that has been hijacked by South American revolutionaries.

Humor's last refuge has been invaded by the heavies. Any minute now we expect Beetle Bailey to go up as an astronaut, Snuffy Smith to address the United Nations, Moon Mullins to run for President, and Mary Worth to join the Peace Corps.

We think it is a distressing development. By the time we have waded through page after page of world crisis, and have arrived at the back of our favorite newspaper, we look for one thing in the comics. Light humor.

OUR MAN IN SOUTH VIETNAM

Even the bitterest critic of the Kennedy Administration must admire its political shrewdness. The appointment of Henry Cabot Lodge as ambassador to South Vietnam was a master stroke.

The generosity of the Administration with Republicans is staggering. They gave John McCone the much-criticized CIA, dumped the insoluble disarmament problem in William Foster's lap, and handed Douglas Dillon the job of explaining their deficit-spending policies to a conservative Congress. When the grand design for Western Europe collapsed, they let Christian Herter, a former Republican Secretary of State, pick up the pieces (Special Representative for Trade Negotiations is his actual title).

But the Lodge appointment topped them all. Even before the new ambassador set foot in Saigon, as Stanley Karnow reports on page 27, the country was on the edge of chaos. Our policy of coddling the dictatorial Ngo Dinh Diem regime, as epitomized by Vice President Lyndon Johnson's fatuous characterization of Diem as the "Winston Churchill of Asia," had resulted in utter failure. We had made the basic mistake of assuming that our military and our political objectives were divisible. "For all too long," Karnow says, "Washington [had] failed to grasp the political aspect of this war. On the assumption that there was no alternative leadership in Vietnam, the United States treated Diem as indispensable."

When Gen. Maxwell Taylor flew out to Saigon in 1961, he suggested that Diem reform his government by "appointing a genuine cabinet, releasing thousands of political prisoners, inviting his political opponents to join the regime, and streamlining his cumbersome chain of command." The only hope for the Diem regime lay through such a course. But there was no follow-through. The task of negotiating the reform was left to our ambassador, Frederick Nolting. As Karnow reports, Ambassador Nolting tried to persuade Diem to reform his policies but failed. Our Government then decided to defer the reforms and concentrate on winning the war against the Communists. Our ambassador became a leading apologist for the dictatorial Diem regime.

Mr. Lodge is like a quarterback who has been flung into the game when time is running out, the score is against his side, and his teammates are muttering among themselves. If he can persuade the team to get together, there may still be time to bring off a play that will save the game. But the irony of Lodge's situation is that the game may have been lost before he trotted onto the field.

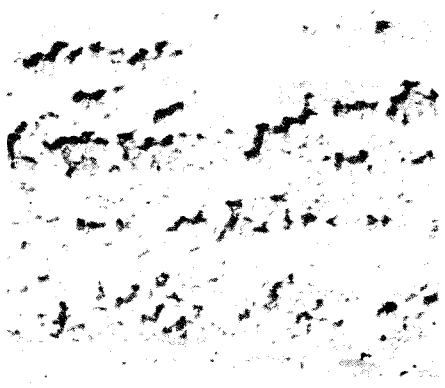
The Administration protests that its motivation in selecting Mr. Lodge was not political. "Ambassador Lodge wanted to go out to Saigon," the President has said. "If he were as careful as some politicians are, of course, he would not have wanted to go out there. He maybe would have liked to have some safe job, but he is energetic, and he has strong feelings about the United States and, surprising as it seems, he put this ahead of his political career."

All of which is, of course, perfectly true. Mr. Lodge has an admirable old-fashioned sense of duty. Politics may not have been the decisive factor in his appointment, but the political value cannot be denied. Lodge is a tough, experienced negotiator, with a wealth of military experience. Conceivably he may be able to save the day in South Vietnam. If he fails—if nothing works—the Administration will be extremely fortunate to have him on their side. As a respected Republican leader and a former vice-presidential candidate, he is just the man to help explain to an angry Congress how we happened to lose Southeast Asia.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Floors and walls in Kentile® Travertine Solid Vinyl Tile. Colors: Off-White and Moss Green. Brass-outlined insert in Moss Green Travertine and Black Vinyl Tile. Check Travertine's low price at your Kentile Dealer's. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Floors."



Actual size closeup shows true-to-nature subtle veining and pitted texture.

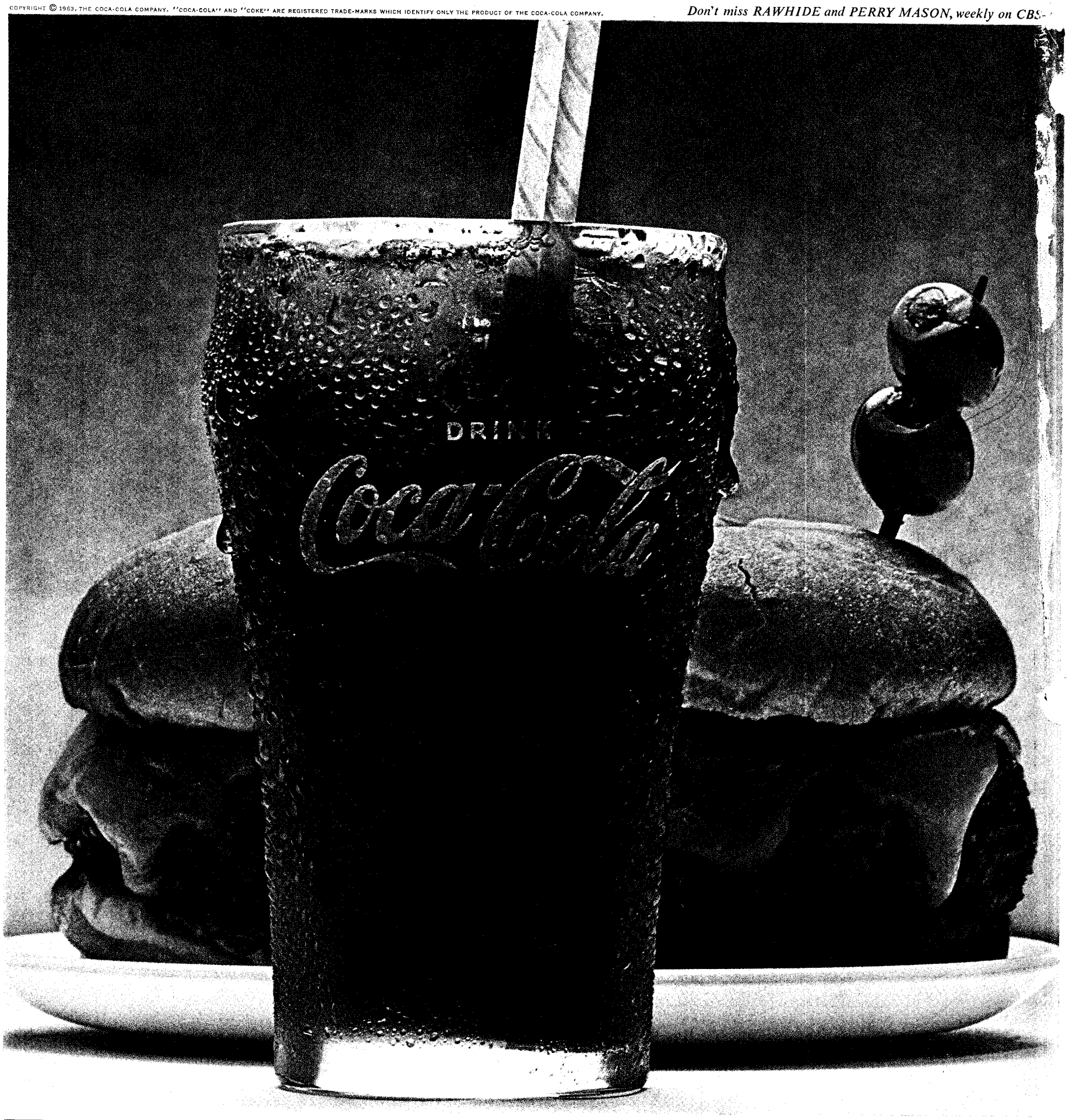
New! Kentile Vinyl Travertine gives you all of Travertine Marble's natural beauty...at a surprising low cost. Here's a solid vinyl tile floor that's greaseproof and easy to clean. Need not be waxed. Free tile sample and color folder? Write to: Kentile, Inc., Dept. T-SEP-9, Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT © 1963, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

Don't miss RAWHIDE and PERRY MASON, weekly on CBS



Burger hot. Coca-Cola cold.
Taste bold, refreshing, never too sweet.
Ummm! Burger never better.

things go better with Coke

Drink Coca-Cola TRADE-MARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED